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SERMONS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

SERMONS

BIOGRAPHICAL & MISCELLANEOUS

BY THE LATE

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MASTER OF BALLIOL COLLEGE

EDITED BY THE VERY REV. THE HON.

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DEAN OF RIPON

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PREFACE

THIS volume consists of two parts, according to its title. The Biographies are very various in the characters they bring before us, the epochs to which they belong, and the mode of treating them. Jowett seems indeed to have intended to make a regular series of such sermons, but he did not carry this intention into effect. The sermons were produced one by one as some great character struck his imagination, or, in the case of contemporaries, as one and another passed away. In some cases, as in the sermon on Loyola, the life is embedded in reflexions; in others, as in that on Wycliffe or on Pascal, it is left to tell its own tale. 'I do not think it desirable,' he says, 'that we should be always drawing morals or seeking for edification. Of great men it may be truly said that it does us good only to look at them.' In some cases incongruous personalities are brought into juxtaposition by the time of their death, as in the sermon on Archbishop Tait which is preceded by an eulogy on Gambetta, or in the short appreciation of

Disraeli which is appended to the sermon on Loyola. In one case he purposely brought together men so different as Bunyan and Spinoza, in order to show how the same spirit of truth might be working in characters who would have been mutually repulsive. The subjects of some of the sermons are intimate friends like Stanley or Henry Smith, those of others men strange to him in time and character. But they show the width and depth of his sympathy with all developments of goodness.

The sermons have been arranged, not in the order in which they were preached, but historically; the life of Wycliffe being the most ancient, and that of Green the most modern of those treated.

The Miscellaneous Sermons have been selected partly because of the impression which each is known to have made on those who heard them, partly as showing the range of the preacher's interests. The first belongs to a time so remote as the year 1852, and marks the epoch between the Tractarian and the Liberal movements. It shows the new problems then arising, and the steadiness with which the preacher faced them. There is in it a thorough acceptance of natural law in its widest sense, both physical and social, combined with the power of rising above it and making it subservient to the higher spiritual life. Then come two sermons on Church life; one on 'Church parties,' viewed, after the example of Baxter, from the stand-point of

calm old age; the other on the Church, that is the whole system of Christian institutions, which shows a thorough sympathy with the Church system when not pushed to extravagance, but made the true reflexion of divine goodness.

Then follow two sermons, each in a category of its own: that on War, a temperate answer to the well-known sermon of Professor Mozley in which war was defended as a necessary element even of the Christian state: that on Courage, which is a discussion of the idea of courage given by Aristotle, and shows the elements added to this by Christian faith. This last was intended to be one of a series on Aristotle's list of virtues, but no other of the series was ever written.

Lastly, we have three which may be termed sermons of the affections: the first, on family life, in which the question of heredity is incidentally discussed, and the making of the home, as well as its use, is put forward as the object of endeavour; the second, a simple sermon to servants, one of many which Jowett preached at a service instituted by him on the first Sunday of each vacation. On these occasions the College servants with their wives came to the College chapel, and Jowett preached and administered the Communion to them[1]. The

[1] I may relate here an interesting story connected with one of these occasions. Robert Browning, the poet, was staying with Jowett a year or so before he died, and he had long wished to hear him preach. Jowett, with his usual

last sermon is one preached at Alderley in 1867, for Christmas and the New Year, a sermon in which the memories of Arthur Stanley and his father (so long and so usefully connected with the Church there), and other members of the Stanley family, are blended with personal reminiscences; and full reins are given to the happy domestic feelings and hopes of the season.

The volume of College Sermons showed Jowett as the wise Christian adviser of young men, the colleagues and pupils among whom the work of his life was done. The present volume will bring him before the world as the citizen and Churchman of wide and varied sympathies, reaching out to many times and scenes, looking genially upon the world and its interests, and laying the ground for the religious developments of the future. It is hoped that a third volume, of Doctrinal Sermons, will exhibit his position as a theologian.

reticence, said nothing about the service, but slipped out for an hour or so after breakfast, and on his return Browning found to his great disappointment that he had missed the occasion which he had so much desired. 'I am perfectly indignant with him,' he said, half in jest, half in earnest; 'he does not treat me as a Christian. He will walk with me and talk with me, eat with me and drink with me; but he won't pray with me.'

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BIOGRAPHICAL SERMONS

I. JOHN WYCLIFFE[1].

THE VOICE OF HIM THAT CRIETH IN THE WILDERNESS, PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD.

ISAIAH xl. 3.

THERE is a great interest in belonging to an ancient institution. The members of it are bound by a peculiar tie to those who have gone before them; they are in a manner our spiritual ancestors; if they had not been, neither should we have been, and we are indebted to them for more than we know. Without vanity we may regard ourselves as belonging to an historical family which has continued during many ages and which numbers among its sons many distinguished and even illustrious persons. Upon this spot, if not exactly within these walls, for more than six hundred years, one generation after another has studied, written, conversed, meditated, prayed; in this haven they

[1] Preached in Balliol Chapel, Nov. 13, 1081.

have witnessed the changes which have passed over the English nation, in language, in politics, in religion—which have passed over the University too—since the foundation of the Colleges, from the turbulent democracy of the Middle Ages, to the cultivated and quiet mode of life which prevails among ourselves, of which change the altered form of our buildings may be taken as a symbol. A few years ago I might have said to you what might be equally said of most country churches in England, that the walls of this chapel had witnessed the mediaeval service of the Mass, the worship of the Elizabethan Reformers, with the Communion Table east and west, the Puritan changes, the re-establishment of Anglicanism. It is interesting also to contrast the permanence of an Institution such as this College with the comparatively transient character of some other religious foundations. All through Europe the great Monastic houses, the creation of St. Bruno, St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Dominic, have disappeared or are disappearing, as they did in this island more than 300 years ago. But Colleges and Universities have remained, for they had a link with the future, as well as with the past. The royal lady who about the year 1265 first established this College, also founded in Scotland a fair abbey in the valley of the Neith by the sea. It is now only a beautiful ruin. But the College which was created by her liberality, after many vicissitudes,—great before the Reformation and

declining afterwards,—still exists, and has gained for itself in the present century a new life and career for which we have reason to be thankful.

There were some among those who preceded us in this ancient home whom we should have rejoiced to know personally, and whom we would fain recall in the mind's eye. There were 'Reformers before the Reformation,' themselves walking in twilight, yet seeing a great light towards which they turned in the distance. There were statesmen too, such as Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, brother of King Henry V, who built the Divinity schools, Archbishop Nevill, Chancellor of England in the reign of King Edward IV, the Earl of Worcester, Lord High Treasurer, who was beheaded in 1471, Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor of King Henry VII, the Lord Keeper Coventry in James I's time: and there were others. Two students of the last century we should also have gladly known, Adam Smith complaining of the instruction which the College afforded to him, Robert Southey in his Republican days, when he wore his hair cut short, as an outward symbol of his revolutionary principles. Of two of our far off ancestors I propose to speak to you in this sermon. One of them is a name famous wherever the English language is spoken; the other of a somewhat earlier date, little known except to professed students of history, yet bearing unmistakeably the stamp of a great man.

Richard Fitz Ralph, Archbishop of Armagh, called also St. Richard of Dundalk, was a fellow of this College, probably about the year 1300, as he became Vice Chancellor of the University in the year 1333. He was one of those great churchmen whose saintly lives and force of character left a deep impression on the English Church. He may be ranked with Bradwardine and Grosstete, both in different ways precursors of the Reformation. In his own day he was famous as a theologian and exerted a great influence on writers of the next generation, by whom he is often quoted. His writings are to be found in several College Libraries (Merton, Magdalen, New College, Lincoln), but they have never been printed. Hence the comparative oblivion into which his name has sunk. He retired to Avignon, where he died in 1360.

Some of his writings were lectures delivered in the University of Oxford. In his day the national church of Armenia sought to be reunited to the Catholic Roman Church, and the Archbishop was induced in consequence of this movement to write a 'Summa Theologiae' in which he reviewed the points of difference between the two churches. But the more important side of his work was practical rather than theological. The great effort and struggle of his life was directed against the Mendicant orders, founded by St. Francis of Assisi about a century before, and now grown into a political power which threatened to be too much for the regular clergy. Against these

degenerate followers of St. Francis the Archbishop lifts up his voice. Their poverty was converted into riches, their humility had become a tyranny; they force their way into houses and carry away the food which they find there; since they have had the privilege of hearing confessions, they have built everywhere beautiful monasteries and princely palaces, while they will do nothing for the repair of a road or of a bridge or of a parish church.

Two points in this controversy which he presses with great earnestness are still of interest in our own day. One is the evil of intrusion on the parochial minister whose office is in danger of being superseded by the wandering monk. They hear the confessions of persons about whom they know nothing (and who for aught they know may be excommunicate); they alienate the minister from his parishioners; they entice young men from the Universities into their orders; they kidnap children, a crime worse than cattle stealing: laymen are afraid to send their sons to Oxford because of their acts. If it be said that the youngsters whom they draw after them will serve God with all the more devotion, and therefore it is allowable to gain them by promises and lies, he replies that 'no man should do evil that good may come'; the man-stealing and the lie are both mortal sins. Another point which was eagerly discussed in the fourteenth century, and which still retains an interest for us, is the merit of Apostolic poverty. Is the life of mendi-

cancy a virtue? Was begging permitted to Christian men? The begging friars asserted that Jesus Christ was himself a beggar. To this the Archbishop in eight sermons preached at St. Paul's, London, and also in a treatise entitled 'De Paupertate Christi,' replies that Jesus Christ during his sojourn on earth was indeed always a poor man, but that he never practised begging and never taught any man to beg: rather he taught the contrary; and no man can either prudently or holily determine to follow a life of mendicancy. He also declares that begging was not a part of the original rule of the Franciscans but a corruption of it. With strange rapidity the followers of St. Francis had left their first love, and while professing to lead the higher life had sunk deep in the lower. In this great struggle the Archbishop represents the common sense, the order, the morality of the church against spiritual enthusiasm easily degenerating into licence, an antagonism which repeatedly occurs in ecclesiastical history.

The character of St. Richard of Dundalk must be gathered from his writings; for of his life there is hardly anything recorded. One of the few memorials of him which have survived relates to this College. The fellows of that day about the year 1325 wanted to study theology and the higher sciences, and not merely to confine themselves to the curricula of arts. After the dispute had raged among them for some time it was agreed to leave the

decision with four referees, one of whom was 'Richard Fitz Ralph quondam socius.' The decision of this dispute was in the negative. The record of it is still preserved in the College archives.

It has been thought that Richard Fitz Ralph was the spiritual father of John Wycliffe—that they may have been acquainted at this College—that Wycliffe took up the conflict against the mendicants which had been begun by the Archbishop. There is no proof that they were personally known to each other; their life at Balliol College must have been separated by an interval of thirty or forty years; and the struggle of Wycliffe against the mendicants was commenced quite towards the end of his life, and twenty years after Fitz Ralph's death. So little truth is there in many critical combinations. The life of Wycliffe in his own time became overgrown with errors and misrepresentations. From such uncertain materials I shall endeavour to extract a few undoubted facts and to give you some account of his opinions.

John Wycliffe, though a parish minister only, the greatest of English churchmen, was born at Spreswell near Wycliffe in Yorkshire, about the year 1320: the exact date is unknown—we can only calculate backwards from the time of his death on December 31, 1385, and we know from his own statements that he reached old age. The period of his greatest fame and activity was the last ten years

of his life. He was Master of this College from the year 1360 to 1366: in the latter year he resigned the Mastership for the College living of Fillingham in Lincolnshire, which he exchanged for Ludgershall in 1374, and this again for Lutterworth, which he retained until his death. It is a curious fact that there were one or two other persons of the same name among his contemporaries, John Wycliffe, Fellow of Merton, and a John Wycliffe who was Warden of Canterbury Hall. That the Master of Balliol College was the Reformer is proved by the near connection of the College with the place of Wycliffe's birth; as well as by the date of succession to his livings, showing that the Rector of Fillingham was also the Rector of Lutterworth. That the Reformer was not the Fellow of Merton is shown by the improbability that the Fellows of Balliol would in violation of their own statutes have elected Master one who was not a Fellow of their own house, or that, at a time when the two factions ran high in the University, a northern College would have chosen a head from a southern one. That the Reformer was not the first Warden of Canterbury Hall is I think conclusively proved by a slight but curious circumstance: that Canterbury Hall was endowed with the tithes of Mayfield in Kent (at least such was the intention of Archbishop Islip the founder), and of this parish Mayfield in Kent another John Wycliffe, probably the Fellow of Merton, was

the incumbent. The unlikelihood of this coincidence seems far to outweigh the testimony of a malicious opponent given about forty years afterwards. Mayfield was the parish in which the Archbishop lived and therefore the Rector of the parish would have been personally known to him. Nor does it seem likely that the Warden who appealed to the Pope against his own expulsion about sixteen months afterwards could have been our John Wycliffe.

So much for questions which have been greatly discussed and are interesting from an antiquarian point of view, but are not really important. It is far more important to place before the mind the misery and confusion of the age in which Wycliffe lived. It was the age of the black death, in which half the people of England perished. It was the age of the peasant revolt, in which for the first time the villein rose against the gentleman. It was the age of the Papal Schism, in which one half of the world was ready to make a crusade against the other half. What wonder that at such a time a mind like that of Wycliffe's should have been stirred to examine the very foundation of society and of the Church; or that he should sometimes have thought that Antichrist was already come, yea that there were two Antichrists and that the day of the Lord must soon be revealed?

The earlier life of Wycliffe from his twentieth to his forty-fifth year was passed chiefly at Oxford and probably in this College. He was, what he

always continued to be, the great scholar, suspected of being a disciple of Ockham and protesting against the fanciful uses of Scripture which prevailed among his contemporaries, yet almost as far removed as they were from our modern methods of exegesis. It is remarked that he frequently refers in his writings to the mathematical and natural sciences; and hence it may be conjectured that he partook of the spirit which Roger Bacon had stirred up in Oxford during the preceding century. It is curious that of this time, from the year 1340 to 1365, we know nothing; nor do we find any indication of that mighty spirit which burst forth so fiercely during the last twenty years of his life. Wycliffe above all things was an Englishman, and he entered heart and soul into the struggle of the English nation and clergy against the encroachments of Rome. Whether he was a member of Parliament or not is uncertain; the passages quoted from his writings by recent biographers are not sufficient to establish this fact. But there was another struggle into which he was soon forced to enter, nearer home, against the vices and corruption of the English clergy themselves. In this struggle for a time he received the support of John of Gaunt, yet he was also popular with the citizens of London, the enemies of the Duke. The scene is well known of his appearance in the old St. Paul's Cathedral to answer before the Bishop of London for his opinion

respecting the property of the clergy—how he came not alone, but accompanied by the Duke and his retainers; how fierce words passed between the rival parties, ending in a riot; how Wycliffe without uttering a word retired unharmed from the scene of conflict.

The struggle in which he was engaged led Wycliffe to examine deeply into the origin of civil and ecclesiastical society. In the most famous of his works *De Dominio Divino*, which we may translate 'On the Kingdom of God,' he frames a sort of ideal of the Christian world. All authority is from God; all property is the gift of God. The Church includes both the clergy and the laity, but only the good of either. It is uncertain how far Wycliffe would have carried out this utopia of philosophy in practical life, but the tendency of it is obvious. His inheritance of grace is Catholic or Christian socialism. He who is condemned by a bishop or a pope may appeal to a higher judgment, that of God himself; he may correct their decisions by the Scripture, which is the word of God. The clergy and nobles are quarrelling about their lands and goods: what have either of them which is their own, or which they have not received from the giver of all good? Let the clergy give up their property for national purposes and return to apostolical poverty. Here we have a doctrine perilously near 'la propriété c'est le vol'; which nevertheless might seem to receive a foundation from the

language of Scripture. And the objection to put Scripture into the hands of the poor may probably have been as much a political as a religious one. That such a doctrine, though veiled in the Latin language and appearing only in a *Summa Theologiae*, should have terrified the well-to-do classes, whether clergy or laity, throughout the kingdom is certainly not surprising; and it is very probable that this ideal of the kingdom of God and of the inheritance of grace which sustained Wycliffe in the great struggle, misunderstood or partly understood, may have stimulated John Ball and his followers to lawlessness and bloodshed. To use a modern phrase, it was in the air, that is in the minds of men, that some better state of the world was possible than that existing among themselves. And the miserable peasants, too, in their own ignorant way, yet with a kind of sense, were crying to heaven for deliverance.

Some of these tenets of Wycliffe are taken second-hand from Plato, whom he knew either through the Fathers or in Latin translation. 'Ideas,' he says, 'are the thought of God,' and he supposes St. Paul when caught up into heaven to have beheld the world of ideas. Everywhere, as probably in all the deeper thinkers of the Middle Ages, there is the trace of Plato, though seen only through a coloured mist. 'Every existing thing is the word of God, but not God'—'God must of necessity create the world, and he could only create it as he did.' He too is troubled

with the vexed question of the origin of evil. And he solves it by saying with Augustine that evil is only defect or negative, and that it may be even the cause of good, 'Non habet peccatum ideam.' The readers of Plato will easily recognize how much of these important statements, though strained through the Fathers, is originally derived from his writings.

In his more special Christian teaching Wycliffe dwells on the nature and character of Christ, to whom he applies many curious images, as well as figures of speech derived from earthly authority. He is the head, the centre of humanity; he is also the circle of which the circumference is everywhere, the centre nowhere. He is the prior, abbot, pope, the saint of all saints, the true man, the only mediator between God and man. As Christ is to other men so the word of Christ, that is the Gospel, is to other books. Wycliffe enlarges on the humility, the gentleness, the poverty of Christ. His conception of the Christian life might be summed up in two words 'the imitation of Christ.' 'If,' he says, 'we had Christ alone before our eyes, and if we served Him continually in teaching and learning, in prayer and work and rest, then would we all be brother, sister, and mother of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Like Luther he held a doctrine of salvation by faith, but not in Luther's precise and technical sense, which opposes faith to love and other Christian graces. And in general we may remark that the struggle

of Wycliffe has a more distinct moral aim than that of the Reformers of the sixteenth century. He is more of the prophet denouncing evil and oppression, and less of the theologian defining doctrinal terms. On the other hand he had not the assistance which they received from the parallel movement of the Renaissance. He is harsher and further removed from the modern way of thinking. Though a critic, he is a critic walking in darkness, quite unable to shake off the mists of ecclesiastical tradition in which he had been educated. Believing as he did that the Bible must be freed from the Patristic Interpretation, he is unable to see the natural meaning of words except through the medium of an illogical logic.

In the last seven years of his life, the deepening sense of the miseries and unkindness of the age, the schism of the Papacy, and his detestation of the crusade against the Antipope, led him further and further into antagonism with the Roman Church. Already before that time he had declared that the Pope like Peter might err; and that church property was robbery of the nation. In the short time that remained he seems to have given up one by one the distinctive tenets of the Church of Rome, and in modern phraseology to have become a Protestant. He now affirmed, that the Pope was Antichrist, that both Popes, Urban the Frenchman at Avignon of whom he had once hoped better things, and Clement

the Italian at Rome, were alike Antichrists, and he denounces the begging friars as the slavish instruments of one or other of them. A short time previously he had held the doctrine of transubstantiation; but writing in 1381, about four years before his death, he says, 'the Scripture is in favour of the doctrine that bread is bread.' Soon the worship of the mass appeared to him to be idolatry: the sacrament was only a sign in which the body of Christ was spiritually present. The wicked do not really eat the flesh of Christ, but bread only. Here he is in advance of Luther, who always retained in some sense the notion of a corporeal presence. He repudiated also the worship of saints and images; he disapproved of saints' days and pilgrimages; he denied the authority of the Church to canonize, and more completely than any of the reformers who succeeded him he preached the disendowment of the Church—he taught that there was no distinction between clergy and laity (still less of bishops and priests). The Church might consist of the laity only. The world was sinking lower and lower; the common people were bad, the secular rulers worse, the spiritual prelates worst of all. When the man of sin is finally revealed, Christ will restore His kingdom.

Among many omissions which have been unavoidable I must not forget to mention two great works of his later life. 1. The translation of the Bible. 2 The institution of itinerant preachers.

The first of these great works was completed in 1382, three years before his death; the New Testament having been translated by himself from the Latin Vulgate (for Wycliffe knew no Greek), and the Old Testament by John Purvey, one of his followers. Like Luther's Bible it is full of beauty and eloquence; the language bursting forth in new power to express the thoughts which were contained in it. Like Luther, Wycliffe opposed the written word of God to the traditions of the faith. And we may easily imagine the joy with which the common people received the purer idea of the Gospel; and how they would point the words of St. Paul, or of the old prophets or of Christ himself, against the abuses of the age, against simony, against luxury, against the rapacity of the clergy, against the oppression of the nobles, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

The institution of itinerant preachers had a parallel in the begging friars of Wycliffe's time and may also be compared with John Wesley's lay helpers and preachers in the last centuries. They were poor men, not necessarily clergymen, who went about without shoes and clad in a russet serge to preach the Gospel to the poor. It has been conjectured that it was at Oxford that he must have collected and organized them; at his country parish of Lutterworth it would have been more difficult to house and lodge them. Doubtless, he sometimes thought of Christ sending

out the seventy, two and two, who returned to Him with joy. Their teaching sped far and wide over the land. They refused to take benefices for two reasons: first, because they could only be obtained by simony; secondly, because the beneficed priest was compelled to give the surplus of his benefice, which belongs to the poor, to his ecclesiastical superiors.

Yet I will add a few sayings of Wycliffe, serious as well as humorous, which show in a lively manner the character of the man. There is a *Summa Theologiae* contained in the following two or three lines. 'The kernel of all Christianity is (1) the love of God, and (2) the love of our neighbour. The love of God has degrees, a high degree of love for His own sake, and a lower degree of love for the sake of reward. And the true love of our neighbour springs from the love of God, and must be distinguished from mere fondness, having even an element of sorrow, for, Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' Here is an excellent saying: 'God regards not the "what" but the "how."' Here again is a humorous one: 'The only text in scripture which has any relation to the friars is that word of Christ's, "I know you not."' There is a similar vein of humour in the often-quoted words: 'I shall not die but live and declare the works of the friars,' said the paralytic shortly before his death.

Wycliffe ardently desired a martyr's death, because

it had been the death of Christ. The question has been often asked why he was allowed to escape. I think there are two answers to it. First, the age was not one of religious persecution; that lesson had not yet been learned, at least in England. There was cruelty and bloodshed enough, but practised on political rather than on religious grounds. Though such things may have been laid to his charge by his enemies, the world did not really suppose him to be in league with John Ball or with Wat Tyler. When first persecuted by the clergy, he had the support of the nobles; the court and the whole Lancastrian party was interested in his cause. But secondly, when in the course of his life he left the party of the nobles and threw himself upon the people, his great influence made it dangerous to meddle with him. He was growing old, and the prelates thought it more prudent to leave him alone. He was one of those great personalities who cannot be dealt with as ordinary men. It would have seemed shocking that so famous and saintly a person should have died by the hand of the executioner. He was the expression of what men were thinking in their hearts. And so the singular wish that, as he had striven to follow Christ in His life, he might also follow Him in His death, remained unfulfilled.

Thus I have ventured to bring before you in rude and imperfect outline the image of one whom this College, and the University of Oxford, may justly

regard as the greatest of her sons. Some one will ask what religious lessons can be gathered from it? I do not think it desirable that we should always be drawing morals or seeking for edification. Of great men it may be truly said, 'That it does good only to look at them.' Out of their greatness there flows imperceptibly something to our littleness. We gather from them a higher point of view, a firmer grasp, an elevation above the petty interests of life. There may be the spirit of greatness even in men who are made after a smaller pattern. All the greatest have had an interest in the progress of virtue and knowledge, of their country, of the human race. In these they are imitable by us. The Jesuit prophet, the great English reformer, are transported with indignation at the corruptions of a church or nation, at the oppression of the poor, at the falsehoods which are propagated in the name of religion under the disguise of truth. We know too, that a Church or nation will decline morally unless a portion of their prophetic spirit rest upon us. Let us grasp with our whole souls great and simple truths: let us rise above the opinions of men to a higher judgment; let us think of this world in the light of another; let us live, as they did, in the practice of the presence of God.

II. IGNATIUS LOYOLA[1].

HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.

HEBREWS xi. 4.

IF there are sermons in stones, much more are there sermons in the lives of men. The great multitude of human beings pass away unnoticed, yet to those who knew them there was something to be gathered from their faults and their virtues, from their weakness or their strength. Some words fall even from the lips of commonplace persons, which are long remembered and valued by their relatives or friends. A very few rise to distinction by their abilities, their industry, their integrity, and are much talked of by their fellow-men in their own circle. Still fewer find their way into the page of history: not more than two or three in a century can be said to have set their mark upon the world. Many have been great men during a part of their lives, but have outlived themselves. They have in a manner become deaf and dumb. They do not understand the younger genera-

[1] Preached in Balliol College Chapel, April 24, 1881.

tion which has grown up since their day, and have nothing to say to them; nor does the sweet sound of their own popularity any longer enter into their ears.

The memories which have lasted longest in this world are those of men who have imparted, whether by speaking or writing, new ideas to mankind, or who have founded new institutions: and these two are the complement of each other. The spoken word is but an animating breath which passes away and is gone; the written word too is fleeting, and requires to be embodied in a system and to have a place assigned to it in human thought. And how can the teacher diffuse his new ideas unless he gather around him a band of disciples? and how can the disciples continue after he is withdrawn from them, unless they have a local habitation and are formed into a society? There is the life of Christ and the Christian Church, and in these two all Christianity and all theology is contained. They are the most general and also the most scientific divisions of the subject which can be framed. They may be regarded as the very types of Christian and of other societies. There is the life of the man within and without the system, the school, the college, the institution, the building which he has created for himself. The one may be called in a figure, the house made with hands, the other the house not made with hands. And we find by experience, that the outer investiture or environment never exactly expresses the inner life or idea; it

limits, it cramps, it perverts it; it sometimes even turns it into its opposite. Such has been the history of all churches, of all monastic orders, of all schools and colleges at some time in their existence. They have begun in poverty, they have ended in wealth; they have begun in industry, they have ended in sloth; they have begun in love, they have degenerated into hate; they have begun with the intention of promoting religion and education, and they have ended by being an incubus on them. They have been adapted to the age which gave them birth; they have continued when they were only doing harm. And then if the idea of their founders was true and pure, we can sometimes appeal from their works to them: and breathe a new life from time to time into the institutions which are called by their names. When wearied with superstitious rites and ceremonies, we can return to the simple teaching of Christ, from the Church to the Gospel. And there have been other great teachers (though we do not place them on a level with Him), who have been better than their followers, to whose life and works posterity may appeal against the traditions and practices which have grown up under their authority.

I propose in this sermon to speak to you of a remarkable man. I wish that it was in my power to conceal his name; for he would then have a fairer chance of being truly estimated. So many enmities have gathered around his memory, such crimes have

been perpetrated in his name, that his holiness of life, his self-devotion, his far-reaching and elevated aims are no longer remembered, and both in this and other countries he has passed into a byword, and has become a sort of outcast from both the Church and the world. While by some he has been regarded a greater benefactor to Christianity than the Apostles themselves, by others he has been considered almost as the spirit of evil. He was not a great literary genius like Augustine, or Bunyan, or Luther; nor was there any 'sweet reasonableness' in him or 'gentle goodness' which would attract mankind: nor was he a thinker, like St. Thomas Aquinas, who sought to systematize theology and reconcile it with secular knowledge. He himself was, as his biographer says, 'homo plane illiteratus,' 'a man without education'; his great power was an *indomitable* will absolutely devoted to what he believed to be the service of God. He felt himself during the whole of life to be endowed with power from on high. The fire when once lighted up in him was never extinguished or abated. And during two centuries this man and his works were the greatest power in Europe.

Ignatius Loyola was born in the year 1491, eight years later than Luther, whom he survived about ten years. We have a life of him written by one of his earliest disciples, apparently truthful and natural, which does not load his memory either with praises or with miracles, but represents him as he himself would

doubtless have wished to be represented, as an instrument in the hands of God. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us.' There is no shade of egotism, or personal ambition, or love of reputation, in this great man. He was wholly absorbed in the work that he had set himself. Born of a noble Spanish family, he belonged to a country now seemingly degenerate, but which at that time produced heroes and statesmen and ecclesiastics of a power and force of character which may be truly described as terrible. He was brought up at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, a courtier and also a soldier, a fair and chivalrous person who attracted to himself the eyes of fair and noble ladies, famed for feats of arms in which he might have rivalled the feats of the great Spaniards who planted Europe in America, had not his military ardour taken another direction. At the siege of Pampeluna, which he defended with desperate energy, being then in the thirtieth year of his age, both his legs were shattered with a cannon ball. After a time the wounds healed, but left him a deformed person, and he, as he told his pupil and biographer, Ribadeneira, out of personal vanity had the limbs cut open and reset, suffering agonies in the operation in the hope of regaining his handsome appearance: although this, as Ribadeneira tells us, was denied, for one leg always remained longer than the other. During his illness, tales of chivalry were sent to him for his amusement; and among them, as if by accident, a life of Christ and some lives of the saints.

Then suddenly a change came over his spirit. He was no longer the *preux chevalier*, the man of the world, it was another warfare to which he now aspired. 'What,' said he, 'if I were to do what St. Francis did, if I were to emulate St. Dominic?' He figured to himself the vision of the lady to whom he had devoted himself in his inmost heart in the city where she dwelt. 'She was no countess, no duchess, but one of yet higher degree.' These are the very words not of Ribadeneira but of Ignatius himself, and so did his mind play between earth and heaven. And still he was a soldier every inch, and ready to do battle under the banner of Christ against the infidels. Soon he left his father's house and went to live on Mount Montserrat, not in contrition for his sin, but solely in the hope that he would achieve deeds as great as the saints of old. His mind was full of the romances of chivalry, and acts similar to those recorded in them, but in another sphere, occurred to his mind. He would go to Jerusalem and convert the heathen, not by fire and sword, but by prayer and preaching. He gave away his clothes to a beggar, and, hanging up his lance and shield before an image of the Virgin at Montserrat, passed the night in prayer and devoted three days to a confession of his past life.

And now there came over him, as there has over other men, a horror of great darkness, in which he was overwhelmed by the memory of sin. He thought that there was no pardon for him or possibility of

acceptance with God. Sometimes he was tempted to dash himself out of the window, and was recalled by the thought, 'Lord, I will not sin against Thee.' He would fast from Sunday to Sunday, and only desist when commanded by his confessor; for, soldier-like, he still regarded obedience as the first of virtues. At times the oppression seemed to fall from him; but his mental agony presently returned. His life had been nothing but a succession of sins.

Such terrors of sin and seeming possession by the evil one (in the judgment of men out of all proportion to actual sin), recur not only in the life of Loyola, but of other extraordinary men, as well Protestant as Catholic, of Luther, of Bunyan, of Whitefield, of Wesley and his followers, and of many others. The inward feeling was essentially the same in them all, though manifesting itself in different ways. All of them seemed to have been relieved almost in an instant, and to have passed once for all into a state of peace and joy. And all of them, especially Loyola himself, would have regarded that agony as the power of evil over the soul, and the joy and peace as the grace of God himself. Luther found his peace in the written word of God, Bunyan in the internal consciousness of salvation; while to Loyola, Christ and the holy mother, and the mystery of the Trinity itself, were visibly revealed. He says 'that from what he had seen himself, even if no word of scripture told of these mysteries of faith, he had made up his mind

that for them he must be ready to die.' He lived as one in immediate intercourse with the world of spirits, like Stephen looking up and seeing the heavens opened. Henceforward he determined to have done with his past life; there were to be no more doubts and fears. His whole nature under the control of his own despotic will was *absolutely* devoted to the service of God and of the Church.

And so, an ignorant man, but full of visions and revelations of the Lord, he went forth to preach, scarcely knowing whither he went or what he was to say. He bent his steps first towards Italy, and then, after many trials and misadventures, to the Holy Land. Here he records with what intense interest he followed in the footprints of the Lord, recalling at every turn the scenes of His life; and how, when he was driven out of Jerusalem, and had been himself convinced that this was not his field of work, he suddenly disappeared from his companions that he might take a last farewell of Mount Olivet. Returning to Spain he continued his wanderings, attired in the meanest of poor habits, preaching and begging by the way: to the outward eye he would probably have appeared like one of the 'illuminati' of that day, visionary heretics, hardly sane, who like himself lived in trances and revelation. Twice he fell into the hands of the Inquisition, and was imprisoned by the Holy Office as a dangerous person; but the innocency of his life, and the ascendency of his

character, on both occasions delivered him. On the second occasion at Salamanca he was acquitted of offences against the Church, but told by the Father of the Inquisition that he would be guilty of mortal sin unless, before he resumed his office of preaching, he spent four years in the study of theology. (You must remember that he had no orders and no sort of commission from any ecclesiastical authority for the continuance of his work.) Instantly, regarding obedience as the first of virtues, he repaired to Paris, and became a student at the college of St. Barbara. Already, before this time, he had met with a famous solitary, Simon, who like St. Anthony of old, devoted his life to asceticism and contemplation; and Ignatius had been inclined to follow his example. But a great angel with terrible words forbade him to take that path, and he returned to the world. For four years, or according to some accounts for seven years, the rude illiterate knight remained in Paris, occupied in grammar and logic, not forgetting his great idea, but in the fulfilment of it. At this time (between the years 1530 and 1535) he was already more than forty years of age; for his life, into which so much was compressed, begins late (until fifty he was almost an unknown man) and is short, for he died at the age of sixty-five. At the age of about forty we may picture him to our minds learning the inflexions of Latin verbs and the rules of syllogistic logic. And ever and anon, amid the inflexions of verbs and the

forms of the syllogism, the old religious raptures return upon him; he sees visions and dreams dreams. But these he acknowledges were inspired by the evil one, who was seeking to seduce him from the right path.

'An sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido?'

It is hard, when a few minutes only can be devoted to the task, to give any adequate idea of this wonderful life. In the same cell with him at the college of St. Barbara were two men, only less remarkable than himself, one a Spaniard, Francis Xavier, the saint and apostle of the Indies; the other a Savoyard, Peter Faber, who had grown up amid his father's flocks, and under the roof of heaven had solemnly devoted himself to God and to Italy. Xavier was a noble, courtier, scholar, who gave up not military achievements but the fame of learning for the cross of Christ. Faber, the simple enthusiast, needed the direction and spiritual experience of Ignatius. These were the brethren of his soul, from whom he was never parted, until almost by an accident, through the illness of another member of the Order, Xavier went forth on his mission to the Indies. Over the minds of both of them Ignatius soon exerted his ascendency, compelling them to fast three days and three nights at a time during the coldest of winters.

Three other Spaniards now joined them. Their course of study had drawn to a close, and now all six repaired over to the Church of Montmartre: after

attending mass they swore to pass their lives at Jerusalem in chastity and poverty, devoted to the care of the Christians or to the conversion of the Saracens. Should this be impossible, they would offer themselves to the Pope for any service in which he might be pleased to employ them, without reward or condition. In the year 1537, the forty-sixth year of Loyola's age, they went forth on this mission, and being unable in consequence of a war to proceed to Jerusalem, they preached at Venice and Vicenza and other Italian cities 'an unintelligible mixture of Spanish and Italian.' After a year or two, they found their way to Rome, where they endured many hardships. There they began to win their way at last, and in the year 1541 they took the vow of obedience, and elected Ignatius the general of their Order.

The Church had gone after the world, and the better feelings of the world had revolted against the Church. Not more than twenty years had elapsed since the excommunication of Luther; and the movement had gone forward almost without check, until more than half Europe had fallen under its power. And now the counter-reformation began. The six men who met in the Church of Montmartre were now called the Company of Jesus (it is said that Ignatius chose this name for them out of the fear that, like the other great Orders, they might be called after their earthly founder). These men saved the papacy.

In fifteen years they had spread over the whole of Europe. The society included fifteen provinces, among which were included Brazil, Japan, Ethiopia, the East Indies. It drove back the tide of the Reformation in France and Germany; it stamped out the beginnings of it in Italy and Spain. No such work probably was ever effected in so short a space of time; no man ever saw so much of the fruits of his labour in his own lifetime as Ignatius.

We naturally ask the means by which this extraordinary result was accomplished. First of all, there was the union in these men of undying energy with extraordinary practical talents. They were ready to become martyrs, and at the same time men of the world. When a whole society moves as one man, animated by one thought, 'perinde ac cadaver,' its power becomes terrible. They are eyes all over the world, seeing into the hearts of men; they are soldiers dispersed and in plain clothes, but moving in concert to an end which is unperceived by other men. They hold the consciences of men in their grasp through the confessional, in their fears not only for another world but for this; they draw into their schools the youth of Europe, whom they bind to themselves by ties stronger than those of family. It is a significant fact that none of them ever took preferment in the Church. Those were not the weapons with which they sought to conquer the world. And we must not forget that there was an element of good in the

end itself. In a sensuous and luxurious world they went about saying 'Repent'; they sought to purify the Roman court of its scandals: it was a true human feeling, not mere zeal against Protestants, which sent the Fathers into Paraguay or Japan, there to live and die unknown. They truly, more than any other missionaries, overcame the difficulties of colour and race for the love of Christ. And when we hear that Ignatius, by a special memorial to the Pope, encouraged the revival of the Inquisition in Italy, we should not condemn him wholly on that account, but rather wonder that the religious nature of men should be capable of such singular extremes. And strange contrasts there are also in the history of the Order: the severity and asceticism of the early Jesuits passing into a laxity of training and practice supported by casuistry; their rude and almost fierce character into subtility and complaisance; their puritanical enmity to the Renaissance into a spurious classicalism.

For a century after the death of Ignatius they may be truly regarded as the greatest power in Europe, a power behind the throne of the Pope and of every other Catholic sovereign. Then they began to wane until their final expulsion from nearly every country in Europe in the latter half of the last century. They had been too much for the world, and the world in turn was too much for them. Their lax casuistry exposed by Pascal revolted the consciences of mankind. The crimes, such as the Gunpowder Plot

and the many times attempted assassination of Henry IV, with which they were directly or indirectly connected, rose up in judgment against them. They seem to have contributed no lasting element to the religion of men, and to have killed every seed of genius or originality which came in contact with them. The despised Protestant can point with pride to Milton and Bunyan; the Church of England can boast of a Richard Hooker and a Jeremy Taylor. But no name of the first or even the second rank in poetry, philosophy, or indeed theology, is to be found in the ranks of the Jesuits. Their fall was as remarkable as their rise, and their virtues as well as their crimes may be reckoned among the causes of it. In 1759 they were expelled from Portugal on suspicion of complicity in a plot against the king's life; in 1762 they were driven out of France on their refusal to absolve the king's mistress Madame de Pompadour; a few years later from Spain and Austria; in Paraguay they gave up their fatherly government of the Indians, the most successful attempt ever made for the Christianization of barbarians. At length the whole society, which at the time of its dissolution numbered above 22,000 members (more than the clergy of the Church of England), was driven out of nearly every country in Europe. Pope Ganganelli, at the instigation of the Catholic powers in the year 1773, issued the bull designed to put an end to it altogether.

These facts, which I have meagrely narrated, are the fragments of a sermon which each one of us may read in them for ourselves. When Ignatius in the sixty-fifth year of his age, burnt up, as his biographer describes, with the desire of seeing God and being with Christ, left the care of earthly things, he could point to seventeen provinces administered by him, to 104 colleges established in his lifetime, to the face of Europe changed by him. No thought of this earthly greatness appears for a moment to have touched him at any time in his life. But if he could have extended his vision rather more than two centuries, and have seen the result of which I have been just speaking, would he have acknowledged that there was some fatal flaw in the original idea which had given birth to these vast institutions? Or would he simply have regarded the ruin of his followers as an evil which God had permitted, perhaps, for his and their sins, and have looked forward to a time, never to arrive, in which they should be reinstated among the great cities of Europe, with still greater power and glory than before?

In the silence of the grave there is no answer to this question. But we may still ask it for our own instruction, and obtain such answer as we can. In what lay the power and where was the flaw of this great system? We may consider this question first in reference to the means employed: secondly as to the

principle or end which Ignatius and his followers proposed to themselves.

And first as to the means employed. Willing to devote themselves wholly to the service of God and of the Order, the Jesuits under the guidance of Ignatius were taught to make of themselves instruments perfectly adapted to the work. They were to let those qualities grow in them which made them good members of the Order, and to eradicate those which had the opposite tendency. No teachers ever impressed on themselves and others the lesson of self-control like the first Jesuits. They seem first of all men to have made a study of the human mind with a view to education. Man was not to live by fasting alone but by action, by obedience, by bringing every thought and word into harmony with one aim. He was to pass his days in meditation according to a prescribed course, but his meditations were to bring forth fruits day by day. He was to combat his faults, not altogether but one by one; to fight, not against some general conception of sin, but against definite recurring sins which he was in the habit of committing. He was to bring before his mind all the associations of sense which could assist him in mounting upward. In the little book called *Spiritual Exercises*, which Ignatius partly wrote and partly compiled for the use of his disciples, he is inexhaustible. The exercises are framed so as to employ four weeks, and every day at the commence-

ment of them the novice is desired to place himself in the midst of some sacred scene, such as the house in which Christ lived, or the village through which He passed, the temple in which He preached, the garden in which His agony was accomplished. On another day the mind is to transport itself into the highest heaven and to behold the Three Persons sitting in council; beneath them is lying the whole earth, with its peoples, black, white, in war and at peace, laughing, weeping, living, dying, in sickness or health, or some other condition of being. Or the believer is to envisage to himself the two camps of Jerusalem and Babylon, and mankind ranged under the two banners of Lucifer and Christ. These are to be the environments of his thoughts—called by Ignatius *præludia*—and they are to be accompanied by one distinct motive such as hope, fear, love, which is to occupy the whole exercise. The mode of humility, for example, is as follows:—First, the disciple is to offer himself to God in all his actions; secondly he is to place before himself the goods and ills of life, and pray that he may never in seeking the one or avoiding the other fall from his resolution. Once more he is to place before himself the goods and ills of life, and deliberately to choose the latter.

We see how such a discipline was designed to bow the whole spirit and mind of a man into obedience to the supposed will of God or his fellow-men. We see how from being a natural he would become an

artificial man, how he would lose the moral in the religious sense, how instead of walking and standing, he would crawl and wind in and out of impossible places. The Jesuits were not wrong in seeking to understand human nature before they acted upon it; or in their efforts after self-improvement which were based on a sort of scientific principle. The gentler methods which they introduced into education have been of great value to the world. But they were wrong in attempting to destroy independence, to stamp out character, to extinguish life. They did not see that a human creature, to whom God had given reason, could not be 'perinde ac cadaver' in the hands of his superiors without sinking below the level of humanity. Their means were to a certain extent good, and may be studied by us with advantage. But they were carried too far; and their discipline became a death not only to the intellectual but to the moral nature of man.

Yet before we part from the first founders of the Company of Jesus, while tracing the fatal consequences of their mission, we must acknowledge that there are no men now living in any branch of the Christian Church so devoted as they were to a great religious work, so careless of self and of their own lives, so regardless of the bubble reputation or of the more solid advantages of great preferments. If we think of them as engaged in doubtful conspiracies against the lives and governments of

Protestant princes, we must also think of them as dying of hunger and thirst among the Indians, unknown men, cheered only by the thought of Christ and the love of God in the wilderness of this world. A great deal too we may learn from their methods. We cannot say that men should not fix their minds on high aims (never was the world or this country more in need of such); or that they should not, instead of resting in vague ideas, seek to reduce their aims at once to practice; or that they will not find in prayer and devotion a powerful stimulus and support to them amid the difficulties of their task; or that in learning to pray and hold communion with the unseen we should take no account of the laws of the human mind. Nor can we say that the Jesuit Fathers were intentionally corruptors of morality. They sought rather to bring back in the courts of Popes and Princes an impossible strictness: by the help of casuistry they made a compromise with human nature, and so the letter got the better of the spirit, the means of the end.

And this leads me in conclusion to speak of the great error of Jesuitism as conceived by its founder, an error which though not on that grand scale or attended with such terrible and far-reaching consequences, has to be guarded against by every Christian teacher in our own as well as in other ages. It is the separation of religion from morality and truth. There is no trace in any Jesuit author of the love

of truth for its own sake, though some of them are brought round by the windings of dialectics to admit the Protestant doctrine of freedom of conscience. And this, perhaps, is the explanation in part of the phenomenon which I have already noticed that, able and educated as they were, not one of them ever rose to any great distinction in literature. They never thought of God as the God of truth, but only as the God of the Church, who had entrusted to them the tradition of the Church. Truth, or the pretence of truth, was to them only a means by which they sought to govern mankind in the interests of Catholicism, which they believed also to be those of Europe and of the human race. They were men of pure and holy lives, capable not merely of devotion, but of self-annihilation in the service of the God. This was the secret of their power. But in the service of what God? The God who regarded with benignant eye all races of mankind, white and black, in all stages of civilization, the Indian, the Ethiopian, the Paraguayan, the inhabitant of Mexico and Peru, the God of love; but the God of the Inquisition also, the God who was so jealous of His honour that He would scarcely allow faith to be kept with heretics; the God who sought only to destroy Calvinists and Lutherans, who looked down approvingly on the foretaste of eternal sufferings which was granted them in an *auto da fé*. So, side by side with almost divine virtues, human or rather diabolical passions are

sanctioned, enthroned, canonized. Such tremendous power for evil has a great and even noble nature, when not altogether rooted in justice and truth. And this should make us consider in all our undertakings, especially ecclesiastical undertakings, whether when most successful they may not carry with them some consequence unforeseen by us, which in a few years or in another generation will be the opposite of what we intended. We may sometimes buy a controversial victory at the expense of truth; we may stimulate a religious feeling which soon passes away and leaves the soul vacant and dark; we may gain political power and lose the better empire over the heart; we may be all things to all men, and arouse mistrust and suspicion in the minds of all; we may stir up a great religious movement, only to be followed by a still greater reaction. All actions and all qualities, the virtues themselves as we call them, when narrowed and isolated and intensified, carry the seeds of their own destruction in themselves. Only of holiness and truth, and of justice which is a form of truth, there can never be any exaggeration or excess. These are the only true basis on which to raise a church, a society, a nation. These are the two aspects under which we can most nearly approach the nature of God. They may seem to be general and commonplace words; he who seriously endeavours to carry them out in life will learn their meaning and power. He who in his conception of God departs from them, who allows the

mirror of divine perfection to be tarnished or discoloured by the breath of earthly passion, will insensibly set up his own party or Church in the place of God, and will end by putting himself in the place of his Church.

I have detained you long, but it might seem neglectful if I were not to make some reference to a subject which has been in the minds of all of us during the past week. One has been taken from the midst of us, about whom the world during the last forty years has had more to say for good and for evil than of any other Englishman. No political person has ever had such long continued, such unsparing abuse heaped upon him, yet he survived it all. For as no man 'can be written down except by himself' —a noble saying,—so no man can be extinguished except by his own indolence and weakness. He concentrated upon himself the bitterest enmity of party; he was called alien, adventurer, courtier; he was supposed to practise upon mankind; to regard politics as a game of chess, in which there were no principles, but only pieces and players,—as a stage in which one man could play many parts. The mourning of a whole nation over his grave shows that this is not the final judgment passed upon him by his countrymen. But this is not the time or the place for criticism: he was not one of those who would have supposed himself to be always in the right; probably he might have been willing to say

with Lord Bolingbroke, of some passages in his own career, 'I must confess that we were intolerably factious'; or in his own serious and noble words spoken on going out of office about ten years ago, 'In the past there are many things I condemn, many things I deplore, but a man's life must be taken as a whole.' Notwithstanding the personal bitterness with which he was assailed, he appears never to have entertained a feeling of enmity towards others; never in any degree to have lost his self-control. He was great, not so much by virtue of what he did, as of what he was: eager to gain the high prize of ambition, it seems to have cost him nothing to lay it aside. Among the statesmen of his day he had that quality which, upon the whole, seems of all others the most necessary in politics—strength. And though in that personality there was something upon which men did not venture to intrude, there were also the gentlest and most loyal feelings towards those to whom he was bound by any ties of gratitude, to a few friends whom he grappled to himself with hooks of steel. To young men especially, his career has a peculiar interest. For there was perhaps no man who had greater tenacity of purpose, or who more clearly foresaw from the beginning of his life the end of it.

There is one passage in a speech of his addressed to the students of Glasgow (I only remember the substance) on which we may do well to ponder. He describes in it, perhaps with a recollection of his

own youth, the literary follies and fancies of young men, their desire to become poets and critics and orators, and the ludicrous failures which often attend them. But the true test of a man is whether he can stand that laughter, that disappointment, whether he is stimulated by opposition, whether he can rise from failure. These words (or something like these), spoken from the heart, express the spirit in which a man should live who means to do anything in the world. It is not ambition which is to be discouraged in youth, but ineffectual ambition without industry, without self-control, which ends only in restlessness and vanity.

These are a few of the reflections which the life of this great statesman naturally suggests to those who knew him only at a distance and were not bound to him by political ties. And so we bid him farewell, not heaping upon him unmeaning praises, but with a mournful feeling, that there is no one in every respect able to take his place.

III. JOHN BUNYAN AND BENEDICT SPINOZA[1].

ADD TO YOUR FAITH VIRTUE, AND TO VIRTUE KNOWLEDGE.

2 PETER i. 5.

A DISTINGUISHED living writer has traced the steps by which reason has gradually taken the place of superstitious beliefs. He has shown how, within the last two centuries, the governments of Europe have become emancipated from ecclesiastical influences; how the spirit of persecution has given way to milder and gentler thoughts about those who differ from us; how, within little more than a century, the last remains of the belief in witchcraft, which was once held universally by all Christian writers, died out in this country, leading to the inference that there may still be great changes in the belief of Christians which will also pass over us silently. He has shown, too, how the imagination of men has become purified in their conceptions of God and of another world; how the miraculous has tended to retire into the distance; and how that view of religion which is interpenetrated

[1] Preached at Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh, December 24, 1871.

with morality, in which faith is identified with the conscience, appears more and more to be true, and that other view of religion which is fanciful, sentimental, traditional, retaining as words unrealized the horrible shadows of former ages, seems to be fading away in the minds of all but a small minority of mankind. There is reason to be thankful for these signs, not of the decline and fall, but of the new life and progress of the Christian faith. For now there begins to be a hope that Christians may lay aside some part of that load which a weary world is ever increasing in the course of ages, and that, instead of wandering amid difficulties and perplexities, they may find in the example and teaching of Christ the solution of their difficulties. But still, as the writer to whom I have already referred appears to feel, in all this triumph of civilization there has been something lost as well as gained to the cause of true progress. When we look back, as he says, to the cheerful alacrity with which, in some former times, 'men sacrificed all their material and intellectual interests to what they believed to be right,' we are tempted to imagine that the ages of faith have gone, and that an age of mechanism, of industry, and of social improvement, has succeeded to them. There is more toleration, more knowledge, than formerly; but is there the same heroism, the same self-sacrifice, the same intensity, the same elevation of character, the same aspiration after an ideal life, the same death

to the world, the same continued struggle for the good of man? People ask, 'Who would be a martyr nowadays?' and the sting of the jest lies in the truth of it. For, indeed, we can scarcely imagine such a power of faith in our own age as would enable a man to give up not only his preferment or means of livelihood, but life itself, in defence of some doctrine or principle. Nor do we see around us that intense perception of the miseries of others which makes happiness impossible while they remain unrelieved. There is more good sense in the world, and greater material prosperity, and less of great evil, than formerly. But those higher types of character, which in former ages have guided and enlightened whole countries and communities, seem to us now further and further off, and with a diminished brightness, like the lights on the shore to the departing mariner.

I propose to inquire, in the course of this sermon, how far such an opposition of reason and faith, of zeal and toleration, of knowledge and love, of the secular and religious element in the world, is necessary, or only accidental. Why have some persons sought after goodness only, and others after truth? Is there no probability of a union of them, or rather ought they not to be indissolubly connected? This is the question which I am going to ask. And, first, I will endeavour to place before you two types of character (in eminent instances), the one living almost solely

in the circle of religious feeling, taken up with the salvation of souls, convinced of sin, and finally of grace and deliverance; the other absorbed in thoughts of another kind, dwelling in a wholly different world amid principles of law and morality, or in the investigation of the wonders of nature: the first, realizing the ideal of the saint; and the second, that of the philosopher; and then I will examine how far these seemingly diverging characters may approximate to one another, both in idea and in common life. There may be something higher than the saint, and higher than the philosopher, which is the union of the two. There may be also in common life a rare union of perfect good sense and religious feeling, which is the greatest of blessings to a family or a village. When they are separated there seems to be some defect, some want of power, or drawback of prejudice, in one or the other of them; when united they can overcome the world. If from the beginning the ministers of Christ had always been on the side of justice, of knowledge, of progress, there seems at least to be a probability that the kingdoms of this world, in the course of eighteen centuries, might have become the kingdoms of Christ and of the truth. And because the lives of men speak to us more plainly than abstract terms, and in the hope that I may be able to illustrate this contrast or division in human nature, I will take two examples—one of each sort—and try to read the lesson of their lives.

The first shall be a great writer, whose name is familiar to almost every child in this congregation. There are few more interesting narratives than the little work entitled, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners; or, The Life of John Bunyan. Written by himself.* Any one will be the better for studying this book; and he may perhaps discover a page in human nature with which he has been hitherto unacquainted, and depths which have not been revealed to him; for there he will find the faithful account of a true servant of God, who lived wholly in the thoughts of another world, first having the consciousness of sin, then of forgiveness; one who passed from darkness to light, or rather, was always passing from one to the other until he attained to his final rest. He describes himself as continually in an agony of terror and hope and joy, tortured as on a rack for whole days together, having fetters of brass on his legs; falling suddenly into great guilt and despair, like a bird who is shot from the top of a tree, until he at last wings his way heavenward. Sometimes he will tell you of the wounds inflicted upon him by misapplied passages of Scripture, and then of other passages by which the wounds were healed, and he obtained peace again. Then he will compare himself to a child fallen into a mill-pit, which, though it could make some shift to scramble and sprawl in the water, yet, because it could find neither hold for hand or foot, at last must die in this condition. But the time

would fail me to tell of all the images under which the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* describes the dealings of God with his soul. At length the clouds begin to lift up partially, and he becomes a preacher of the Word. He speaks of this part of his course in a remarkable passage, of which I will transcribe a part:—

'I have been as one sent to them from the dead; I went myself in chains to preach to them in chains, and carried that fire in my own conscience that I persuaded them to beware of. I can truly say, and that without dissembling, that, when I have been to preach, I have gone full of guilt and terror, even to the pulpit door, and there it hath been taken off, and I have been at liberty in my mind until I have done my work; and then immediately, even before I could get down the pulpit stairs, I have been as bad as I was before; yet God carried me on, but surely with a strong hand, for neither guilt nor hell could take me off my work.'

Five years had been thus passed by him in trying to convince men: first, of the anger of God against sin, and then of the blessedness of the grace of Christ; and lastly, of the mystery of union with Christ; when he was caught and cast into prison; and there, he says, he lay for above twelve years, to confirm the truth by the way of suffering to which he had before testified by the way of preaching. In which condition I have continued with much content, . . . having

never had in all my life so great an inlet into the Word of God as now; those Scriptures that I saw nothing in before were made in this place and state to shine upon me.' And again:—

'I have had sweet sights of the forgiveness of my sins in this place, and of my being with Jesus in another world. . . . I have seen *that* here that I am persuaded I shall never, while in this world, be able to express; I have seen a truth in this Scripture: "whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."'

Thus, living upon God, and trusting in God through Christ, this strange man went through his own pilgrim's progress. There was one trouble, however, which afflicted him in the prison more than all the rest besides. This was the thought of his poor blind child, whom he commemorates in the most touching words:—

'Poor child, thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet, thought I, recalling myself, I must venture you all with God.'

So intense was the feeling of human affection in one who seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of divine things.

And now some one, perhaps, will be found to say scoffingly that the long and the short of the matter is, that from the beginning to the end of his life, John Bunyan was more or less mad. But stop a moment, and consider that this man was one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived, that he showed remarkable prudence in ordinary affairs, and much shrewdness in politics. Others will say: 'Well, but did he not live amid visions and fancies, in a world of evil spirits? Was not all this a dream, and did he not interpret Scripture just as he pleased, and had he not a dangerous belief in supernatural signs and intimations?' My brethren, it seems to me that before we can understand such characters, or do them any justice, or gather any lesson from them, we must learn to separate the essential from the accidental in them. Their use of Scripture, their technical theology, their visions and revelations, belong for the most part to their age and country, or to their early bringing up. But that which is essential, or (if I may use the expression) eternal, in them, that which is to be found in Catholic, as well as Puritan, in St. Theresa, Madame Guion, or St. Francis Xavier, as well as in John Bunyan and George Fox, is their absolute devotion to the will of God: their entire single-mindedness, their perfect disinterestedness, their willingness to spend and be spent in their Master's service, which will make many in the present day ready to cry out, 'Oh, for a spirit like theirs!' I am

not saying that any of them supply the perfect type of the Christian character, but they supply elements which are greatly wanting among us. For, in the present day, when so many comparisons are made of things that were formerly separated, now that Protestants are beginning to think more kindly of Catholics, and Catholics of Protestants, and the different religions of men are beginning to know one another, and to recognize the common human element as well as the higher purpose of them, it seems to be of great importance that we should bring together good and truth in all things, not limited only by our own narrow circle. If, instead of reverting to the follies of the past, we could really extract the wisdom of the past, a new prospect of Christian progress would open to us, and the Gospel might really be before the age. If, instead of returning to antiquated practices and disused symbols, the higher purpose of the eleventh century were capable of being translated into the language and customs of the nineteenth; then, perhaps, a truer ideal of religion and nobler forms of life might spring up among us. Or if the spirit of the Reformers and of the great scholars of the Reformation could be re-awakened in this and other European countries, the ruinous barriers which divide the Christian world might fall down, and an intelligent study of Scripture again become the bond and centre of Christians. But in religion we are always returning to the past, instead of starting from

the past; learning nothing, forgetting nothing; trying to force back modern thought into the old conditions instead of breathing anew the spirit of Christ into an altered world.

And this leads me to speak of the other type of character which I promised to describe. By the side of John Bunyan I will venture to place one who was his contemporary in a neighbouring country, and who was at the opposite pole of truth and life. I will not tell you his name until I have first of all told you something about him. He was of Jewish extraction, but left the Synagogue, and died at the early age of forty-four. His memoirs are not written by his own hand, but by a Lutheran minister who was acquainted with him, and who, believing that he had gone to eternal perdition, has nevertheless given us a picture of an almost faultless nature, of whom it might be said as truly as of any saint or apostle, that he was dead to the world. It is impossible to resist the conviction that he was one of the best men that ever lived. Excommunicated, disinherited as he was, he refused all legacies and pensions, and preferred to maintain himself by grinding glasses for optical instruments. All his life was passed in the pursuit of one object, which was to him what the attainment of salvation had been to John Bunyan, the search after truth. Like Bunyan, too, though from a different point of view, he was absolutely resigned to the will of God and the order of the world. Unlike him, he was

remarkable for pursuing the even tenor of his way; no cloud of superstition, of doubt, or of fear, ever darkened that great mind. He has no enmities to other men; when his life is attempted he simply preserves the cloak which bore the marks of the assassin's weapon. There is a touching story told of his habit of waiting for his landlady when she came home from church, and trying to explain the sermon for her benefit, at which we shall hardly be inclined to smile when we remember that this was one of the greatest men who ever lived. The influence of his writings is doubtful; he is one of those who lost sight of man in God, and who seemed to find in the fixed order of the universe the foundation of human life. I will quote one or two extracts from him about which there can be no doubt, and which seem to be appropriate to us at the present day:—

'It is not necessary to salvation to know Christ after the flesh, but it is necessary to know the eternal Son of God. That is the eternal wisdom which alone enables us to distinguish between true and false, good and evil.' Or, again:—

'Justice and charity are the only sure pledge of the true Catholic faith and the fruit of the true Holy Spirit: where these are, there Christ is; where these are not, there Christ is not; for only by the spirit of Christ can we be led into the love of justice and charity.'

These are the words of the Jewish philosopher Spinoza, the pantheist as he would be sometimes

termed, to whom German philosophy and German criticism seem to trace their first origin. I do not mean to conceal that his name has been regarded as of evil omen in the Christian Church. But if we are to speak in the language of Him who is no respecter of persons, of men such as Spinoza we must say (whatever may have been their speculative errors), 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven.' For as some of the best of Protestants have been condemned by Catholics, and some of the best of Catholics by Protestants, so there are judgments in which the whole Christian world has concurred, which will nevertheless have to be reversed before the judgment-seat of God.

These two men were living together at the same time. There are no such men living now as they were; no such religious genius as Bunyan; no spirit so deeply absorbed in philosophy as Spinoza. They had probably never heard of one another's names; but if they had, one would have devoted the other to eternal flames, and that other would have regarded him as an ignorant fellow and a madman. Such awful misunderstandings there have been in this world. If we could imagine them knowing one another intimately (for all persons think differently of those whom they know), then perhaps a feeling of surprise might have arisen at so much good being united with so much evil. They might have wondered to see how by different roads they had arrived, if not quite,

yet nearly, at a common end. They might have learned partly to understand one another, and the calmness and wisdom of the one might have tempered the fire and enthusiasm of the other. But I will not inquire further how two such different types of character could have been recast in the same mould. For I may be reminded that

'God fulfils Himself in many ways,'

and in many characters of men. I will only remark that the highest qualities of either seem to be also the characteristics of the other. Humility, simplicity, disinterestedness, the absence of envy or malice, the temper of a little child, are the attributes of the philosopher as well as of the Christian; for moral qualities, when they rise to a certain height, seem to involve intellectual qualities; and intellectual qualities, when viewed in their highest aspect, become moral ones. No man can be perfectly good who is not also wise; no man can walk safely amid the temptations of the world who has no knowledge of the world; no man can act rightly who is incapable of foreseeing the consequences of his actions; and there are many more links than at first sight appears by which reason and faith are bound together, righteousness and truth meet one another. In what remains of this sermon I shall endeavour to show how this union may be perfected by some common instances taken from ordinary life, and the danger of separating them.

1. Faith without knowledge is a wilful and unmeaning thing, which can never guide men into light and truth. It will pervert their notions of God; it will transfer them from one religion to another; it may and often has undermined their sense of right and wrong. It has no experience of life or of history, no power of understanding or foreseeing the nature of the struggle which is going on in the human heart or the movements which affect Churches, and which, as ecclesiastical history shows, always have been and will be again. It is apt to rest on some misapplied quotation from Scripture, and to claim for its own creed, theories, and fancies, the authority of inspiration. It is ready to assent to anything, or at least to anything which is in accordance with its own religious feeling, and it has no sense of falsehood and truth. It is fatal to the bringing up of children, because it never takes the right means to its ends, and has never learned to discern differences of character. It never perceives where it is in this world. It is narrowed to its own faith and the articles of its creed, and has no power of embracing all men in the arms of love, or in the purposes of God. It is an element of division among mankind, and not of union. It might be compared to a fire, which gives warmth but not life or growth—which, instead of training or cherishing the tender plants, dries them up, and takes away their spring of youth.

2. But then, again, knowledge without faith is

feeble and powerless, unsuited to our condition in this world, supplying no sufficient motive of human action. It is apt to sink into isolation and selfishness, and seems rather to detach us from God and our fellow-men than to unite us to them. It is likely to pass into a cold and sceptical temper of mind, which sees only the difficulties that surround us, and thinks that one thing is as good as another, and that nothing in this world signifies. This is a temper of mind which is the ruin of the head as well as of the heart; for no man can pursue knowledge with success who has not some sense of the higher purposes of knowledge, some faith in the future, some hope that the far-off result of his labours will be the good of man, and the fulfilment of the will of God in the world.

What we seem to want in this more than in any other age of the Church is the drawing together of these seemingly diverging elements, not allowing these two spirits to be at war with one another, regarding each other with angry looks, as if preparing for a final struggle. Can we persuade them that they are brethren, and that the harmony of human life can only be restored by their acting together for the good of man? Shall we tell the one that no knowledge or inquiry can be displeasing to the God of truth? Shall we try to convince the other that there is something more valuable than the mere material results of scientific inquiries, which is the spirit in which they are pursued? Shall we endeavour to make him see that

he must look upon knowledge from the human and divine, as well as from the scientific point of view? Shall we seek to persuade the one to give up his old definitions and controversial evidences, and other weapons of war, and present as his best defence the Christian life? Shall we show the other that the Christian faith is not merely something which is written in a book, or confirmed by the authority of the Church, but a truth to which his own heart and conscience witnesses? And when peace has begun to be made between these discordant elements, then we may go on to consider how the life of Christ in the soul may be worked out under the conditions of the nineteenth century—that is to say, how the spirit of Christ may be infused into all knowledge and experience, and include our ordinary avocations and common life—comprehending all, and leaving nothing out to grow up as extraneous to the religion of Christ, and hereafter to become hostile to it. Then Christians would adapt means to ends; they would no longer separate the physical from the moral, or man from his circumstances. Then would cease this foolish antagonism of philosophy and faith, which can hardly be regarded with patience when we reflect on the condition of the suffering masses in our large towns and elsewhere. Then there might be a zeal, of which there would be no fear that it should exceed the bounds of toleration, for it would be the zeal of universal charity towards all men everywhere. Thus many duties relating to

the health and well-being of others would reappear to us in a new light, as the express command of Christ, not indeed found in the words of the Gospel, but as the true correlative of them in our own age and country. In such difficult matters the Christian would feel, not as a matter of prudence but of duty, that he must not allow vague impulses of benevolence to prevail over the consideration of consequences, or expose himself to the reproof that in following the example or the precepts of Christ he was doing more harm than good.

To conclude, we may easily narrow the Gospel of Christ into a 'letter' by taking the accidents of a particular age and country, the ways of life, the forms of government, the modes of thought, and the commentaries which succeeding ages have made upon them, and elevating them into the essence of the Christian faith. But we may also receive the words of Christ in the spirit; and then, interpreted by the conscience and read in the light of experience, they will be found wide enough for all ages. And every age and every individual must be carrying on this work if the Gospel of Christ is still to bear fruit in the world and in the human heart.

I believe that on this occasion for the first, or nearly the first time the minister of another denomination has preached in this ancient church, and to avoid misunderstanding, and also that I may not be thought to intrude myself, I should like to explain very briefly

what appears to me to be the significance of such an act. Certainly a clergyman of the Church of England does not come here to tell you anything new; he has no lesson to impart which you might not have learned better from your own ministers; still less does he desire to raise a question of right; he is only availing himself of a privilege which, though little used, seems allowed, or not denied, by the Church of Scotland. But the occasion is a trifle; the thing signified is of more importance. For we cannot help feeling weary and ashamed of the contentions and divisions which disturb the Christian Church. We meet together in business, in society, in the family, but at the door of the church we part, and that which ought to be the highest bond of union amongst us becomes the most lasting element of discord—'our greatest love turned to our greatest hate.' Does any one believe that this separation and antagonism is altogether right? Nations seem to come together and enter into relations with one another; but Churches, when once divided, are always divided—the hard lines which were fixed two or three centuries ago are not obliterated, but deepened by time. We do not, of course, suppose that Churches can be pulled down and rebuilt in a day on a larger and more comprehensive plan. Like laws, they are the growth of ages, and national feelings and peculiarities are reflected and embodied in them. But while admitting the fixed character of national institutions, we desire also sometimes to regard the

members of other religious bodies and all men everywhere as they are in the sight of God, according to the natural feelings of the human heart—not divided as Episcopalians and Presbyterians, or Catholics and Protestants, or even as Christians and heathen. We wish to think of these differences as they will appear to us in the hour of death, when we shall be occupied with our own lives, and not with forms of faith—with our own sins, and not with the errors of Churches—with the thought of another world, and not with the controversies of this. We feel that the points in which we are agreed are immeasurably more important than those in which we differ, and we are sensible that all Christian Churches have so far failed in their mission that we cannot set up one as the rival of another. We desire, too, that the unity of the invisible Church, breaking through the visible like the sun in the heavens overcoming the mists and fogs of winter, should sometimes smile upon us and be spread around and in our hearts. Nor can we deny that the spirit of division has had a baneful effect not only on our own lives, but on the nation at large; not only on other ages, but also on this. How much of our class jealousies seem to arise from this cause? That those who are naturally connected—say, as landlord and tenant, or in any other natural relation—should be separated by religion, is surely a sad evil which every one in his place should be seeking to remedy. Again, there is the question of national

education, about which we are often told that the great difficulty is religion. If the religious communities of England and Scotland are charged before a higher than man's judgment-seat with having delayed the progress of education for a generation, what can they say? 'Lord, we have maintained the Confessions of faith; we have taught the Catechism; we have preached in the synagogue; we have denounced heresy and Erastianism.' But must not the answer be: 'Forasmuch as ye allowed these children to perish through your divisions—'? Or, once more, are we not often alarmed at the hideous spread of pauperism and vice, with which the Church or Churches of Christ seem unable to cope? But while we are divided amongst ourselves, how can we expect to carry on a straightforward battle against evil—while we are more interested about points in which we differ than about the great truths of religion and morality in which we are agreed? And although we do not dream of a union of Churches, yet may we not hope to see a true sense of proportion amongst us; that the external may no longer prevail over the internal, and that we may recognize the ties which unite us to be far greater and more enduring than the accidents which separate us? All opinions are not the same or indifferent, but we have to learn that they are only valuable as they tend to quicken in us the Christian life. Let a man fix his mind on the image of Christ set before us in the Gospels—'He went

about doing good'—and the lines which divide Churches, and which once appeared so strongly marked, will fade away before his eyes. In some common work of charity—the management of a school, the care of a home, the improvement of the dwellings of the poor—he will find the solution of a difficulty for which theologians have sought in vain.

IV. RICHARD BAXTER[1].

I HAVE BEEN YOUNG AND NOW AM OLD: YET HAVE I NOT SEEN THE RIGHTEOUS FORSAKEN.

PSALM xxxvii. 25.

A GREAT man, Richard Baxter, who died about two hundred years ago, towards the close of his life drew up a narrative of the errors into which upon reflection he seemed to himself to have fallen in the course of it. This is not the exact anniversary of his death, which took place on Dec. 8, 1691. But I may, perhaps, without impropriety, speak to you of him on this day. The lives of great and good men are the best sermons which we ever read or hear; and the preacher may do well sometimes to shield himself behind them, and so to speak with greater authority than his own words could fairly claim. It is probable that the name of Baxter has never been celebrated before within these walls; for he was the leader of the Nonconformists of his day; and it is not to be supposed that perfect justice was done him in a later generation any more than in his

[1] Preached in Westminster Abbey, July 4, 1891.

own by his opponents. But now that both he and they are gone to their account, we can think of them only as the servants of God who by some strange accident were parted from one another here, but have now entered into common rest and dwell together in His presence.

I propose in this sermon to do three things—First, I shall give a brief account of the life of this remarkable man; one of the greatest of Englishmen, not only of his own, but of any time. Secondly, I shall enumerate a few particulars remarked by him about himself in that singular review of his own errors and misconceptions to which I have already referred, and which may with truth be said to be unique in English literature. Thirdly, I shall ask you to consider how you or I or any of us may, in a humble way, either towards the end of life or in the middle of it, examine our own lives in a similar spirit and see ourselves as we truly are, not gilded by self-love or self-conceit, but as we appear in the sight of other men and women of sense and in the sight of God.

The life of Richard Baxter coincides with a long period of political trouble. He was born in the year 1615, and died about three years after the Revolution of 1688. Both he and his father, who was an excellent man, seem to have passed through the awakening of Puritanism. In 1641 we find him settled at Kidderminster, in which town he continued to minister, with some interruptions, for seventeen

years. Wonderful stories are told of the effects of his preaching. It might be said of him that as the people of Nineveh repented at the preaching of Jonah, so did the people of Kidderminster at the preaching of Richard Baxter. Nor was he more occupied in preaching the Gospel to his own flock than in opposing the Anabaptists and other sectaries, including the soldiers of Cromwell's army, with inexhaustible energy and irresistible logic. He was on the side of the Parliament, but believed for a time that both he and they were loyal subjects of the king. Under the Commonwealth he was appointed chaplain to Cromwell, and seems to have spoken his mind to him with astonishing freedom about King Charles the First. Neither of them liked or trusted the other.

After the Restoration, during the short period when it was the policy of the Court to conciliate the Nonconformists, he was offered the Bishopric of Hereford. The offer was declined. Baxter continued to struggle for peace and toleration until, on Aug. 22, 1662, the Nonconformist ministers were finally expelled by the Act of Uniformity. That was the greatest misfortune that has ever befallen this country, a misfortune which has never been retrieved. For it has made two nations of us instead of one, in politics, in religion, almost in our notion of right and wrong: it has arrayed one class of society permanently against another. And many of the political

difficulties of our own time have their origin in the enmities caused by the rout of Aug. 22, 1662, called Black Bartholomew's Day, which Baxter vainly strove to avert.

When the policy of the Church and the Court could no longer be resisted, Baxter, who might have been Bishop of Hereford, thought only of retiring to his beloved Kidderminster. He was not permitted to do so. For the next twenty-six years his life was that of an exile in his own land and a prisoner for conscience sake. Often there must have come into his mind those words of St. Paul, which in a measure represented his own sufferings: 'In labours more abundant, . . . in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. . . . In perils by mine own countrymen, . . . in perils in the city, . . . in perils among false brethren. . . . Besides that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.' He was also afflicted during nearly the whole of his life with painful and terrible disorders of the body, which had often to be endured in prison and without the necessary means of support. Yet was this the time when the activity of his mind was greatest. He is said to have been the most voluminous of English divines. He published 168 volumes; and among them one book which, with the single exception of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, has had a wider diffusion and found a nearer way to the hearts of religious men in England than any other devotional writing, and may still be read for its style as well as

for its high merits with a deep interest, *The Saints' Everlasting Rest.*

When we hear of such men and their labours, who combined the persevering industry of the great scholar with the moral force of a hero and a leader of mankind, we are apt to say, 'There were giants on the earth in those days.' It would be better to say, that they were the sons of God who fought not in their own strength—one man more than a thousand, for they endured as seeing Him who is invisible.

Yet in this life of suffering, in the prison, in the court of the oppressed, in the poor and mean abode, amid disease and all the ills which flesh is heir to, there was one star or bright spot which shed a ray upon his darkness. This was a lady of gentle birth and breeding who, when he was near fifty years of age and she little more than twenty, gave herself to God and to him. He had once thought that it was better for a minister to be unmarried; he might have added the reason given by St. Paul—because of the troubles of the times. But now he came to see that a lot might be possible for two joined in sweet society, which to a single person might have been death and despair only. We may be confident that to her no other life would have been acceptable. She lived after her marriage nineteen years. Her name was Margaret Charlton. Her husband wrote what he called the breviate of her life, from which and from other sources an eloquent writer of the present day

has drawn a portrait of her. She was one of those remarkable women who have effaced themselves that they might help and save others, who have found their lives in losing them. After mentioning that 'her strangely vivid wit' was celebrated by John Howe, the great Nonconformist divine, the writer to whom I have referred continues as follows: 'Timid, gentle, and reserved, and nursed amid all the luxuries of her age, her heart was the abode of affection so intense and of fortitude so enduring that her meek spirit, impatient of one selfish wish, progressively acquired all the heroism of benevolence, and seemed at length incapable of one selfish fear. In prison, in sickness, in every form of danger and fatigue, she was still with unabated cheerfulness at the side of her husband, prompting him to the discharge of every duty, calming the asperities of his temper, his associate in unnumbered acts of philanthropy, embellishing his humble home by the little arts with which a cultivated mind imparts its own gracefulness to the meanest dwelling-place; and during the nineteen years of their union joining with him in one unbroken strain of filial affiance to the divine mercy. Her tastes and habits had been moulded with a perfect conformity to his. He celebrates her catholic charity to the opponents of their religious opinions and her inflexible adherence to her own; her high esteem of the active and passive virtues of the Christian life, as contrasted with a barren orthodoxy; her noble

disinterestedness, her skill in casuistry, her love of music and her medicinal arts.'

There is still one more fact in Richard Baxter's life which, even in the shortest account of him, ought not to be passed over in silence: his refusal to join with the Roman Catholics against the Church of England, who had been his persecutors during the twenty years previous. When the crisis which preceded the Revolution of 1688 was approaching, the government of James the Second sought to enlist the Nonconformists in their interest by a promise of toleration in their struggle against the Church of England. Baxter, who had been recently imprisoned, refused to join this new league and covenant, and by his great influence with his brethren succeeded in detaching them from it. He had no thought of revenging himself on the clerical party for their persecution of him. And certainly no one ever conferred a greater benefit on the Church of England or on the country. For it is easy to see that, if James the Second could have carried with him the Dissenters, he could have settled things as he pleased. This was what Baxter by his statesmanlike insight foresaw, and was not disposed to gain advantages for Nonconformists at the cost of the destruction of the Church of England or the establishment of Popery. He was the same man who, when he was committed twenty years before to Clerkenwell gaol for some slight infringement of ecclesiastical law, at the same

time obtained from King Charles the Second, through the influence of one of his disciples, the charter of the original Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

And so this eminent servant of God passed to his rest. Considering his character and popularity, the extent of his writings, his genius and learning, he may be said to be the greatest of English theologians (or one of the greatest), as he has certainly been one of the most lasting influences on popular theology. He was not without faults, of which, we gather from his writings and also from the narrative to which I referred at first, too great pugnacity and contentiousness were the most serious. In the days of his youth he was too fervid and vehement and inconsiderate. But we are now to hear of him from his own just judgment of himself. He left no descendants. The scholar may be interested to know that William Baxter, the contemporary of Bentley and the editor of Anacreon and Horace, was the son of Richard Baxter's brother.

Baxter wrote a voluminous autobiography, in which at the end of the first part is found the review of his own life which I am going to describe to you. Why is this passage so remarkable? Because it is one of the few theological writings in which the love of holiness and the love of truth seem altogether to take the place of ecclesiastical and party interests; because it gets rid of conventionalities into which

we all of us so readily fall when writing of things which are beyond us; because it admits us behind the veil into the holy place of a good man's soul. Many persons have written about themselves, but no one has done so with the same calm judgment or the same breadth of charity towards all other men.

He looks back into the vista of the past and judges his own motives and actions with the impartiality of history. He sees more clearly his own errors and prejudices when he is at a distance from them, as we sometimes have a wider and truer view of the landscape when the sun is going down and the heat of the day is past. He tells us that in his youth he was very apt to start upon controversies in ignorance of the antipathies and enmities which were engendered by them; now he is disposed to ignore differences, and to think with Lord Bacon that 'it is a great benefit of Church peace and concord, when writing controversies is turned into books of practical devotion.' He has learned to doubt whether men can be reasoned into their opinions. He does not venture to say anything of his opponents, because his testimony respecting them is hardly to be believed. His observation of the world has led him to doubt the value of professions of religion; he had once thought that all who could pray movingly were saints, but now he has more charity for many who are wanting in such gifts. He is not for narrowing the Church more than Christ himself alloweth; nor for robbing

Him of any of His flock. He is not so much inclined to pass a peremptory sentence of damnation upon all who never heard of Christ, having much more reason, he says, than I knew of before to think that God's dealings with such are much unknown to us. His censures of Papists too differ much from what they were at first. For he is now assured that their misexpressions and misunderstandings of us, and our mistakings of them and inconvenient expression of our own opinions, has made the differences between Protestant and Catholic on many points, such as Justification, to seem much greater than they are, and that in some points there is no difference at all. The great and irreconcileable differences lie in their church tyranny and usurpations, in their corruptions and abasement of God's worship, and their befriending of ignorance and vice. Yet he doubts not that God hath many sanctified ones among them; and he cannot believe that God will ever cast a soul into hell that truly loveth Him. He is farther than ever from expecting unity and prosperity to the Church on earth; or that saints should dream of a kingdom of this world, or flatter themselves with hopes of a Golden Age, or reigning over the ungodly. The observation of God's dealing with the Church in every age, and His befooling of them who have dreamed of glorious times, as the Anabaptists, the Fifth Monarchy Men, and others, confirms him in this. If he were among the Greeks, the Lutherans, the

Independents, yea, even the Anabaptists, he would sometimes hold communion with them. 'I cannot be of their mind that think God will not accept him that prayeth by the Common Prayer, nor yet can I be of their mind that say the like of extempore prayers.'

One more example of his toleration shall be added which, considering the country and age in which he lived, is really wonderful: it goes back far into the history of the past. After speaking of the prodigious lies which had been told in his own age in the interests of religion, and the tendency to believe everything on the one side and nothing on the other, he continues: 'Therefore I confess that I give but halting credit to most histories that are written, not only against the Albigenses and Waldenses, but against most of the ancient heretics who have left us none of their own writings in which they speak for themselves; and I heartily lament that the historical writings of the ancient schismatics and heretics (as they were called) perished, and that partiality suffered them not to survive, that we might have had more light on the Church affairs of those times and been better able to judge between the Fathers and them. And as I am prone to think that few of them were so bad as their adversaries made them, so I am apt to think that such as the Novatians, whom their adversaries commend, were very good men and more godly than most Catholics, however mistaken in some one point.'

Two characteristics he notes of advancing years. First, he feels a decline of the zeal of his youth, for which he is half inclined to blame himself; he thinks that he is like a person travelling a way which he hath often gone, or casting up an account which he hath often cast up, or playing upon an instrument which he hath often played upon. And no doubt there have been many whose religions, like their other affections, have in a manner withered when life was beginning to decay, and who by frequent repetitions have grown tired of religious exercises. But he also finds better reasons for this decline of devotional fervour. For he has learned to value things more truly as he grows older and to see them in a juster proportion. In his youth he was quickly past fundamentals, and was running up into a multitude of controversies, and greatly delighted with metaphysical and scholastic writings, but in later life he laid less stress upon those controversies and curiosities, and found less and less certainty in them. The subjective certainty of an opinion cannot go beyond the objective evidence for it; and he will not pretend to be more certain than he is. He strongly urges that religion should rest on the broadest foundations; on the Being of God rather than on a future state of rewards and punishments, on that state itself rather than on the endless duration of it; on the essentials of the Christian faith rather than on the meaning of particular texts or the canonicalness of

some certain books. They must allow him to use to Christians the arguments by which alone a heathen can be touched, such as the being of a God and the necessity of holiness.

There are some things for which he believes that God may have forgiven him, but he cannot forgive himself, especially for very rash words or deeds by which he may have seemed injurious or less tender and kind than he should have been to near and dear relations, 'whose love,' he says, 'abundantly obliged me. When such are dead, though we never differed in point of interest or any grave matter, every provoking word which I gave them maketh me almost irreconcileable to myself, and tells me how repentance brought some of old to pray to the dead whom they had wronged to forgive them in the passion of their soul.'

There is another confession which he makes true to the experience, not only of himself, but probably of most religious men. He says that as he grew old he is troubled not so much by the consciousness of past sins, but by the sensible want of the love of God shed abroad in the heart. This he conceives to be the top of all religion which gives value to all the rest because it alters and elevates the mind. He used to think such meditations tiresome, and that everybody knew God to be good and great, and heaven to be a blessed place, but now he would sooner read, hear, or meditate on such truths than on anything else.

One more extract which speaks to our own and to every other age of the Christian Church: 'I apprehend it,' he says, 'to be a matter of great necessity to imprint true Catholicism in the minds of Christians, it being a most lamentable thing to observe how few Christians in the world there be that fall not into one sect or the other, and wrong not the common interest of Christianity for the promotion of the interest of their sect. And how lamentably love is thereby destroyed, so that most men think they are not bound to love men as the members of Christ which are against their party. And if they can but get to be of a sect which they think to be the holiest or which is the largest, they think that they are sufficiently warranted to deny others to be God's Church, or at least to deny them Christian love and communion.'

So I have endeavoured to place before you, very imperfectly, a fragment or two of a great mind. He was one who lived as well as preached, and whose life was his most powerful sermon to posterity, as well as to his own age. Some of his words speak to us heart to heart, and have a far-reaching meaning to the wants of our days; there are others which are not equally appropriate because the relations of the Church and of the world have become different, and the thoughts of men 'have widened with the process of the suns.' There have been controversies in our own day, not so virulent, but as widely diffused as in

the days of the Commonwealth and of the Restoration; and must we not all of us admit that we have changed many of our religious opinions during the last fifty years? There are a few here present who can remember how forty years ago, or again rather more than sixty years, the panic about Popery spread through the country. There may have been some indirect benefit which arose from such a movement, but it can hardly be said to have conduced to Christian charity. Reflecting on the past, and remembering all the evils which for a century and more have been the result of this anti-Catholic bigotry, must we not apply to ourselves the censure which Christ passed on His disciples, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of,' or perhaps on this as on some other great historical occasion ask the question 'Whether nations, like individuals, may not go mad?' Or, once more, we may note a remarkable change of opinion in which many of us no longer agree with our former selves, when the results of historical criticism in their bearing on the Old and New Testament began to be made known in this country; and now that we are becoming familiar with them, will any one say that we ought not in some degree to alter our attitude towards such inquiries as light and knowledge increase, and not embark the religion of Christ in such a hopeless and unmeaning controversy? 'While we wrangle here in the dark,' I am once more quoting Baxter—'while we wrangle here in the dark, we are

dying and passing to the world which will decide all our controversies, and the safest passage is by peaceable holiness. It is a great source of calm and repose in our religious life always to turn from small things to great, from things far away to things near at hand, from the foolishness of controversy to the truths which are simple and eternal, from man to God.'

And now, leaving history and controversy and subjects which most of us only hear about at a distance, I will suppose a similar vein of reflection to be entertained by an elder person living not two hundred years ago, but a contemporary of our own, present in this Abbey here to-night. He too has something to say to us which is of interest to himself and to others. Now on the threshold of old age, he may be supposed to take a look backward over the sixty or seventy years which have passed, not in the great world, but within the limits of his own home. His religion is not derived from books, but comes to him from his experience of life.

First he has a deep sense of thankfulness to God for all His mercies. He may have had troubles and disappointments in life, but he acknowledges that all things have been ordered for the best. The days pass more quickly with him now than formerly and make less impression on him. He will soon be crossing the bar and going forth upon the ocean. He is not afraid of death, it seems natural to him; he is soon about to pass into the hands of God. He

has many thoughts about the past which he does not communicate to others—about some persons in whom he has had a peculiar interest, about places in which he has lived, about words spoken to him in his youth which have strangely imprinted themselves on his mind, about many things which no one living but himself can remember. He wonders how he ever escaped from the temptations of youth, and is sometimes inclined to think that the Providence which watches over children and drunken people must have had a special care of him. He may have been guilty too of some meannesses or sins which are concealed from his fellow-men; he is thankful that they are known to God only. He is not greatly troubled at the remembrance of them, if he have been delivered from them, but much more at the unprofitableness of his whole life.

Before he departs he has some things to say to his children or to his friends. He will tell them that he now sees this world in different proportions, and that what was once greatly valued by him now seems no longer of importance. The dreams of love and of ambition have fled away; he is no longer under the dominion of the hour. The disappointments which he has undergone no more affect him; he is inclined to think that they may have been for his good. He sees many things in his life which might have been better; opportunities lost which could never afterwards be by him recovered. He might have been wiser

about health, or the education of his children, or his choice of friends, or the management of his business. He would like to warn younger persons against some of the mistakes which he had himself made. He would tell them that no man in later life rejoiced in the remembrance of a quarrel; and that the trifles of life, good temper, a gracious manner, trifles as they are thought, are among the most important elements of success. Above all he would exhort them to get rid of selfishness and self-conceit, which are the two greatest sources of human evil.

There are some reflections which would often occur to his own mind though he might not speak of them to others. A sharp thrill of pain might sometimes pierce his heart when he remembered any irremediable wrong of which he had been the author, or when he recalled any unkind word to a parent which he had hastily uttered, or any dishonourable conduct of which he had been guilty. He need not disclose his fault to men, but neither will he disguise it from himself; least of all, if he have repented of the sin and is no longer the servant of it, should his conscience be overpowered by the remembrance of it. For sin too, like sorrow, is healed by time; and he who is really delivered from its bondage need not fear lest God should create it anew in him that He may inflict punishment upon him. For in the sight of God we are what we are, not what we have been at some particular moment; nor yet what we are in some

detail or in reference to some particular act, but what we are on the whole.

Once more, when a man is drawing towards the end, he will be apt to think of the blessings of friendship and of family life. He has done so little for others and received so much from them. The old days of his childhood come back to him: the memory of his father and mother and brothers and sisters, all in the house together, and the lessons and the games and the birthday feasts and rejoicings as in a picture crowd upon his thoughts. When we have grown old they are most of them taken before us; no one else can ever fill their place in our lives. Also there have been friends who have been like brothers and sisters to us; many of these too are gone and cannot be replaced. They have sympathized with our trials; they have inspired us with higher thoughts; they have spoken words which have been for ever imprinted on our mind. They have taken trouble to do us good—sometimes a remark of one of them thrown out as if by accident, or a letter written at a critical time, may have saved us from a fatal mistake. They have cared for our interests more than for their own, they would have died for us. Such experiences of disinterested friendship many men have had; and we reflect upon them more as we are left more alone, and the world is withdrawing from us. Living or dead the true friend can never be forgotten by faithful and loyal

hearts. And as the days become fewer, we think more of them as they once were in life—as they are now with God where we too soon shall be.

Yet once more, we may suppose the statesman, who is within a measurable distance of the end,

> 'When the hurlyburly's done,
> When the battle's lost and won,'

to make similar reflections on his own political life. Perhaps he will say in the words of one who ten years ago was so familiar a figure among us: 'In the past there are many things I condemn, many things that I deplore, but a man's life must be taken as a whole.' He will not look back to party triumphs or great displays of oratory with the satisfaction which he once felt in them. He will acknowledge that he has made endless mistakes, and will sometimes wish that he had been more independent of popular opinion. He has done little compared with what he once hoped to do. He will value most that part of his work which tended to promote justice, or to save life or to increase health, or to diffuse education, or to establish the foundation of peace between nations and classes. And in the words of one of the greatest of English statesmen, he will be glad to be remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abode of those whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow.

Lastly, we may extend the spirit of the reflections

of Richard Baxter to the religious difficulties of our own day. We may imagine an aged man who has lived through the last fifty or sixty years, and has been watching the movements which have agitated the Church from extreme to extreme and back again, each tendency seeming to have as great or even a greater reaction. He would see, as Baxter saw in his old age, that all other things come to an end, but that of the love of God and man there is no end. He would not raise questions about the rites of the Church, or the canonicity of the books of Scripture: these belong to criticism and ecclesiastical history, not to the spiritual life. He would seek for the permanent and essential only in the books of Scripture, in the lives of good men, in the religion of the world. To follow Christ, to speak the truth in love, to do to others as you would they should do to you, these are the eternal elements of religion which can never pass away, and he who lives in these lives in God.

V. BLAISE PASCAL[1].

HE BEING MADE PERFECT IN A SHORT TIME FULFILLED A LONG TIME.

WISDOM OF SOLOMON iv. 13.

TIME cannot measure the value or fullness of human life. There have been young persons dying in their teens who have left behind them a memory and an example to those older as well as younger than themselves. We hardly wished them to have lived longer: like some fair plant they grew up at once to perfection. Their ways were so gentle and gracious that they seemed almost too good for this world. Years pass away, and we ourselves may be approaching the appointed term, but the recollection of some such frail, innocent life has a place in the hearts of many of us. We look back upon them as they were at fifteen, eighteen, nineteen: the image of them may sometimes come between us and selfishness or sin. We cannot think of them as they are or as they would have been; not a year can be added to their age, though we ourselves may be growing

[1] Preached at Balliol Chapel, May 22, 1881.

worn out and grey. What impression the world would have produced upon them had they survived; whether it would have been better for them to have lived a little longer or not; what they are doing or what is happening to them it is impossible for us to conceive.

Yet they have not lived in vain if they have left some recollection of themselves which in a wider or narrower sphere had affected others for good. It might have been better that they had gone on to the fullness of the stature of the perfect man or woman; it might have been that the trials and temptations of the world would have been too much for them, and they would have brought forth no fruit. We sometimes say, 'If such an one's life had been spared what a difference it would have made to a family or to a state, to the advancement of knowledge, or to the history of a country.' And yet in a short time also such great things have been done by some men, that they could hardly have accomplished more had their lives been protracted beyond the usual span of human existence a few years; sometimes, as for example in war, a few hours are the critical or momentous periods in a man's career. The younger William Pitt was, perhaps, the greatest man in Europe at the age of thirty or thirty-four, and one of the greatest at twenty-five. The greatness both of the Emperor Napoleon and of the Duke of Wellington may be said to have terminated in the year 1815,

when they were both about forty-six or forty-seven years of age. The poet Byron died at the age of thirty-seven; Shelley was much younger. Of the great classic names of a former age, Marlowe, by some deemed the founder of the English drama, was only twenty-eight at the time of his death. Burns was thirty-seven. The great philosopher Spinoza died at forty-seven; Shakespeare himself at fifty-two. The greatest and best of French statesmen, Turgot, resolved when young to begin at once, because his own family had been generally short-lived. He, too, having left a mark, not only on the politics of his country, but on the political ideas of all Europe, died at the age of fifty-three.

Such great things have been accomplished by a few men in half or less than half the working-day of life. They had not much repose, nor did they care about it; and in some instances their days may have been shortened by labour and excitement. Even in this short time they were not for the most part performing regular tasks. Great geniuses often seem to have uncontrollable fits of intellectual and moral energy, called forth by occasion or necessity, and then to sink back in a kind of exhaustion. We are not sure that Shakespeare, had he attained the threescore years and ten, would have added much to his fame or to his writings; or that Spinoza, had he lived thirty years longer, would have reached any further point in philosophy. It is possible, on the other

hand, that later years might have added something of reflection or experience or moderation to them; some new strain of thought which could not have been communicated to them until they had become the spectators of their own past lives. But these are only curious speculations. The thought of the duration of human life affects men differently at different ages. To a young man thirty years seem enough, and more than enough, for the accomplishment of all his purposes, for the fulfilment of all his dreams. But as he grows older he finds that the performance has fallen far short of the promise, and he would like, if he has any purpose in life at all, to stay a little longer, that he may, if possible, make up for the incompleteness of the past.

One of those persons who in a short time fulfilled a long time, I propose to bring before you to-day, in accordance with the plan of these sermons. He died in the thirty-ninth year of his age. I do not exactly propose him as an example. For he was a great man, much above the measure of any one now living, not only in this University, but in England or in Europe. Yet there are some elements of life and character which we may gather from the lives of those who are far above us in genius and virtue; or rather it seems as if the more uncommon qualities of human nature, the hidden gifts, require to be brought before us in some conspicuous instance if they are to make an adequate impression on our minds. And I think

that the great and good man of whom I am about to speak touches us very nearly, by his sufferings and his self-devotion, and in some degree by his very weakness, and that there is a great deal which we indirectly learn from his character. He is believed almost to have created anew his native language, that is, to have imparted to it a grace and refinement and clearness which was impressed for ever afterwards on its literature. He was not by nature of a strong and commanding will; at any rate this was true of him in early life, though he was pure and innocent; but he was a mighty genius, subjected to and inspired by a strong religious influence. In his youth he had tasted the pleasures of life, had formed connexions with the great, and had been a sort of wonder of society and of the world. His later years were passed in almost continuous sufferings, at which he never seems to have repined; never to have wished that they should be allayed or diminished; and, as if his natural trials were not enough, he never allowed himself the solace of any pleasure. Yet the sweet mirth and gaiety of his society made him the delight of all who knew him. He was composed of opposites, or at least of qualities, which hardly ever exist in the same person. The finest mathematical genius was united in him with the most exquisite moral sensibility; he was at once the first, or one of the first, men of science, and he was by far the greatest and most finished writer of his age—of all modern writers

perhaps the one who most nearly approaches classical perfection. Not that he is imaginative or poetical; his charm is of another kind. There are other contrasts which appear in him. For though he was a philosopher and a saint, yet the far-off echo of Vanity Fair is to be found everywhere in his writings, the recollection of a world which he well knew, but with which he had ceased to be concerned. In early life he seems to have loved a lady much above him in rank, whose name is now only known by the circumstance that she is supposed, perhaps unconsciously to herself, to have occupied a place in his affections. He remarks with some bitterness that not to have been born in the rank of a noble is thirty years of life lost. He says (the work in which the words occur is probably a youthful one) that there are two things worth living for—first love, secondly ambition, which are the two great master passions of mankind. He was a saint and a sceptic in one, or rather he may be said to have made scepticism the foundation of his religion. As he advanced in years he was very severe on his own weaknesses, and, after the manner of another age, he had a girdle made of iron points with which he pierced himself when he found the temptation of pleasure or vanity rising in him. In later life he is recorded to have been on principle cold and repelling, because he was afraid of others becoming too much attached to him. Yet this ascetic, or fanatic, if you like to call him so, had the keenest love of

truth (not generally deemed the virtue of a saint), and the most intense sympathy with the poor, among whom he desired to live and die.

Many persons here present will have anticipated that there is only one man to whom all these various traits are applicable, the author of the *Pensées* and the *Lettres à un Provincial.* Pascal was born in the year 1623, of an honourable though not of a noble stock, and from his earliest childhood gave proofs of extraordinary genius. At the age of fifteen he had composed a treatise on Conic Sections; at nineteen he had invented a calculating machine; at twenty-three he made experiments on the gravity of air in confirmation of Torricelli's discoveries. Once afterwards, in the last year or two of his life, during a night sleepless from toothache, some thoughts undesignedly came into his head concerning the Roulette or Cycloid; a second thought followed the first, and a third the second, until the demonstration of the various mathematical properties of the machine was complete. With this single exception, from the twenty-fifth year of his life onwards, he devoted himself exclusively to religious study and contemplation. His zeal soon inspired the whole family, especially his celebrated sister, Jacqueline Pascal, who became a nun at the Port Royal Monastery, and sne in her turn seems to have exercised an extraordinary influence over him. At about thirty years of age he retired into the country and withdrew altogether from

the world. For five years he employed himself exclusively in self-discipline and in composing a book against Atheism and unbelief; this is the work of which fragments are preserved in the *Pensées*. One of his great studies seems to have been how to reduce himself in every respect to the condition of the poor; he always kept the love of poverty present in his thoughts; he would in every respect be like them, despising the conveniences of life in his sickness, and only keeping his property that he might use it for their good. He seemed also to have risen above ordinary human affection; when his sister died, he would only repeat perpetually, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,' and 'May God give us grace to die as well.' The surviving sister, who has written down these particulars of his life, tells us how she had once imagined that he had no affection for them, but was led soon afterwards to discover her mistake. The last four years of his life, from thirty-five to thirty-nine, were, as she describes, a sort of languishing death, in which he was able neither to read nor write, and could scarcely see any one. In the two years which preceded, that is, in the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth years of his own age, he wrote the famous *Provincial Letters*. A few of the 'thoughts' are probably of a still later date. And so this great intelligence gradually closed up and became extinguished, and the spirit fled away from a long and lingering agony to final rest. In his last illness he desired

that some poor sick person might be brought into his chamber and share the comforts with which he was so plentifully provided, 'or at least that he himself might be carried to the hospital of incurables, for he had a great desire to die in the company of the poor.' This singular request the physicians would not allow his sister to grant, deeming it dangerous to move him in his present condition.

I have endeavoured to bring before you in rough outline a few traits of this remarkable man, this mathematical genius, this greatest of all controversialists, this philosopher-saint, this most accomplished of French writers, this enthusiast for poverty and the poor. And now I will proceed to his writings, in which he yet lives more than any other French writer of modern times. Of these, the two principal ones are *Pensées*, or Thoughts, and the *Provincial Letters*.

The first of these two works is a series of fragments, jotted down as they occurred to his mind, without much form except that natural beauty of style, clear as crystal, which was characteristic of him always. They extend over many years; and different reflections belong to very different times in his life—to what may be called, for shortness, the period before as well as after his conversion. There are sayings which remind us of Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld, such as this: 'If every one knew what was said of him behind his back, there could not be three

friends in the world.' This is a hard saying, and not altogether true. For every man of sense is aware that many things are said of him in his absence which would not be said in his presence; he will not on that account discard his friends; and he may sometimes, perhaps, wish that he had the gift to see himself as others see him, and, for his own improvement, could know what they said of him. Like other sensitive minds, Pascal was attracted towards the world, and also shrunk from it, and he had a great insight into its weaknesses and follies, as well as into the weaknesses and follies of religious professors. Take the following examples: 'Men generally want to know, that they may talk about their knowledge;' 'Men never do evil so heartily and gaily as for conscience sake;' 'Men are bound by ties of necessity, and force is the foundation of government;' 'There are only two sorts of men, the righteous who believe that they are sinners, and the sinners who believe that they are righteous;' 'Often we confuse the heart and the imagination, and believe that we are converted when we are only sentimentalizing about it;' 'While speaking after the manner of other men, we should keep a thought in the background and judge everything by that'—a word which may perhaps have an innocent meaning, yet is more in the manner of the Jesuits than of Pascal. The very amusing saying, 'Had Cleopatra's nose been shorter, the face of the world would have been changed,' is one of Pascal's

reflections. Here is another: 'Man who is ignorant at his birth, at the other end of his life knows only that he is ignorant.' One more saying recently discovered among his papers, in which he seems to be describing himself, has been the subject of much comment: 'A man should be three things—a mathematician, a sceptic, a humble follower of Christ.' That is clearly not the description of a well-balanced or really philosophical mind. For mathematics are far from covering the whole field of truth, and he who doubts about all other things can never have a rational belief in the Christian religion. The words describe very truly the character of Pascal, but they cannot be said to contain a safe or true principle. I have already quoted some of his sceptical sayings, and there are still stronger ones. 'Mankind are necessarily mad, and not to be mad is only a new kind of madness;' 'Of all the schools of philosophy, one only deserves, or rather compels, attention, that of the Pyrrhonists;' 'Magistrates and physicians and doctors of the law could never have duped the world if they had not imposed upon us by their dress, their red robes and furs, and cassocks, and square caps;' 'Pyrrhonism was the truth before Christ, for after all without revelation men know nothing.' Yet see also how justly and beautifully he can express himself on philosophy: 'The Stoics fancy that you can be always doing what you are doing sometimes;' 'Truth is not only the agreement of ideas with facts, but of

facts with ideas;' 'The sensibility of man to small things, and in his insensibility to great things, is the overturning of human nature.' Even in his scepticism there is a kind of Platonism in the background, and though we cannot defend him from the charge of exaggeration and inconsistency, yet his doubts arise partly from his intense desire to realize intellectual truth, partly from his intense conviction of the truth of religion.

The greater part of the Thoughts of Pascal, including nearly all the later ones, are the fragments of a work on the truth of the Christian faith. Many of these are only the commonplace arguments from prophecy and miracles, and from the relation of Judaism to Christianity. There is nothing new or original in them. In his own family he had, or rather thought that he had, the evidence of miracles. His niece, the daughter of Madame Perier, had been cured of a loathsome disfigurement by a touch of a Holy Thorn. The miracle was investigated at the time by the command of the court, and for a while saved from demolition the Monastery of Port Royal. Pascal was not aware of the wonderful effects which the mind may have over the body in sensitive frames. 'The Jesuits,' he said, 'were worse than the Jews, for the Jews refused to believe in the miracles of Christ, but the Jesuits were compelled to believe in the miracles of the Port Royal and yet were not convinced by them.' He did not foresee that this miracle,

which to him appeared to rest on such irrefragable evidence, would be rejected by all orthodox Catholics, though sometimes made the subject of curious inquiry by Protestants.

It is not by arguments of this kind that Pascal really tends to confirm the truths of the Gospel. His own life and belief, and intelligence of them, is the deeper argument. Granted that he is not altogether free from the trammels of a conventional theology, he is also able to raise himself above them into a clearer and purer region. He believes with his whole soul in the unity of truth and goodness. He realizes human nature in all its extent, having on the one side eternity and infinity, and on the other moments of time and space too small to be apprehended by man. The immensity of the heavens terrifies him; he recognizes that life is the creation of innumerable accidents; yet he also feels that man is above all these external things, however vast, however minute, because he alone is conscious of them. 'I see myself in the midst of eternities and infinities, and cannot tell why I am attached to this small point of time and space, rather than to some other, in all the eternity which has preceded and followed me.' He rises by regular stages to the contemplation of the whole earth; this again is but a point in comparison of the vast space which is included in its orbit, and this again a point hardly visible in the ocean of infinity. 'Let man return once more to himself and his

prison-house, and learn to estimate the earth and its kingdoms and its cities and his own being also. Then let him take some small insect and observe its minute anatomy, the curious construction of its limbs and joints, the drops of blood coursing in its veins; has he not found the least thing in nature? I will show him a depth beyond. Not only this world which we see, but all that we can conceive of the world, may exist within the limits of an atom. He who reflects after this manner will be awestruck at himself; he will consider that he is supported between two infinities; he will contemplate in silence the wonders of which he is a part.'

Another train of reflection which is familiar to the mind of Pascal is the restlessness of man. Why is he always wanting amusement, why cannot he bear to be alone? Because he has wants which are not satisfied by himself. His first want is his individual happiness; his second want is the good of all; his third want is justice and truth. He is miserable, but his misery arises out of his greatness. Nature may blot him out from existence, yet he will be more noble than that which crushes him, because he knows that he dies, but nature is unconscious of her powers. This is what raises us up again; we must think thus, and labour to think rightly. This is the beginning of morality. 'We are miserable, like the dispossessed monarch, because we have lost our inheritance. We know too little and we know too much; we see in

nature only matters of doubt and inquietude [Pascal the life-long sufferer is far from thinking this the best possible of worlds]. But I see also the traces of God, and my whole soul is absorbed in the desire of knowing the true good, that I may follow it.'

We note the mind of the Geometrician in the opposition of the infinite and infinitesimal; we may also observe the author of a treatise on *Chances* in another often-repeated argument which I cannot commend (though it is repeated in another form by Butler), viz. 'That if Revelation is true, we gain infinitely; if false, we lose nothing by believing it.'

It is not by such arguments as this, in which the very nature of belief seems to be misapprehended, that man will be drawn to Christ. Nor does Pascal himself seriously dwell upon them; and it is possible that if we had the *Pensées* in their finished form (for we must remember that they are only the notes of a book), reflections of this sort might have been omitted. But we have still to ask what is the final foundation on which he rests the belief in Religion. Pascal shall answer for himself. 'There are three means or instruments of belief: Reason, Custom, Inspiration or the heart. We should open our minds to evidence, we should strengthen ourselves by custom, by acts of humility, we should open our hearts to inspirations: these alone have the true and life-giving effect.' And again, 'Simple persons believe without reasoning or evidence: God inclines their hearts to him. In one

word, faith is God present not to the reason but to the heart; or, to express the same thought in the words of Scripture, "He that wills to do the will of my Father shall know if my doctrine is of God, or whether I speak of myself." And if we ask, 'How am I to distinguish this true will from any mystical fancy?' Pascal would have answered, or at least the answer may be gathered from his writings: 'the true will is that which is akin to the holiest and best within me, the will that prevails when the passions leave a vacant space for it, the will that I may feel working in me at any time when I renounce pleasure; the will that draws me towards God the holy and true, and away from myself.'

Any account of Pascal, which leaves out of sight the *Provincials*, would omit the better half of his writings. Yet how, in the few minutes which remain, can I give you any adequate account of this extraordinary work? To understand the purpose of it, we must recall to mind the nature of casuistry. There had always been a tendency in the Catholic church, probably arising out of the needs of confession, to analyze and define human actions in a greater degree than their subtle nature really admits. This tendency was carried to the furthest extreme by the Jesuits, who for more than a century were the great spiritual power of the continent of Europe. As a matter of science, they divided and distinguished sins according to their kinds; they separated the intention

from the act, the word from the thought; they allowed the judgment of any teacher to be the measure of right and wrong. Having failed in raising up the world to the precepts of the Gospel, they were satisfied if they could bring down the Gospel to the world; provided only the rulers of the world, society however profligate, commerce however dishonest, could be retained within the limits of the Church. They took away the life of a moral being, and substituted for it a dead anatomy of human actions reduced to mere abstractions. From some point of view or other, it was impossible to utter a complete untruth or to commit a perfect sin.

It is strange to reflect that the inventors of these doctrines were many of them men of saintly life, devoted to the service of their fellow-men and of God. Yet, not the less, was their teaching fatal both to morality and religion. Had they succeeded, common honesty and common sense must have disappeared from the world. We should have been compelled to turn not to the Christian church, but to the great Gentile philosophers, for the first principles of ethics. A vast literature sprang up in many volumes, which expounded the distinction of this false science; and books founded on the writings of the first Jesuits are still used by the Catholic clergy.

What Plato did for the Sophists, Pascal did for the Casuists: he made them eternally ridiculous. The Jesuits contradict the Dominicans, one another, them-

selves; there is one article of faith in which they are agreed, in hatred of the Port Royal. They dispute about the terms, 'a sufficient grace' which is explained to be not sufficient, and 'an efficacious grace' which is somehow different from it; and a 'next power' which cannot be defined, but if you approve of the word there is no need to approve of the thing; on the other hand, if your approval of the thing disapproves of the word, your salvation may be seriously compromised. *Ecce qui tollit peccata mundi*; that is to say, 'not Christ but the Jesuit Father.' For a man to sin he must first know whether the thing he is going to do is bad: no action can be accounted sinful, if God does not give us before we commit it the knowledge of what evil is in it, and an inspiration to avoid it. To this Pascal opposes the idea of the voluntary in the third book of Aristotle's Ethics, at which the Jesuit is posed, but is suddenly called away in the service of some noble ladies. Thus Pascal exposes ironically the character of the Order. In their own words, they are *imago primi sæculi.* Theirs is a society of men, or rather of angels, concerning whom Isaiah prophesied in these words, *Ite angeli veloces.* They tell us they have changed the face of Christianity: that they have certainly; not that they want to corrupt men's morals, any more than they want to reform them; either would be bad policy: but they want to govern the whole world, and regulate the conscience of everybody. And for

this purpose of governing all mankind, they have casuists of many kinds, strict as well as lax, who supply all sorts of people with all sorts of evasions. It is probable that a single wise man has a weighty reason for his opinions, and the opinions of a single man can generally be found in favour of any rule or exception to a rule. 'To give alms is right in theory, but not in practice; to make restitution for a fraud is necessary according to the ancient, but not according to the modern fathers; assassins are not to be excommunicated unless they take money; fasting means a good supper; giving money to incline the will of a patron towards conferring a living on you is not simony; servants have a right to steal, when they are not paid wages enough.' Then follows the story of Jean d'Albo, the servant of the Jesuits, who having become versed in their books, carries off their pewter plates. He is brought before the magistrates and sentenced to be whipped; and here arises a difficulty: supposing a good Christian to avail himself of all these privileges, how can he escape the authority of the magistrates? The answer is, that the Jesuits must take the magistrates into council, and become their confessors.

There is no vice veiled under the name of honour or gallantry, no petty dishonesty of tradesmen, that is not provided for in some passage or other of the Casuists. I have said as much as time allows of the general character of the *Provincial Letters*; but of

the humour, the sustained irony, the verisimilitude of the argument, it is impossible to give even a faint notion. It is this work, with its exquisite purity and simplicity of style, equalled only by Plato, its perfect clearness, its logical accuracy, its varied rhythm and intonation, which more than any other has fixed the French language. And this intellectual perfection flows immediately from the moral purpose which animates it; there is passion in his logic and logic in his passion; he is fighting the battle of all mankind against the corrupting influence of casuistry: and as the multitude of his proofs increases, so also does the intensity of his indignation.

And now returning to his life, we must acknowledge that both his theory and practice of religion have a taint of exaggeration, and that his passionate love of truth, though never losing sight of an ethical principle, is limited by the Roman Catholic faith. We do not take him as a guide either in philosophy or in theology. We do not think of his opinions so much as of himself. For his was one of those illuminating lives which cast a radiance far and wide over the path of humanity. It is the clearness and penetration of his intellect, not the consecutiveness or consistency of his system, that we admire and seek to imitate. No man ever freed himself more completely from the conventionalities of religion. No man ever combined suc strong and simple faith with such a profound knowledge of human nature. No man ever suffered

and at the same time did so much. In no one were such intellectual gifts united with such moral graces. The literary man in modern times has been too often jealous and sensitive; he has despised and hated his fellow-men, with the exception of that section of them who worshipped at his shrine; he has claimed a kind of superiority to moral laws; strong in words, but weak and egotistical in character, he has drawn after him followers, who in his weakness have found the expression of their own. There have even been good men, who have never been able to get rid of vanity and conceit. What a contrast to them is presented by this man, of whose life self-control is the law; who is utterly indifferent to literary fame; who writes only as a duty which he owes to God and to his fellow-creatures! Again, in this world of selfishness and self-seeking, in which most of us place before ourselves wealth or honour, or high position in the State, or preferment in the Church, as one of the strongest, if not the only motive by which life is to be actuated, how great a thing it is to have one man recalling us to the image of Christ, to simplicity, to disinterestedness, to truth, which we might all follow if we would! Or, in this strife about classes, which seems so threatening in our own day, is it not striking to turn to the example of one in whom the feeling of caste or of class was altogether dead; who, like Christ, neither assailing nor yet defending the rights of property, identified himself altogether with

the poor, whose sufferings quickened in him, not the sense of his own misery, but of the misery of others; in whom what he calls the 'moi' of humanity is annihilated and lost in the thought of God and his fellow-men? Or, again, when we think of professing Christians hardly ever realizing the words which they use, ready almost to fight about doctrines which have ceased to have any meaning to them, how singular it is to meet with a man whose language is the very expression of the thought in which he daily lived. He, like any other man, may be criticized: you may point out, as I have been doing to-day, the inequality of his genius, or the fragmentary character of his writings. Tried by the standard of metaphysics or of political philosophy, he may fall short of the requirements of system-makers. Yet among the sons of men you will hardly find one who had a greater insight into man and nature, in whom faith and life were more completely one, or who more truly bore the likeness of Christ.

VI. JOHN WESLEY[1].

DAVID, AFTER HE HAD SERVED HIS OWN GENERATION BY THE WILL OF GOD, FELL ON SLEEP.

Acts xiii. 36.

THE greatest influence which is exerted over the mind and character is the personal influence of other men. When youth has passed and we begin to look back, most of us can trace the makings of ourselves to one or two persons, sometimes within the circle of our own families and sometimes outside of them, who gave us new ideas about conduct or about books, who told us plainly of some flagrant defect in our behaviour which had hitherto passed unnoticed, who raised our standard of knowledge and encouraged our youthful aspirations, who made us feel the value of purity and unselfishness and sincerity in our daily walk. A word spoken in season, how good was it! They taught us to see ourselves as others see us; they dispelled our nervous fancies; they thought kindly of us, remembering their own struggles. These were the true friends of our youth, and their memory will

[1] Preached in Balliol Chapel, January 23, 1881.

be fondly cherished by us while life lasts. As we get older they pass away, and we see them no more. But they remain in the mind's eye, and the image of their goodness and wisdom may often have the effect of saving us from evil or foolish actions. There is nothing for which men are more grateful in later life than the desire to do them good in the days of their temptation and inexperience.

And, as individuals whom we know, so the lives of men whom we never saw, may have a great hold on our minds. It is a most valuable element of education that we should become intimately acquainted with the biographies of a few great and good men, who have left such a full picture of themselves that we can not only conjecture but know their interior character and life. We are all of us tending to fall under the power of custom or fashion: we repeat, parrot-like, the literary or artistic opinions of the age in which we live, the newspaper reflections of the passing hour. The lives of great and good men take us into a different region, away from ourselves and our own prejudices: they enlarge our views, they teach us to think in a more manly and comprehensive manner, not according to the principles of our country or of our generation only, but of justice and truth. They may reveal to us sometimes what latent energy and fire may be treasured up in the bosom of an ordinary man. They may show us how different is the religion of a saint and a prophet from that attenuated

form of the Christian faith which most of us profess and practise. True, they are cast in a larger mould than we, and to their great virtues and powers we can scarcely hope to attain; nevertheless we may find in them something which will be a stimulus to us. Many of their trials and conquests over self are our trials and conquests; and from their companionship we may receive support in our Pilgrim's Progress. And they had the 'defects of their qualities'; the shadow of their light followed them. We may discern in the great thinker the error of mistaking system for philosophy, or generalities for truth; the scholar or man of learning may be wanting in any higher judgment; he who professes to be seeking after holiness may be ready to do evil that good may come; the man of genius may be wholly devoid of common sense; the religious teacher may be a fanatic or an Antinomian; the social reformer a tyrant. So strangely is human nature compounded, so difficult is it for the necessary balance of qualities to exist in the same person.

It has not been uncommon for the preacher to draw lessons from the characters of Scripture. But the record of them all, with the exception of our Lord and St. Paul, is too fragmentary for us to be able to form any complete picture of them. From a few words, from a passing notice, we cannot obtain a consistent idea of James the Less, or of Philip, or Nathaniel, or Thomas, or even of Peter and John. In the attempt to do so we easily invent with a view to

edification. Thus there arises a sort of religious romance, which may be compared to the traditional portrait of a great painter, but no real likeness of a human character. And in the present day we impatiently ask whether edification may not be the enemy of truth, and would rather remain within the limits of our actual knowledge.

It has occurred to me, therefore, that it might be better to find materials for sermons, or rather sermons themselves, in the lives of great and good men who are more fully known to us, and who perhaps have more in common with us, because they belong to our modern world. 'He being dead yet speaketh.' And shall we not sometimes listen to their voices, clear and simple, above the babel of half-articulate sounds which dins into our ears day by day? In the past there is rest, even as they themselves are at rest; in their society we escape from the small things of life; we feel that we have a sympathy with them, and are confident that if we could have known them we should have appreciated them and understood what they meant. From their faults, too, we may gain instruction. There is no reason why a vacant idealism should overspread biography, until the heroes of it lose all feature and character, so as to be scarcely recognizable by their friends. A great biography, like a great picture, will present a man as he was, not greater or wiser or fairer, but having in him some touch of human weakness and error, such as he would himself allow to be true.

I shall speak to you to-day of one who for several years resided in Oxford, and was one of ourselves, who was an undergraduate and fellow of a neighbouring college, and who preached publicly in the University. He was not exactly a man of genius or a great writer; and in his younger days he would have seemed chiefly remarkable to the common observer for a certain degree of eccentricity and want of sense. Even good men would have remarked of him that he was always pushing his opinion to extremes. And his opinions were changing, for in the course of life he seems to have passed almost from one pole of theology to the other. Yet this was the man who has a greater present influence on the religion of the Christian world than any apostle or saint or prophet since the Reformation, perhaps it may be said with truth since St. Paul himself.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, on June 17, 1703. He was sprung from a clerical family, who in the religious changes of the preceding century had met with various fortunes. His father (who was the rector of the parish) and his mother were both of them remarkable persons. The house in which he and his brothers, Samuel and Charles (who has been called the sweet singer of Methodism), and their sisters, were brought up, like many other English parsonages, was a model of simplicity and refinement. There was a light in that frugal dwelling, which shines with a

diminished clearness in great and luxurious mansions. For in such homes the inhabitants are everything; the externals of life are as nothing. May there be many such throughout the land in which there is grace and intelligence, and the love of knowledge, not yet buried beneath the load of wealth. John Wesley himself, though his great work lay almost entirely among the lower and middle classes, was throughout life in all his words and actions emphatically a Christian gentleman. He was possessed of that modest dignity which makes itself felt in all societies. He had known something of the struggles of poverty from childhood. They were a valuable experience to him, and he was not soured or degraded by them.

When a little child, his father's house was burnt, and he was the last to be saved from destruction. In allusion to this circumstance, he adopted the motto, partly fanciful, partly dictated by deep feeling, 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?' As years went on he was sent to the Charterhouse School, and from the Charterhouse to Lincoln College, Oxford. We are told that late in life, when he was in London, he delighted to visit the playground of his old school, which seemed to recall to him so many youthful recollections.

At Oxford began that stirring and movement of soul which lasted in him for nearly seventy years. The world of the eighteenth century at Oxford and elsewhere was very unlike the life and teaching of

his good and simple home. And such states of society seem often to call forth and develop the characters which are most diametrically opposed to them. Here the mind of John Wesley became absorbed in religious thought and feeling. Already he had laid aside all desire for advancement in the Church. There soon gathered round him a few persons like-minded with himself, who formed themselves into a society, and were derisively called 'The Godly Club.' They met for prayer and religious conversation; they visited the prisoners at the gaol; they lived on vegetables, that out of their small means they might be able to help the poor; they had their inward doubts and temptations, fancying often that they were not called or were not saved. They felt what all great Christian teachers have felt, a longing desire to make men better—'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel'; yet, amid the controversies which had sprung up in England, they hardly knew what the Gospel was.

As might be expected of young men of twenty or twenty-one, overpowered by such strong convictions, they easily fell into eccentricities and became the laughing-stock of their fellows; nor did they meet with much more encouragement from their superiors. They found the difficulty of living in an unsympathizing society. They were full of questionings; without were fightings, within were fears. At this time of Wesley's life the religious books which he

chiefly valued (though in later years he would have thought them unevangelical or unspiritual) were three of the great religious books of the world—*The Imitation of Christ*, Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, and Law's *Serious Call*. They are books with which we shall all do well to make acquaintance; for although not in every respect suited to our age, they are more calculated than any others to keep alive and strengthen the sentiment of religion in the mind.

Notwithstanding the feeling which he had excited against himself, shortly after he had taken his degree, in the twenty-third year of his age, Wesley was elected (partly, it is said, through the good-will of the Rector, Dr. Morley) a Fellow of Lincoln College. He seems at this time to have devoted himself vigorously to the pursuit, not merely of theological, but of secular studies. We read of Mondays and Tuesdays allotted to Classics, Wednesdays to Logic and Ethics, Thursdays to Hebrew and Arabic, Fridays to Metaphysics and Natural Philosophy, Saturdays to Oratory and Poetry, but chiefly to composition in those arts, and the Sabbath to Divinity. These are the notes of his diary, which he kept from this time forward during his whole life. In forming this scheme of study he had come to the conclusion, he says, that there are many things of which the most learned must content themselves to be ignorant. At this time disputations were held six times a week, in the hall of

Lincoln College, and he presided over them. 'I could not avoid,' he said, 'acquiring hereby some degree of expertness in arguing, and especially in discerning fallacies, and I have since found abundant reason to praise God for giving me this honest art.' His election to a fellowship spread the same kind of joy in his family which it has spread in so many families before and since; and his father's words are so expressive of the feelings of other parents declining into the vale of years, that though they are homely, I venture to transcribe them. 'Whatever becomes of me,' the old man said, 'my Jack is a Fellow of Lincoln.'

And now, leaving for a little space the life of this remarkable man at the same stage in which most of those present here find themselves, let us think of our own lives, looking first up to him and then down to ourselves. A few commonplace reflections soon occur to us. He was eccentric, and eccentricity is a great mistake: what necessity was there for his wearing long hair and making himself remarkable by the badness of his clothes? Could he not do good without all this affectation? My brethren, it is quite true that eccentricity is a great mistake, in most cases a fatal and incurable mistake, which sets the world against a man (and the world is too many for most of us), and creates within him a fixed idea or mode of thinking, pervading his whole life. Beware of eccentricity. It has been the ruin of many, and is the more

dangerous for this very reason, that no moral guilt attaches to it. Wesley himself would have acknowledged in later life how mistaken he was in all this. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that if a great religious movement were always governed by what educated men call good sense, if it waited for good sense and the approbation of sensible men, the world would have remained as it was from the beginning to the end. In the present day we may pray, 'Oh, that we had a spirit like his!' and we may also pray 'that such a spirit should always be under the control of good sense;' and indeed it sometimes seems, even amid many follies, as if the good sense of religion were the only part of religion which survives in many of us. Was it eccentricity in Wesley to deprive himself of food, that he might give to the poor? I dare not say yes, remembering who it was who taught, 'Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor.' Was it eccentricity, again, to sacrifice his whole life to the salvation of his soul? Neither can this be maintained by any one who acknowledges as the author of his faith Him who said, 'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

You see that there is a great difference between the first apostolic fervour of a great teacher, such as St. Bernard or Luther or John Wesley, and the customary religion in which we live; and that you cannot judge one by the other. But there is another point of view in which Wesley's career may be more imit-

able by us. He placed before himself an ideal which he pursued through a long life; no object of earthly ambition was ever allowed to obstruct the realization of this great idea; and we too may place before ourselves an ideal (not exactly like his, for the world has changed, and needs perhaps missionaries of another sort), and it may be a very humble ideal compared with his, such as the reform of our own lives, the improvement of an estate or of a parish, the diligent care of a school or of pupils, or of a family, so that we may be able to say at last 'of those that Thou gavest me I have not lost one.' Some persons whose powers are greater may be more aspiring in their views; they may think passionately of the evils of the times, of religious indifference, of political corruption, of the tendency to undermine morality by sentimentalism, of a prevailing carelessness about truth; and they may resolve to devote themselves body and soul to counteract these evils, and to implant in the minds of men, amid the seeming decay of religion, a higher standard of life and action. And perhaps the thought may occur to them that there is religion enough in the world and good sense enough in the world, but that there has never been in the highest degree a union of the two. Such a voice may be heard by some one here present calling him, and if he hears it let him follow, not exactly in the spirit of Wesley, but making allowance for his own inexperience. For in this age of reflection we should

surely have the fruits of reflection; and though he may have never been able to realize that ideal in its fullness, though the task which he set himself was beyond his strength, yet in after years he will look back upon the heavenly vision, as St. Paul did upon the vision which met him on the way to Damascus, as one of the best and most precious things in life.

After Wesley had resided some time in Oxford, where he remained altogether about nine years, he seems to have felt a strong desire (often experienced by persons of a deeply religious temper of mind) to retire and be alone with God. He travelled several miles to see what is called a serious man. 'Sir,' said this man to him (the words are more remarkable than they sound): 'Sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember you cannot serve Him alone; you must therefore find companions or make them; the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion.' For three years Wesley had retired from Oxford, and had held his father's curacy of Wroot, in Lincolnshire. He now returned thither and continued his missionary and eccentric course of life. In the thirty-third year of his age his father died; and with the leave of his mother, who rejoiced that he should be so employed, he went as a missionary to preach the Gospel among the settlers and Indians in the new colony of Georgia. His brother Charles accompanied him in the capacity of secretary to General Oglethorpe, the Governor,

the same who has been immortalized in the fine lines of Pope:

> 'Or fly like Oglethorpe from pole to pole,
> Impelled by strong benevolence of soul.'

On his voyage and in the colony he became acquainted with the Moravian settlers, whose mystic piety for a time made a strong impression upon his mind. At this period of his life he might be described as a High Church Puritan, or as a Puritan High Churchman. As nothing could exceed his readiness to sacrifice himself for the service of God (he had come there, as he said, not to gain the dregs and dross of riches and honours, but simply to save his soul, to live wholly for the glory of God), so nothing could exceed his estimate of his own priestly authority; his conduct may be said to have equalled the most injudicious sayings or actions of the most injudicious clergy of our own day. The colonists, already divided among themselves, were in an uproar. Without much fault on his part, Wesley made and broke an engagement of marriage. It often happens in this world that men and women make these terrible mistakes in the hurry and tumult of passion, in their inexperience of themselves and of each other. And so either the lives of both are spoiled and ruined, or the good faith of one or other of them is in some degree tarnished.

Wesley was no longer able to remain in the colony. He returned to England two years after he had left it, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. Himself

an unknown man, he found that Whitefield, the young servitor of Pembroke College, had risen to a height of fame and popularity. For a short time Whitefield took his place in Georgia, but soon returned to England; he had already preached in the open air at Bristol, 'when the tears ran down the colliers' cheeks.' Here he was afterwards joined by Wesley, and they both became field preachers. There was a great deal of disorder among those vast multitudes whom the eloquence of Wesley and Whitefield first convinced of sin, greater perhaps than occurs in any of our modern revivalist meetings. A spirit was stirred which went through England. First John Wesley separated from the Moravians, and their strange Archhierophant, the Count Zinzendorff; afterwards from Whitefield, who for twenty years had been his dearest friend and helper. But like Paul and Barnabas, they now parted, and in the great Calvinistic controversy one went to the right hand and the other to the left.

Deprived of the use of the churches, the followers of Wesley (now beginning to be called by the name Methodists) resorted to the fields and to any buildings of a poor and humble sort which they could obtain for their use. Another necessity arose. As there were but few clergymen among his disciples—indeed hardly any, with the exception of his brother Charles, Fletcher of Madeley, and at a later period Dr. Coke, the apostle and bishop of Wesleyanism in the United

States—it was necessary for him to have recourse to lay preachers, whom at a later period of his life he thought fit to ordain. Many criticisms have been made on this last step, which definitely separated him and his followers from the Church of England. He justified his conduct by the work which he had accomplished, and perhaps the defence was sufficient for usurping what would be called episcopal functions. No doubt the words of St. Paul often occurred to his mind: 'Am I not an apostle? am I not free? are not ye my work in the Lord? If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you: for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord.'

Two other institutions of Methodism should be studied carefully by those who would understand its nature: first, the institution of classes in which men and women were to confer together about the affairs of their souls. (For Wesley had not forgotten the advice which was given him by the serious man in the days of his youth, 'Sir, you cannot serve God alone.') Secondly, the visitations from house to house for the collection of a penny weekly subscription from all members of the society. Thus throughout the society was spread life and intercourse, and the spirit of mutual help. It should not be forgotten also that as Wesley himself itinerated through England, so itinerant preaching became the permanent form of the Methodist ministry. And now that Wesleyan chapels and the houses of ministers cover the land,

the same rule is observed, and no regular minister remains in the same place more than three years.

Between the years 1740 and 1750 Methodism had fairly taken root in the land. For forty years longer the servant of God was allowed to extend and continue his work. The time would fail me to tell much more of his life and labours, of his daily preaching and travelling, of his poverty and abstinence, of the resistance and violence which his teaching aroused among all classes, sometimes strangely melting into repentance and love, of the inexpressible power which was given to his words by the intensity of his convictions: as one of his hearers said, 'He spoke to them like the inhabitant of another world.' He gathered around him a band of preachers like himself, fiery spirits, consumed with the fear of hell, and then breaking forth into psalms in the consciousness of salvation. One of them, Thomas Oliver the shoemaker, I mention by name, because he is the author of the hymn often sung in this chapel, 'The God of Abraham praise.' They were unlike Wesley in one respect, that they were uneducated, and he himself in the later years of his life certainly seems to have thought that spiritual gifts were far more important than education, and might even supersede it. This was perhaps the greatest mistake which he made in the establishment of his society; yet as he grew older he also grew gentler, and used to wonder at many of the extravagances of his earlier life. He mentions

with peculiar pleasure in extreme old age his receiving the Sacrament at the hands of Bishop Lavington, his old opponent, the same who wrote the *Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists compared.* To the last he retained his strong conviction that 'Poverty was of the essence of the Gospel': 'I have only four silver teaspoons,' he wrote to the Commissioner of Excise, 'two here and two in London; and I do not intend to buy any more, while there are so many poor wanting bread.'

There is one feature of Wesley's teaching which I must not omit to notice, even in this rapid sketch; for it was probably the corner-stone of his society, as the want of education was for a long time its stumbling-block. He was what is called in theological language an Arminian. That is to say, he denied predestination. No one was more impressed than Wesley with the tendency and danger which always exists in the religion of the uneducated, of degenerating into Antinomianism. As it has been briefly said: '990 out of 1.000 are lost, do what they can; the remaining ten are saved, do what they will.' Against this terrible doctrine Wesley directed one of the most remarkable sermons in any language; I have only room for a short extract.

'This doctrine,' he says, 'represents the Most High God as worse than the Devil—as more false, more cruel, and more unjust. More false, because the Devil, liar as he is, hath never said he willeth all mankind to

be saved; more unjust—the Devil cannot if he would be guilty of such injustice as you ascribe to God, when you say that God condemned millions of souls to everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels, for continuing in sin which, for want of that grace He will not give them, they cannot avoid; and more cruel, because that unhappy spirit seeketh rest and findeth none, so that his own restless misery is a kind of temptation to him to tempt others; but God resteth in His high and holy place, so that to suppose Him out of His mere motion, of His pure will and pleasure, happy as He is, to doom His creatures—whether they will or no—to endless misery, is to impute such cruelty to Him as we cannot impute even to the great enemy of God and man. It is to represent the Most High God (he that hath ears to hear, let him hear) as more cruel, false and unjust than the Devil.'

There is no time for more, though I fear that this short extract gives but an imperfect idea of the whole discourse.

This passage, as well as the events of Wesley's life, have been chiefly taken from Robert Southey's biography of him, a curious and interesting work, in which the great literary man turns what may be called the 'dual lantern' of his knowledge of history and mankind on Wesley and his society. It cannot be supposed that such a biography would give much satisfaction to his disciples, who regarded him as the example of that doctrine of Christian perfection which

he preached; nor can we wonder that one of them should have addressed the biographer in these quaint words: 'Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.' Yet upon this most interesting and valuable book I shall venture to make two observations: the first is, that nothing would be more useful to religious men and religious societies, if they would bear it, than the criticism of the outer world. Thus they would find their weaknesses revealed, their self-deception exposed, their dangers foreseen—they would see themselves, in short, as others see them. The second remark which I have to make is that, although Southey's life of Wesley is written from an impartial point of view, probably no book of the present century has had a greater effect in quickening the seed of religion in the minds of the young, or in stimulating the religious thought of the country.

Wesley had no knowledge of the world in the true sense of the word. He knew neither his own nature nor that of other men. He grew more charitable and considerate as he grew older; he can hardly be said to have become wiser. In some respects he was almost behind his age; for he appears to have been one of the last persons who upheld the reality of witchcraft, and defended his opinion by experience and Scripture. Naturally and consistently he was fond of the supernatural—he had always from early life drawn lots from the Bible for the regulation of his conduct; in a similar spirit of ignorance he wrote

a treatise called *Primitive Physics*, for the use of his followers—a sort of family medicine book of a description by no means harmless, which led some of his enemies with great probability, if not with truth, to declare that he had been guilty of homicide. He never understood the wonder of man, the involution of self-deceit, the half-sincerity of hypocrisy, the almost animal form which religious emotion may sometimes take. Some of his doctrines can hardly be thought less dangerous than those of his Calvinistic opponents: he taught the direct witness of the spirit hardly distinguishable from 'whatever a man believe to be true, that is true to him,' and he conceived that by the exertion of faith a man might at once pass from darkness to light. Though taught by experience, he never fully realized the truth which the superior insight of Bunyan enabled him to discern: 'That close to the gate of heaven there is a road leading to hell.'

But let us not seek further to criticize the imperfections of this great man and eminent servant of God; we may have dwelt too much upon them already: let us rather pray that some portion of his spirit may descend upon us. Let us think of his purity, his disinterestedness, his love of the poor, his willingness to take up the cross and follow Christ. Consider what a great thing this is, that a man should devote all his powers to the good of his fellow-men; that his thoughts should be wholly turned, not on himself but

on God. Try and imagine seriously the effect of his life-long labours on this country, on the British colonies, on the United States. He may be truly said to have changed the face of the religious world. The English High Churchman may sometimes regret that the Wesleyan has got the start of him in Wales, or Cornwall, or in the towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and will be inclined to hope that all may come right in the end, as they say. But we may be allowed to regard the labours of Wesley in a very different spirit; for we know that every year, for many generations, thousands and tens of thousands have gone to their rest all over the world, men and women, young and old, blessing God that they were brought to the knowledge of Him and of His truth through the teaching of John Wesley. There is probably no considerable town, wherever the English language is spoken, in which one of his chapels has not been erected. And he who went on his ill-starred expedition to Georgia, and returned again with scant success, was in one respect like Columbus: he did not know that he had called into existence a new world.

John Wesley was born on June 17, 1703: he died on February 17, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. About a fortnight previously he had preached his last sermon. He was buried in London, in a ground set apart by himself for the preachers of his communion. The funeral service of the Church of England was read over him. When the minister came to that part

of the service 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take to Himself this our dear brother,' he substituted the word 'father.' The whole congregation burst at once into loud weeping.

'So David, after he had served his own generation, fell on sleep.'

VII. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER[1].

HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.

HEBREWS xi. 4.

THERE are times at which the memory of the departed returns upon us with peculiar force and vividness. All churches commemorate them; all men regard some one at least among those countless multitudes with kindness and regret. Because they have passed out of our sight, we would not have them pass out of our minds. The loss of friends and kindred makes life perceptibly different to us. The world goes on the same as before, but it is not the same to those who are bereaved of their children, and we sometimes feel, especially in later life, that—

'The tender grace of a day that is gone
Will never come back to us.'

and comparing the survivors with those who are gone, we repeat the famous line—

'We ne'er shall look upon their like again.'

We are also touched by the fashion of the world which forgets them so soon, and is occupied by some new

[1] Preached in Balliol Chapel, October 16, 1881.

pleasure or interest. 'There is a hope that a great man's memory may out-last his life half a year, but then he must build churches or endow colleges and hospitals,' and we should be inclined to think mankind shallow and cold-hearted in this particular, if we did not experience the same influence of time stealing over ourselves.

How different are our recollections of the dead as they pass from us, at one age or another, in all the various circumstances of human life, some *ficutes in limine primo*, having never tasted of good and evil, others sinking to rest after many years and the fulfilment of many duties, some famous and opulent, others sleeping in a nameless grave. Almost every family, however humble, has its tale of love and death. There was the little child, who if it had survived would have long since grown up to the estate of man or woman, with its prattle and its playthings and its innocent ways, who still after twenty years and more has a corner in the soul of some one. There was the elder brother or sister, whose loving and peaceful end, whose thought of others and thoughtlessness of themselves, have left an impression which the rest of the family carry with them to the grave. There was the aged man, who seemed to be already the inhabitant of another world. There were our parents, too, who did so much for us, on whom looking back in later life we feel that we hardly recognized the debt that was due to them. We may not always have under-

stood them; we sometimes took offence at them needlessly. There are some things which we should like to say to them, but the time for speaking has passed. There are some chapters of life (not our whole lives) that we should like to have over again; this, however, is not possible. These are some of the reflections which, when they dive into the past, older persons find arising in their minds; which the young when they cease to be young, 'and the time for speaking has past,' may find occurring to themselves.

There are other relations which are severed by death—such as, above all, the tie of husband and wife, of the lover and his beloved:

> 'But she is in her grave, and oh!
> The difference to me!'

Friends, too, must part who have loved each other as their own souls. Sometimes they may have conversed together in perfect friendship, and sometimes there may have been an imperfect sympathy, or a slight exactingness on the part of either, or a change of circumstances may have prevented the talking freely together, or interposed a cloud or distance between them. How different do all these things appear in the presence of death: then we feel that we cannot say too much good of a beloved friend; we are happy if in moments of temporary alienation we never uttered a word against them. And the estimate which we form of them and of other men after they are gone is really more just, because it is not disturbed by personal

feeling. History, too, is more just to great men than their own contemporaries are apt to be. For they are removed from us by distance, so that we see them in their true proportions. A man's life, regarded as a whole, is better and truer than the running commentary on his words and actions which is made from day to day. And so too with private friends: we are no longer *exigeant* in our view of them; we take them now as they are; we do not ask of them superhuman virtue or a combination of impossible qualities.

It is good from time to time to think of the dead. but neither should we resist the healing influence which days and months have upon sorrow. Grief, too, may be excessive, like any other passion: 'Rachel weeping for her husband or her son, and refusing to be comforted because they are not,' and therefore, we may add, fulfilling inadequately or not at all the every-day duties of life. It is an unnatural strain to try and keep before the mind the dead, as if they were still in existence. Each generation in a sense lives to itself, and dies to itself. It once had joys and sorrows as keen and lively as our own, and innumerable feelings and interests of politics and society. But all these are with the past and with God, and we cannot with our finite faculties live in the past, though we do sometimes and to a certain extent recall it. Time, like a strong river, carries us away, and we are helpless: looking back into the distance we resign our beloved

ones, unable any longer to take care of them, into the hands of God.

Those of us who have lived long in Oxford return this term with peculiar feelings: so many houses are left desolate; so many familiar figures have disappeared since we last met here. There are vacancies in our ranks which have to be filled up. There is the able and enthusiastic professor[1], whose energy knew no rest, greatly beloved by his pupils, greatly honoured in the world of science. That *perfervidum ingenium* has been called away before the time, in the fullness of his powers, seemingly exhausted by his own untiring mind. Then there is our friend[2] the Librarian of the University, the friend of all men, overflowing with human kindness, who charmed us all by his courtesy and grace, as well as by his taste and antiquarian knowledge: his characteristic and noble form will be no more seen in our streets and dwellings. There is our neighbour[3], too, the distinguished medical man who had been the witness of many sad scenes in this college and elsewhere, during about forty years since he first settled in Oxford; a kind friend to the poor, devoting his time to them unsparingly, a helper in any sort of trouble, and especially the wise friend and counsellor of youth in their faults and follies; a manly character, whose rough gentleness had a charm of its own. He, too, has been taken somewhat sooner

[1] Professor Rolleston. [2] Rev. H. O. Coxe.
[3] Mr. Symonds.

than we expected, and leaves a name respected among us, a name known wherever Oxford men are to be found. And now within a day or two, almost as I write, I hear of another good man[1] holding a high position in the University, who after a long and painful illness, borne with great patience and resignation, has been taken from among us. 'These all rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' But he of whom I am about chiefly to speak to you in this sermon was bound to us by nearer ties than these. For he was a scholar of this college: his youth was passed at Rugby and at Balliol, and this was one of the places which he ever afterwards regarded with great affection. He was in the habit, you know, during the last ten or eleven years, of preaching in this chapel once or twice in the year. It was a great privilege to have him here, which was fondly claimed. Many of you will remember his discourses on the Commandments, and on the Lord's Prayer, and one on the four 'idols' of Bacon, the last of all. He was preaching at Westminster Abbey on the Beatitudes, which he characteristically proposed to illustrate by the lives of persons buried in the Abbey, when the fatal illness seized him. His own life would have been a good illustration of two of them: the first, 'Blessed are the peace-makers'; the second, 'Blessed are the pure in heart.'

It would be useless for me to repeat what was said

[1] Rev. F. K. Leighton, Warden of All Souls.

of him in sermons and newspapers three months ago; 'three little months, or ere those shoes were old.' There were two or three things which greatly struck and even surprised his friends. First, the contrast between the innumerable attacks which were made upon him during his life (for no one was attacked more bitterly), and the universal expression of sorrow and goodwill that followed his death. No one but a great statesman or hero ever had such a funeral. Secondly, the feeling of regard and attachment which he had evidently inspired among the poor of London. They had not forgotten his flower-shows and garden-parties; they remembered the manner in which he would show them over the Abbey, as no one else could have done, telling them stories and answering their questions, himself the verger for their sakes; and they knew that they had lost a friend. The laity, too, who did not always support him adequately during his life (for they have sometimes a strange way of finding fault with the bigotry of the clergy, and yet asserting that a man of liberal principles ought not to be a clergyman); the laity, too, at the time of his death seemed to recognize that his was the voice which most clearly and adequately gave expression to the religious opinion of educated men in England.

My earliest recollections of him, though they do not extend to his life at school, go back a long way, to the year 1835 or 1836. We used to sit together at the scholars' table in the old college hall, at the end on

the right hand as you enter; there were several of our companions who afterwards rose to eminence, especially two men of very different character, the late Vice-Chancellor Wickens, whom we regarded as a perfect phoenix of conversation, and who, though he afterwards buried himself in the law, was certainly a very remarkable person; the other, the poet Clough, a man of genius and of the highest character, already beginning to be over-burdened with conscientiousness and disturbed about the question, What is truth? Among the tutors, the two who had the greatest influence over us were the present Archbishop of Canterbury [1], whose good sense and knowledge of the world were an invaluable guide to many of us, and whose example as a tutor was a great help to those of us who soon afterwards became tutors; and I am bound also to mention another person who gave a great stimulus to Oxford in his day, Mr. Ward, the author of the *Ideal of a Christian Church*, who afterwards became a Roman Catholic. Though limited in his views, he was the best arguer from given premises that I have ever known, a very prince of dialecticians. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that he spent the greater part of the day in arguing: I have always considered that he did us no harm, but good, for he always held up before us a high and pure standard, and opened our views into life and theology very much. He used to point out to us how well he

[1] A. C. Tait.

got on with the other tutors, though in religious opinions they were wide as the poles asunder, because they all equally desired the good of the college. This eminent person, who left a lasting impression on the minds of many of us, was the intimate friend of Stanley and Clough.

At the time when I first knew the late Dean of Westminster, his greatest interests were history and geography. These tastes, which were natural to him, were greatly stimulated by the influence of Dr. Arnold. He used to like nothing so much as digging away at the truth. Soon after he took his degree, he studied from original authorities the history of the English Reformation, and early discarded many opinions respecting it which were commonly received as gospel in those days. He used to tell me, as one of the results of his studies, that he thought King Henry VIII a better and Archbishop Cranmer a worse man than the ordinary traditions of them represented. At that time he was more *addictus jurare in verba magistri* than he afterwards became. From Dr. Arnold he had received a noble impulse which he communicated to others; he had received also a very impracticable theory of Church and State about which he used to argue with us. The theory was that the Church and the State were really one, and that the division of them was a late corruption of which there was no trace in the New Testament. Put roughly, the theory might be stated thus: 'That the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury should be a layman.' One of the consequences was a certain degree of persecution; for if the Christian Church and the Christian State were identical, then it followed that only those who in some sense or other were Christians could be admitted to a share of political power. I well remember the disastrous effects which were produced by the communication of this theory to one of the college tutors, a well-meaning but narrow-minded man. There is no trace of this theory, as far as I remember, in the Dean's late writings; and whatever may be thought of it in the abstract, it is certainly not within the horizon of practical politics.

He was very shy in those days (I am speaking of his undergraduate and bachelor time), and even ten years later I have observed him hardly able to speak at a dinner-table. In later life he had entirely conquered this weakness, and, when he was in good health, no one was better company or more agreeable. He had something to say to everybody, and could set them at their ease. I think his example worth mentioning, because probably there are many here present who are similarly afflicted, and they may learn from him that this ridiculous malady is far from being incurable, but passes away in most persons when they begin to be engaged in the real business of life. With him it was far from being a sense of unpopularity, for he was a universal favourite; his gentleness, his unassumingness, his pleasant looks, won all

hearts. There was always something of the child about him, which he retained to the end of his life, though he was also a man of the world. He preserved to the last the joyousness, the curiosity, the simplicity of youth. In early life he was the *enfant gâté du monde*, upon whom prizes and other youthful honours were showered in profusion, yet he was unspoiled by them. He was a child, too, in another and a higher sense. For he was guileless and innocent; of him, if of any one, it might be said that he never knowingly did a wrong thing. No false or impure word was ever heard to fall from his lips; no one would have ever poured the licentious tale into his ear. Wherever he was, in youth, as in after-life, his influence was for good. And 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

There was one quality which I think he possessed in a greater degree than any one I ever knew—indifference to public opinion. He never thought of himself or cared what others thought of him. He never diverged to the right hand or to the left from a love of popularity; nor did the attacks made upon him by his theological opponents ever cause him a shadow of uneasiness; whether a jest was made at his own or somebody else's expense seemed not to concern him. There was an epithet which a man of genius (who was also gifted with a talent for uttering sayings more remarkable for their point than for their truth) applied to him—'the body snatcher.' I remember his telling me of this the last time he was in

Oxford, as we walked in the Parks, laughing in his peculiar way at the joke, as though it had related to anybody rather than himself. He would have delighted at a notice which appeared of him in a religious newspaper the day after his death: 'the Dean of Westminster has closed his brilliant but melancholy career.'

The two years after he took his M.A. degree, from 1842 to 1844, were chiefly spent in writing the life of Dr. Arnold. No biography which has been written since, and not more than one or two which preceded it, have ever produced an equal impression on the English-speaking world. I am not quite certain whether he may not have detracted something both from the native strength and also from the singularity of his great master. But the greater regularity of the portrait, if this criticism is just, made it certainly more acceptable and also more intelligible to the world at large. To many it was a kind of revelation in those days to find that the friend of freedom, the ardent supporter of Reform and Catholic Emancipation, could be a humble and devoted Christian. Through the influence of this book Arnold may be said to have lived after his death more truly than in his life, for there is no public school in the kingdom which has not been profoundly affected by the picture which the disciple drew of his beloved teacher and friend.

His great and almost only relaxation was foreign travel; he had a great interest in seeing new places

and persons. On two of these tours, in the years 1844 and 1845, we went together, chiefly with the object of seeing the many distinguished men, especially the theologians and scholars, who were still surviving from the golden age of Germany. There, to his great delight, he made the acquaintance of Ewald, whose genius and learning he always heartily admired, without perhaps sufficiently allowing for his fanciful and sanguine nature. He also became acquainted with Neander, a good and learned man, who told us, speaking of Blanco White, that there were Christians *mehr in Unbewusstsein als in Bewusstsein*, that is to say, 'there were unconscious as well as conscious Christians.' There were many others, such as Tholuck, and De Wette, the patriot and theologian, Godfrey Hermann, the great scholar, Ranke, the celebrated historian, who kindly conversed with us. We were greatly flattered by a visit from Schelling, courtier and philosopher, who about that time transferred himself from Munich to Berlin. He had already had six systems of philosophy, and was revealing the seventh and newest to a Berlin audience. He was very kind to us, and we regarded him with immeasurable respect. All his systems of philosophy were the creation of a man of genius, and showed a great deal of thought and insight, but they had no definite relation to history or fact. All of them claimed to be based on first principles and eternal truths. In a few years they were no longer remembered. When

I was at Munich a short time since, I asked whether Schelling had left any disciples. The answer was: 'Yes, he has left *one*, and *he* has no disciple.'

But it is time that I should pass on to speak of our friend's later years, as he appeared on the scene of the world. Oxford and Canterbury formed two long chapters of his life; in both he took an intense interest, and to both he rendered eminent service. Indeed, wherever he settled, he seemed to create a new social life; he found out facts, or revived memories which had been forgotten; he brought persons together who had not previously known one another, himself being one of those few who have the gift of making all things kin. He knew well that men who conceive harsh opinions of one another at a distance, have very different feelings when they meet. And so through the whole course of his life, without any loss of dignity, and certainly not from any social ambition, he pursued this—which I may call his vocation—of making men better known to one another, that they might also think more kindly of each other; 'every one turns out to be a very good sort of person when you are acquainted with him.' And there were some of his bitterest opponents who were almost ashamed when they found the unaffected kindness with which they were received by him in his own house.

He used to accuse himself of a want of decision, but I do not think that this was true, or would be

truly charged upon him in any great matters, though he was sometimes undecided about small ones, 'whether he should pay a visit, go on a journey, and the like.' Also his physical constitution, though fairly good, was never quite equal to the strain which he imposed upon it; and anxiety sometimes took too great a hold upon him. He was finely strung, and rather shrank from the contest with rougher or more unscrupulous natures. But he never hesitated in the duty of speaking out, whatever might be the consequences to himself. There was no balancing or indecision when he had to maintain the cause of a friend. He knew, of course, from the first that the free expression of his opinions would not make him agreeable to the Church of England, nor to any minister of state who regarded the wishes of a majority of the clergy. He knew, therefore, that he must resign the higher rewards of his profession for what to him was the really important point, the power of fighting the battle of freedom and comprehension on equal terms. 'Though mitres should rain from heaven as thick as hail, the head was so oddly shaped that not one of them would fit it.'

It has been said both of him and of others, that a liberal clergyman has no true place in the Church of England, that he subscribes what he does not believe, that he repeats words in a sense which they do not mean. I think he would have admitted that liberal clergymen are in a position of difficulty, and

that many changes are needed in the Church of England before it can be adapted to them, or adapted to the wants of the laity. And he himself would often lament the indifference which the laity themselves showed to the great question whether the Church of England could continue to be maintained as the Church of the English nation, or whether (as in other European countries) Church and State, the secular and religious elements, should be allowed to drift into a condition of hopeless antagonism. To the question which I just now raised, whether a person of what are termed liberal opinions can subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, I think that the best answer is given in the striking words of the Dean of Westminster himself, 'that if subscription is strictly enforced, then every one, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the humblest clergyman in the wilds of Cumberland, must leave the Church. For the difficulty is not one which presses upon one party only, but almost equally upon all.' On the other hand there are weighty considerations, which may induce men of a liberal cast of mind to take Orders in the present day: firstly, the greater need of them than ever before: secondly, the evil of giving up a noble profession, for which a man is naturally fitted, on somewhat doubtful and casuistical grounds: thirdly, the weakness of isolation in good works; for a man who lives apart from the Church of England will probably live apart from every other religious society: fourthly, the necessity

of co-operation and common action; and common action, whether in a church or in any other institution, involves some sacrifice of opinions, tastes, wishes.

It was an accusation very commonly brought against the Dean of Westminster that he 'had no definite beliefs,' and it was not unnatural that such a notion should be entertained by ecclesiastical opponents whose idea of religion was bound up with the Athanasian Creed. Yet it was wholly mistaken; one of those mistakes which men make in judging those whose opinions about religion are different from their own. He did not live in a region of poetry or rhetoric, nor was his belief indefinite because it was not minute and microscopic. He was impressible, and did not always distinguish between figures and realities, between the language of prophecy and of history. The truths on which he lived, and which he sought to impress upon others, were strong and simple—enough for himself, enough for all the world. And I think that I cannot do better in the short time which remains to me (though I fear that I may not do him justice) than bring together in a short compass what may be termed the leading ideas or 'beliefs' of his life.

First of all he believed in toleration—that is, comprehension—that is, charity, extending far and wide, the love of God and man shed abroad in the human heart. He thought that theological differences were much more differences of words than was usually

allowed. He would ask whether, if the three terms 'Nature, Person, Substance,' which occur in the Athanasian Creed, had been transposed, any alteration would be made in the meaning. He could not believe that those whom we meet daily here, often our relations and friends, whom we hoped hereafter to meet in heaven, could be really divided from us by barriers of sects and churches. He delighted to repeat (as he repeated in this chapel) the familiar story told first by John Wesley, of the old man who went to the gate of heaven, and asked to be admitted as a Wesleyan, but was told in reply that there were no Wesleyans there, nor yet Presbyterians nor Independents, neither Churchmen nor Dissenters, Protestants nor Catholics, but all one in Christ Jesus. He had a great pleasure in preaching in a Presbyterian church, and in inviting a distinguished Presbyterian minister to give a lecture in the Abbey. He liked to act with Dissenters, and he reckoned many eminent dissenting clergymen among his personal friends. Such connection seemed to him an outward sign that the old reign of bigotry and intolerance had passed away. To such manifestations he sometimes attributed rather too much importance; and even a friendly critic must allow that he occasionally overstrained the meaning of words, in the generous attempt to make all men (including his opponents) think alike.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that he was lost in any dream of universal philanthropy, or that

he held any theory about the salvation of all mankind. He took the world as it was, and was far from ignoring the practical difficulties which surrounded him. He knew that freedom could not be perfected in this world; we can only approach it. Mere freedom is a negative idea, negative of certain evils from which mankind have suffered in former ages, and from which they still in a measure continue to suffer; but without union and order it is impossible and unmeaning. The first principle of toleration needed to be supplemented by a second principle: 'the interpenetration of religion and morality, of holiness and truth, of the secular and religious life.' He would not have attached much importance to the ordinary evidences of Christianity, whether internal or external. Wherever he saw good in any land, in any religion, there he found a witness to the Gospel of Christ. Not that he would have had us go forth in search of a new doctrine; the religion of our homes, the church in which we were baptized—these were to us the gate of all truth. Without seeking to repress any inquiry, he would have answered the newest doubt by the nearest duty. To him Christianity was essentially of the nature of good. Hence the question of miracles was to him comparatively unimportant; whether they could be proved by sufficient evidence or not, or some only and not others, or what was their precise nature, were questions upon which he hardly ever touched. Metaphysical dis-

cussions, whether disguised in theology or not, were not at all to his taste. He was far from denying the supernatural, but he had no doubt that without miracles or with them, a good man might be accepted by God; once he said to me 'that if the evidence of the life of Christ was fading into the distance through the lapse of time, we must ourselves become Christs.' What is this but the language of Scripture 'conforming to the image of Christ,' 'renewal after the image of Christ,' 'filling up what was behind of the sufferings of Christ'?

Third among the ideas or principles which possessed his mind was what I would call the historical sense. He wished to bind the present with the past; he liked the history of the Church to be continuous, and to find the element of unity in different ages. Old customs, old places, historical scenes, the geography of Palestine or Greece, had an indescribable interest to him. He was fond of showing the growth of rites and ceremonies; the great differences in the mode of administering the Sacraments in earlier and later centuries to him seemed to point to a unity of another kind, that is, a spiritual. While some of his brethren were fiercely disputing about church vestments, he would amuse himself and others by tracing their very casual and commonplace origin. There was more of unity in these lesser things than appeared: they all bore upon the main purpose of his life; and the general effect of that life was very great, not the less

so for the many enmities which his counsels of charity necessarily provoked.

He would not willingly have broken any link with the olden time. 'To stand upon the old paths' would have been his motto; but he would have added the other half of the sentence: 'that we may look out for new ones.' His sympathies, notwithstanding his liberal opinions, were rather with the old order of things than with the new. He would have liked to see the Church and the Universities freed from restriction, but still rooted in the past. Had the shortcomings of the Church of England been manifold greater than they are, he would never have consented to her Disestablishment; though no one probably had a keener indignation against the persecuting spirit of former ages, or was more sensitive to its existence among ourselves. He would have felt that the Church was a part of the nation, a part of English history, in every parish a centre and a witness of what was ancient and sacred. He would have wished the years of a nation, like those of an individual, to be bound 'each to each by natural piety.'

Thus I have endeavoured, as far as the time allowed, truly I hope though imperfectly, and with the freedom of one speaking among friends, to recall a few traits of a distinguished man in whose light we rejoiced for a season. I have not attempted to praise him; and he would not have wished me to conceal his defects. Some persons say that 'now he is dead, the spirit or

feeling of which he was the representative is dead also.' I believe rather that he has helped to create a spirit which will never die out in the English people. It is the spirit of comprehensive charity, the spirit which makes men to be of one mind in a church, the spirit which calls them out of differences into unity, which raises them above their own miserable quarrels into the presence of the eternal and true. This is the work of which his life was the expression; it may be described also as the better mind of the nineteenth century, acting upon the Christian Church. No follower will take up his mantle, no sect will call itself by his name; but to him we look back as more than any one in the Church of England the apostle of this great and simple truth; our friend and teacher, who but a few months since was speaking from this place:

'In perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.'

VIII. CANON HUGH PEARSON[1].

DAVID, AFTER HE HAD SERVED HIS OWN GENERATION BY THE WILL OF GOD, FELL ON SLEEP.

Acts xiii. 36.

THESE words come home to us because they are so simple and free from exaggeration. They might be the epitaph of a great king; they might also be written over the graves of some whom we have known, both rich and poor. They are a noble expression of man's better life in this world. It is a service to his generation; a service which lasts all his days, very long in one point of view, but limited to his own place and time. For every one has his little spot of earth, and his allotted years which he cannot exceed; the days of his years come to an end, and another rises up in his stead. One man's influence may extend further than another's, but not far in comparison with the whole. One man's fame may be spread abroad for a few months or years; another, not less happy, or less accounted of in the sight of God, rests in an unknown burial-place.

But this 'service of a generation,' though it does

[1] Preached in Sonning Church, Sunday, April 23, 1882.

not imply earthly greatness, and may be hidden from the eye of the world, is not the ordinary life of man. It does not mean that we buy and sell and supply the wants of mankind; that we make money and bring up a family creditably in our own station; or that we successfully follow some higher calling, such as that of a clergyman or of a lawyer; or that we hold office in a parish, or even in a kingdom. It means much more than this—it is the service of man, which is also the service of God. He who in the ordinary business of life finds a higher business; who to honesty and punctuality adds disinterestedness and public spirit; who, in his calling or out of his calling, has done what good he can; who has set things right which were going wrong; who has lived for others and not for himself; who has freely given his time and his money and his thoughts to some cause or institution; who has trained young children, has built churches, has improved a neighbourhood—such an one may be truly said to have 'served his generation.' Whether consciously or unconsciously to himself, he has been working together with God; he has been fulfilling the task which he came into the world to perform. And the small affairs of human life, and the things which we hardly name in connection with religion, if they are done in a true and simple manner, partake of this higher, this divine character. The duties of a servant, for example, may be performed 'as unto the Lord and not to men.' Such persons when they die

may be said to have 'served their generation.' In this parish or in any other, if a tradesman or a farmer is taken away, it is easy to find some one else who will occupy his land and follow his calling. But when one of these true servants of God and man is missed from his accustomed place, we look around sadly; it seems as if the blank could never be filled up.

And what shall we say of their work? does that end here, or does it follow them into another state of being? The transitoriness and imperfection of this world naturally carries our thoughts to a life beyond. There are many questions which we should like to ask about a future life, if they could only be answered. The innumerable souls of men who have once lived and toiled upon the earth, where are they, and what are they doing? Have they any form or character conceivable or distinguishable by us? Is their dwelling-place any house of God, like this church, or do they rest in some innocent or happy seat, like the garden of Eden, or have they their habitation in the stars as men have sometimes fancied? And do they see and know one another, and converse about the things which happened to them on earth? And how are they affected by time? Are they always at the same point of life, while we are drifting onwards? Is there neither youth nor age, but all renewed and equal in the light of His presence? And may we suppose them to be going on to perfection, to be passing through new stages of education, rising to higher

spheres of knowledge in the course of ages, just as this world has epochs and makes a kind of progress according to the laws which God has prescribed for it?

He, of whom we are all thinking to-day, would have bid us put aside these questions. He would not have given us any false comfort by drawing pictures of another life, or pretending to a greater knowledge of things unseen than is really granted to us. He would have acknowledged that questions like these are unanswerable; for that no one has ever returned to tell. But still he would have bid us follow Christ in the 'valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil.' He would have said that neither did Christ answer the question of the Sadducees, 'Whose wife is she in the resurrection?' He would have taught us that the struggle of good against evil in this world, that the effort which any one of us may make against sin, is a better witness than books of evidences can supply for the reality of a life to come. He would have argued that the very attempt to grasp at certainty has been detrimental to a deeper faith. He would have reminded us that the language of all good and great men, or of all but a few of them, has gone beyond this world; and that in our own age, when conventionalities are crumbling away, it is only by living the life of Christ that we can hope to become partakers of His Resurrection.

Such was in fact the drift of a sermon which he preached to you from this place only a fortnight since,

and of another sermon which he was to have preached on the same day, when his work was cut short. In this second sermon he points out that in the scripture itself we find the same doubts and questionings. And yet 'there is a prevailing infinite hope.' The Psalmist, who says one day, 'The grave cannot praise Thee, death cannot celebrate Thee, they that go down into the pit cannot hope for Thy truth,' says also, 'I have set God always before me, for He is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall.' 'Wherefore my heart was glad and my glory rejoiced, my flesh also shall rest in hope; for Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt Thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption.' Both these notes may be heard in the book of Psalms and in the Prophets. And so it is with ourselves; one day darkness, another day light, but the light shines more and more. It is not a light which enables us to discern objects, but which enables us to realize more truly the love and goodness and wisdom of God, and to trust Him in life and death. And he quotes with great delight a striking passage from the German poet and philosopher Goethe, to the following effect: 'I should say all those are dead, even for the present life, who do not believe in another. I have a firm conviction that the soul is an existence of an indescribable nature, whose working is from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which seems indeed to set, but really never sets, shining on in unchangeable splendour.'

And still let me add a few more words taken from the same sermon, by which 'he being dead yet speaketh.' He had been acknowledging that much of the evidence of a future life was of a precarious nature; useful, perhaps, to some other generation, not equally adapted to our own. The evidence of immortality which could not be destroyed is the life of God in the soul; with this present life the future is bound up. Hear the last words:

'What is the great conclusion? Let me press two thoughts. First—Remember that any of the common difficulties and doubts concerning the future which will obtrude themselves, do not touch the evidence of which we have been speaking. The life of the soul was meant by God to be its own evidence of the eternal world. David found it so; holy men have ever found it so: where this supreme evidence is wanting, it is idle to complain of the failure of other and less constraining evidence. Life with God now makes life eternal a certainty. St. Paul would quite as soon have questioned whether he were alive in the body as whether he would live with Christ for ever. Do you ask who have this life with God? With the infinite varieties of character around us, it is not for us to pronounce who have and who have not set God before their eyes. For all who have their faces turned towards him, who do not lose their trust in Him, who, whatever be the trials, the sorrows, the sins of life, yet never let go their

hold on God—for all these there is the infinite hope, and the more they strive to walk in the path of life the brighter will the hope be. Let them press on, let them still set God before their eyes —at last they will rise up to Him. It has taken countless ages to mould the world into a place fit for man to dwell in, it may take ages to make him fit for the courts of God's own house above. But those who keep God and duty as a bright beacon before their eyes, they carry with them the germ of an immortal being over the threshold of the scene where, in the boundless mercy of God, nothing that enters can ever die. Lastly, remember this. There is no truth, however lofty, however surpassing this earthly life, but that truth may be ennobled and brightened by work. Arise then, and listen to the apostle as he closes his great chapter on the world to come: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immoveable, *always abounding in the work of the Lord.*" Work is the universal *brightener* of the soul's windows; it keeps open heaven's gate, and makes the way plain to those who would enter in. Thus, then, there are two ways in which the truth of immortality can be made clear to us—by keeping God always before us, and by constant labour in the work of the Lord. In this way the solid fabric of the eternal building will surely rise up; the character, the life, to which eternity belongs, will be begun, to pass together, of God's infinite love, into His presence,

where is the fullness of joy, and to His right hand, where there is pleasure for evermore.'

These words occur at the end of the sermon which was written, but not preached, when the fatal illness laid him low. He who wrote them is now numbered with the inhabitants of the unseen world. We cannot say where he is, or what he is doing; but we know that 'the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and that there shall no evil touch them.'

And now let me speak to you of himself, as he still lives to us in the mind's eye—for forty years the Rector of this parish. I know that to some here present the death of our dear friend is like the death of a parent, or a husband, or a brother. And we all of us feel sadly that we shall no more receive that friendly welcome, no more hear that cheerful voice; that we shall look in vain for the encouragement and sympathy which he was always so ready to give. There were few things which were more pleasant to most of us than a visit to him. What an interest he took in all our concerns, as if they had been his own: how thoughtful he was about us in the most minute particulars! He had always some new anecdote to relate; some new book about which he would talk to us; some person or character he liked to discuss. He was full of life and laughter and geniality. There was no social gathering that was not lighted up by his presence. And now the house to which we loved to go is strangely vacant and desolate; this beautiful

village, too, of which he was so fond, wears a look of sadness and melancholy to the friends who came to visit him here.

I do not think he would have wished us to be grieving for his loss, and still less would he have been willing to be the subject of a funeral panegyric. But he would have liked us to remember him sometimes, not sadly but cheerfully, in the silence of our hearts, and occasionally to talk of him, and of those whom he loved, when we meet one another from time to time. In many ways he strikes me as one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. This would have occurred to no one at first sight, because he was always willing himself to take the lower place. He was so humble and modest that you were in danger of doing him an injustice. Nor did every one perceive under that singular ease of manner how fixed a purpose animated him. He had plenty of courage too, when the occasion required it. There was no want of energy or character when anything had to be done. He took to heart any oppression or ill-treatment of the poor, and was deeply stirred by it. Himself the kindest of men, he had numberless friends in all ranks; and I should not think that he could ever have made an enemy. The secret of the universal regard which he inspired was not far to seek: he was beloved because 'he loved much.' He was the friend of the lowly and the friend of the great, and he equally delighted in the affection of both. He had the gift of

always being able to talk to others, and the value of his words was enhanced by his manner of saying them. There is no one in this parish who did not turn to him in a time of sorrow or difficulty. The relations of the Rector and his people had not been always amicable; there are persons here present who remember that the face of the country was very different forty years ago from what it now is. He was told that he was going into a nest of hornets (that was the phrase), and it was hinted to him that the more he kept out of the way of his parishioners the better. But that was not the spirit in which it was possible for him to live and act. He knew that all men, when we become acquainted with them, have some element of goodness or sociability; he drew them to him by a kindly or humorous word, by a friendly smile, by a social gathering. In time he became the trusted friend of everybody in the parish.

It was a great charm about him that he never thought of himself. He was entirely free from egotism and ambition. He never seemed to care about his own interests. It was said by some persons that he was destined for high preferment in the Church if he had lived, but such an idea never appeared to enter even into his dreams. He was greatly amused by a friend who once said to him that 'he hoped better things for him.' He was quite contented to live among his own people. He had enough to occupy his mind, and he was never weary

of doing his work, and never desirous of doing more: he did not grasp at what he was unable to perform. He had friends and duties elsewhere, but from all other places he came back to this, with an inexpressible sense of rest and relief. Here was the home of his affections, where he felt as other men feel in the bosom of their own family.

But he was not only kind; he was also wise, and had great skill in affairs, and a good judgment of character. He had the true Christian judgment, which is not high-minded towards an erring brother or sister, but makes allowance for the varieties of human nature and the force of circumstances. His wisdom was a kind of love, yet not weak or wavering, for he would act with decision when necessary. Without being in the least degree worldly, he was a perfect man of the world; he had a great knowledge of human nature, and great experience of it. For others knew him to be one whom they could trust, and they poured forth without reserve to him the secrets of their souls. I need not remind you how this parish grew under his hands; how he created new feelings, and inspired a new life in it; how by the generous help of a family in this neighbourhood, who have now all gone to their rest, he built and endowed churches, and founded schools and other institutions, which are the pride of the district. He was supported in his undertakings by a lady, the last surviving member of the family to whom I was allud-

ing, and he used to say that he had been greatly assisted by her strong sense and force of character, especially in the first years of his ministry. To that dear friend he had within the last few weeks placed a memorial window, of which he wrote a short notice in the last number of the *Sonning Magazine*. There are many monuments of his good taste in this parish; and there are many spots in which he delighted to linger, such as the Terrace at Windsor, or the Choir of St. George's Chapel. But there was nothing which so delighted and filled his mind, or which was so expressive and characteristic of him, as this church.

Shall I remind you of the sermons which for many years you have heard from this pulpit? They were in some respects different from the sermons of any one else. While truly spiritual and Christian in their character, yet they were such as a scientific man or a scholar, if he had entered the church and heard them, would not have disapproved. For to our departed friend the foundation of religion was not that in which all men differed, but that in which they agreed. He used to dwell not so much on the doctrine of the Trinity, as upon the soul living to God; not upon the miracles of Christ, but upon the imitation of Christ; not upon the evidences, but upon the substance of religion. He often repeated to you that 'without holiness no man can see the Lord,' and always he would have withdrawn from the speculative

to the practical, and brought his hearers back from statements of doctrine to the consideration of their own lives. And sometimes I have heard him in this church speak to you of other religions, in which, as well as in that which was called by His name, he would say that Christ was dimly seen; and that in all of them there is an element of good and bad, and that we do not act fairly when we compare the good of one religion with the corruption of another. He could hardly be held to belong to any party in the Church, but he was the friend of all. He had a great natural love for architecture and music; he felt that these two were gracious handmaids of religion. His mind was constantly engaged on religious subjects, yet not quite in the manner of ordinary theologians: for he was always thinking whether, in the nineteenth century, it was possible that there should be a reconciliation of the secular and religious elements, of Christianity and of science; whether the Church of England too might not enlarge her borders and take in some of those who refuse to be bound by Articles and Creeds, and yet desire to be the servants of Christ. And sometimes, though it was not the permanent habit of his mind, he would ask himself whether he was altogether right in retaining his position in the Church, when there were so many commonly received statements about which he had ceased to be confident.

I was going to speak to you also of his friends;

they were always a great part of his life. For many he entertained a brotherly affection; there was one especially for whom he had a love 'passing the love of women.' I need hardly tell you that this dearest of friends was the late Dean of Westminster, who was well known in this parish. For he used to preach an annual sermon in this church, coming with the excellent lady his wife for several years, and then for six years after her death in sadness and solitude until the end. This was a very ancient friendship, having commenced forty-five years before, when they first met at Oxford. It was a friendship never ruffled by the breath of a disagreement, the reverse of jealous or exclusive. He of whom I am speaking to you seemed to wish that everybody else should esteem and love his friend as he himself did, and should participate in his friendship for him. One Sunday evening last summer (July 16), as he was walking round the garden, he first heard that the illness of his friend was likely to be fatal—he said, 'I know not how I shall live without him.' Indeed, I know not how either could have lived without the other. There was another friend of his youth, whose name is not unknown in this parish, and to whom he clung with strong affection, the late Vice-Chancellor, Sir John Wickens, a very eminent lawyer, and in other ways also a remarkable man, gifted with powers of conversation which would have distinguished him in any society, and yet living comparatively retired from the

world. They were both of them great readers, devourers of books, and were full of literary interests. Next to Arthur Stanley, this was the friend of whom he most often spoke to me; we had all been together at Balliol College, where Arthur Hugh Clough followed in the next year. Besides these two friends, there were several of his curates to whom he was warmly attached, and probably no one ever worked in this parish without deriving great benefit from the association with him. There was one especially who gained his tender regard: he must be remembered by many persons here present, as he afterwards held the district church of Earley; a man of large heart and affectionate nature, a great lover of children, full of prejudices, gifted with a vein of humour, to whose memory, though his life closed (not from his own fault) in darkness, I think that our friend would have liked me to pay this tribute. He, too, was of the college which has formed a link in the lives of so many of us.

So we go over the memories of the past, not without sadness, and think sometimes that the 'tender grace of a day that is gone will never come back to us'; or that, 'he is in his grave, and oh! the difference to me.' Life, as we get older, is apt to become rather solitary; there seem to be so few persons surviving who knew us when we were younger. We are 'within a measurable distance' of the end. Yet because we seem forsaken, let us not throw away

the later years of life. To the oldest person here present I would say: let us consider whether we cannot find something still to do, something better than we have done, something that we have missed, to do, something that we may do sitting in an arm-chair if we are unable to walk, something that he would have wished us to do. It may be some reparation for former neglect, some reconciliation of the members of a family, something in our own lives which has to be changed before we can be fit to appear before God. 'Turn again then unto thy rest, O my soul': 'for I will yet praise Him, who is the help of my countenance and my God.'

If our dear friend could speak to us once more, I think he would tell us that he had lived such a life as he desired, not without trials, not without faults (his feeling was always 'God be merciful to me!'), but it was such a life as was well suited to him in this pleasant village, nestled in his own quiet home. He would have told us that he had been happy. 'It was a bitter wrench to leave all you dear ones, but the will of God be done.' Many of you came to see him by his invitation, on the last evening of his life; and you remember how he was thinking of others and their concerns, not of himself, just as he had been when in health. There were many words carried away from his bedside. To one of his old parishioners he said, 'Do well, get on well, old friend; how many happy hours we have spent together.' To a youth, 'Dear boy,

live well; live a good life.' To his dear choir-boys he sent his love. At two o'clock on the day of his death he signed a codicil to his will. His first word to the lawyer was, 'Have you had a proper luncheon; have they looked after you?' To one who had come from a distance he said, 'Oh! the love of friends!' For one of his young men, whom it is supposed that he had forgotten in his will, he signed a cheque for £50 (this was between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening). He remained perfectly calm and collected until 10.45; between 10 o'clock and 10.45 he more than once gave the blessing, 'The Peace of God,' repeating all the words to those who were in the room. He was thinking much of Arthur Stanley during his last moments. An hour later his spirit had fled away. 'All the time,' says one who was present, 'he was giving, not receiving; ministering, not being ministered to.'

He would not have wished us to mourn for him; nor, indeed, can we think of such an end except as happy and blessed. The light from heaven was already shining upon him. But I will tell you what I think would have pleased him. If he could have supposed that we remembered any word of consolation which he had given to us in the hour of trouble; any call to duty; any remonstrance against evil: if there is any one among his parishioners whom he has warned against intoxication; any young person of either sex who is beginning to be led away by evil

company; any house which is divided against itself; any family in which the children are not properly cared for; and they could hear his voice once more speaking to them from the grave, as for forty years he spoke to them from this place, concerning temperance, concerning purity of life, concerning peace, concerning the irreparable character of the first years of life: if he could imagine that love of him, or recollection of any word of his, hindered some one from falling into sin, or infused into some home or society the blessing of peace, or brought some one nearer to God and Christ, or supported some one in their last hours—that would have been the way in which he would have wished to be remembered; that would be a true memorial of his life and work.

And so, dear friend, farewell. We who have met here to-day are all friends for thy sake; we thank God for having given us such a friend, and we do not repine that He has taken thee to Himself. May thy 'sweet example' ever live in our hearts, and, like a star, shine upon us when we pass through the shadow of death.

IX. LEON GAMBETTA AND ARCHBISHOP TAIT[1].

THEY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS, AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM.

REVELATIONS xiv, part of verse 13.

THERE are times in the history of nations when great men die and leave no one to succeed them; and there are times in the lives of individuals when friends are taken from them and they are left more and more alone in the world. In private life we go back upon the past, it may be only two or three years; it seems as if it were yesterday when we were talking with those who are now silent in the grave; and in the larger sphere of public men and affairs we make similar reflections. Had the life of a great statesman been spared we should not have drifted into that calamitous war, or the strong hand of the soldier might have averted a revolution, or the financial genius of such an one might have foreseen and provided against a 'great national distress.' So we call the men of a past generation from the tomb and place them again on the stage. In their life-time they

[1] Preached in Balliol Chapel, January 15, 1883.

were variously regarded by their countrymen, and sometimes their reputation and power lasted to the end, and sometimes the combination of lesser men has been too much for them, so perhaps their ambition has been disproportioned to their age and country, and they have fallen before their time. But when their star sets and their light disappears from the heavens, then follows a period of sameness and monotony in national history, or perhaps of restlessness; and nothing great is thought or done. There are no kings nowadays, says Aristotle, because no one is very superior to his fellows. When a country gets into the hands of lesser men the pulses of national life beat lower; the love of making money takes the place of ideas and aspirations; instead of uniting in great enterprises, men lose themselves in factious debate and personalities, and are incapable of heroic action.

Within the last few days a great man has been taken from us; he was one of those very few leaders of mankind who make the history of a nation. For though we sometimes speak of history as well as nations being governed by general laws, we must admit also that great men rise above these laws, or if we like so to turn the phrase, enter into them and make them. Such was Cromwell, or Mirabeau, or Napoleon the first, or the great Prussian statesman of our own day, or the great Frenchman who has just departed—all these were not only the expression

of a national feeling or tendency, but they controlled and sometimes even defied it. If they had not appeared on the scene, who can tell what would have been the course of European history in our own day? Whether we agreed with them in politics or not, whether we approved or disapproved of their notions, we stand respectfully by their graves and are willing to make some allowance for them, considering that they were men cast in a larger mould than ourselves, of whose character it was not possible for us to form a perfectly true judgment.

The great man of whom we have been thinking and reading during the last ten days was one of the most gifted of human beings. He was a true patriot and lover of the French people, who sought to realize the idea of his nation such as it presented itself to the minds of many in the first French revolution, yet also looking forward into the future. He was a man of courage and resource, endowed with a superhuman energy, of charming manners and of a wonderful eloquence. Some men govern the world by severity, others attract by their geniality: he belonged to the latter class. Yet he was by no means deficient in firmness and force of character. He knew how to set aside private enmities when public interests were involved; he was willing to wait if in another generation his conception could be realized: but he was cut off in the midst of his designs, his political life ended when that of most men is only beginning. He was

the adversary of the old order of things, and the representative of the new; you may say that he was ambitious, but the ambition of a great man is rarely, if ever, far removed from what he believes to be the good of his country: and some will be inclined to think that if he had lived longer, he would have shipwrecked France, and that his death has done more for him than his life could have done. He was the friend of state education, and therefore necessarily the enemy of the Church, who after his death, having him now in her power, has been ready to consign him to every form of perdition which she was able to imagine. For in this respect the Roman Catholic, and perhaps not only the Roman Catholic Church, is most unlike her Lord and Master, in that, while preaching forgiveness to all men, she has never forgiven her enemies.

It is with other feelings that we regard the death of a great man. His errors and his frailties we leave with his Father and his God. Into that judgment of him we know that no personality or party spirit can re-enter; God judgeth not as man judgeth. The life given for others in any form is accepted of Him; the patriot, too, whether he have been the friend of the Church, or the enemy of her corruption, shall not want his reward. Those who have been His instruments in governing the world shall be regarded not as they are by their contemporaries, but with a reference to all the circumstances of their own

lives, and of their age and country. When they die, the world is the poorer for the want of them, and we (though at a distance from them) would like to do justice to their motives, and offer them the tribute of our sorrow and admiration.

And not only in public, but also in private life there are times when death strikes home at us, and friends fall at our side, and more and more we are left alone. The links become fewer which bind us to the past; in this chapel there are not more than one or two persons who remember the Oxford of forty or fifty years ago. In childhood or youth it was a rare thing to lose a relation or a friend; those who were taken were not so much to us, and we easily replaced them by new friends and companions; and in middle life we may often go on for many years without any break in our family or friends. But there comes a time when so many begin to be taken away, and we do not at once realize the greatness of our loss or the changes of the world in which we are living. The aged man, who has survived his contemporaries, sadly complains that none of those who knew him in the days of his youth are still remaining, and he feels cold and solitary. There is a world of recollections within him, which to others have become unmeaning. The husband and wife have shared one another's thoughts and feelings, and the time comes when they must part. The condition of life becomes very hard to the survivor of them because their earthly support is taken from

them. Their only comfort and truest hope is to make out of the sorrow a stepping stone to some higher self; if the love of a friend or companion, without losing the recollection of the past, can be transfigured into the love of God, and of all good, and the desire to heal the broken heart when we ourselves are broken in heart. Brothers and sisters too are called upon to part; they again have so many memories in common, which do not exist in others, going back so far into childhood; memories of early struggles and difficulties, of the days when they all lived together in the same house, of fair children early taken to their rest, whose little life was rounded with a sleep, and of whom there is no one to think or to keep them in remembrance. A private life passed in innocence and kindness and the desire to make others happy, and in intellectual cultivation and self-improvement, is not of much importance to the world, it is almost hidden from the eye of man; but when taken from this world it makes a great difference to a few, to one person, to know that they will never again look upon those features or hear that voice.

The links with the past are being broken, as I was saying to you: first one and then another has been taken during the last year; and since I last addressed you from this place a great and distinguished man, closely connected with this college, the dear friend of some of us, has gone to his rest. More than fifty years ago, the late Archbishop of Canterbury was

elected a scholar of Balliol; within about forty years, and within the remembrance of one or two persons here present, he was fellow and tutor. Since his death a good deal has been said of him in newspapers and funeral sermons. I shall speak of him as I knew him, and chiefly of that part of his life in which I was brought into connection with him. I shall speak of him as I think he would have wished to be spoken of, as he truly was. A good man having his own infirmities, when he has passed into the world in which public opinion has ceased to exist, would hardly like to be made the subject of undiscriminating eulogy. Yet he would not be unwilling that his own character and life should be truly known and should become an example to others. The words of Socrates in the Symposium of Plato admit of an application to this and also to some other subjects: 'In my simplicity I imagined that the topics of praise should be true, and that out of them the speaker would choose the best and arrange them in the best order; whereas I now see that the intention was to attribute to love (whom you make your theme) every species of greatness and glory: you say that he is all this and the cause of all that, making him appear to be the fairest and best of all to those who know him not, for you cannot impose upon those who know him. Farewell then to such a strain, for I do not praise in that way; no, indeed, I cannot.' And such will be the feeling which those who know the

truest measure of human worth will entertain towards a departed friend.

The Oxford in which Archbishop Tait resided when a tutor of Balliol was a different place from the Oxford of to-day. From one extreme it has almost passed into another, from Toryism to Liberalism, from Protestantism to Catholicism. In those days it continued to be what it had been for two centuries—the chosen seat of conservatism and orthodoxy; it would have prided itself on being behind the age, certainly not before it. It consecrated all that has passed away during the last forty years. He who advocated the changes which (with the assent of all wise men, including some of their strongest opponents) have since become law, would have been regarded by the majority of the University as a heathen man and a publican. He would certainly have subjected himself to a considerable amount of persecution and dislike. He who could hit hardest in a controversy, who could attack Dissenters, or raise a laugh at their expense, was most in harmony with the spirit of the time. The animosity against Dr. Arnold, that revered name; the fury which was shown by the opponents of Dr. Hampden, can hardly be imagined. *Ad nos vix tenuis famae perlabitur aura.* And not only was there theological and political partisanship, but college dislikes were also rife in the Oxford of the day. The manners of the University were very different, they were stiffer and more formal; and the interval which

separated older and younger persons was far greater. Religion itself was of a more strict and compulsory character. There was a good deal of learning and old-fashioned scholarship, yet valued not so much for its own sake as for the support which it was supposed to lend to orthodoxy. The University was eager, as far as she was able, to do battle against Utilitarianism, against Popery, against any kind of reform either in Church or State.

Yet in this comparatively narrow world, which lived very much to itself, there was a great deal of character as well as of genuine goodness. The level of conversation was probably higher than among ourselves; life was fresher and more interesting; and certainly in the ten years which followed the time of which I am speaking, there was more aspiration and self-sacrifice. We wonder at the strange fancies which possessed the minds of some men in those days; how they sought to frame their conduct by the obscure light found in the pages of the Fathers. But we must also remember that we cannot show the same devoted lives, the same willingness to give up worldly interests for the sake of an idea. While this new spirit was growing up, there also lingered here longer than elsewhere not only the old English love of sport, but some of the less admirable features of English country life. The old greatly predominated over the new in this singular society. The younger members of it were not less conservative than their

elders; and certainly much more turbulent and unreasonable than the generations which succeeded them. There was little enthusiasm for education, but a great deal for maintaining the traditions of the place. And yet this condition of things was soon to be overthrown, not from without but from within: a small band of eminent men, and especially the genius of one man, called out and brought to the surface hidden elements of opinion which had always existed in this place, and changed the form of religion, first in the University, and secondly in the country. They did not foresee, and perhaps hardly now see, that the change which they effected led, not only in this University but in the country, to a still greater and more widely-spread reaction. They derived their influence chiefly from their regardlessness of themselves and of their own interests: a gift which, in times of apathy and indifference to religion, alone possesses the power of recalling men's hearts to it.

Into this Oxford of fifty years ago, at a critical period of his own life and of the history of the University, the distinguished man of whom I am about to speak to you was suddenly introduced. From his earliest youth he had always been under strong impressions of religion, which he never lost in after life, though his outward bearing might have seemed less than that of many other men to indicate them. He had been brought up a Presbyterian—a fact often laid to his charge by

opponents, and probably not without a real influence on his theological opinions and his government of the Church. He distinguished himself at Oxford as a speaker at the Union; and was remembered long afterwards for a deserved castigation which he inflicted on a foolish person who had wasted the time of the society. His gifts of speech were always far greater than those of writing. In the days of his youth he used to complain, as many others have done, of his own shyness. Yet he would have struck others as genial and agreeable, ready to take part in conversation, and possessing a considerable gift of humour. He was not a man of great intellectual power; his talents were practical rather than speculative. He had a happy characteristic way of speaking and acting: and as he was always growing, he soon overtook those who in earlier life would have been considered to be more than his equals.

He was the first, or one of the first persons who broke down the wall of partition which used to separate undergraduates from their teachers. He was very kind to us, though sometimes what is called 'brusque.' We felt that he was a good man and also a man of the world, and we profited by his sense and force of character. He had a way, which he recommended another tutor to practise when matters were growing warm between himself and one of his pupils, of restoring good humour by a jest. Many of us had to thank him for piloting us safely through

the rocks and shoals of theology. For the new tendency to Catholicism came upon Oxford like a flood, and we needed such a guide as he was to keep us in the straight path of common sense. He did not attempt the higher flights of metaphysical philosophy, yet his lectures were very interesting and useful. He did not read but spoke them; and he knew how to keep the attention of his class alive by questions and sallies of various kinds. There were two lectures especially, of which I entertain a grateful recollection—the lecture on the Ethics of Aristotle, and the lecture on the Articles, which was really a lecture on the history of the English Reformation. They were always plain and clear, though the knots were sometimes cut after the Gordian fashion; they bore the impress of the teacher, being, like his whole life, eminently characteristic.

For five or six years (from 1835 to 1842) he continued a fellow and tutor of the college. They were the years in which the Tractarian movement commenced and gained force. Many were the arguments which we used to hear in the common-room and elsewhere, upon theological questions which would now hardly interest any one. There has never been a time in Oxford when so many ideas were floating in the air. From being the Palladium of orthodoxy, the University began to be a focus of innovation. It was very surprising to some of us, coming from quiet country homes, to hear the Reformers denounced; the doctrine

of the Real Presence maintained; the use of prayers for the dead advocated; the duty of confession insisted upon: and all this was attempted to be proved by the testimony of Scripture and the Fathers, and declared to be tenable in the English Church. Not long before he left Oxford, the future archbishop (with three other tutors of colleges) wrote a protest against the celebrated Tract No. 90, in which the ingenious author had endeavoured to show that the Articles of the Church of England were capable of an almost complete reconcilement with what were then regarded as the doctrines of Popery. He was quite right in making the protest; for whatever views may be entertained respecting the limits of toleration in the English or in any other church, there can be no question respecting the injury done to morality by the attempt to undermine the obvious meaning of words.

The great institution of which the archbishop became head-master in 1842 was probably never more successful than under his administration. He was not a great scholar, nor skilful in the niceties of Greek metres; but he took a strong individual interest in his pupils, and understood their needs and characters. Rugby, like Oxford, in those days was full of individual life, and therefore not easily managed and held together. But he had always a kind of governing instinct which enabled him to hold his own against others. It was among many other striking

things which he said a few days before his death, referring probably to his Rugby experiences, that he wondered why, in the days of his youth, he was so liable to quarrel with people. Not that he was really at all quarrelsome, but there was in him the *perfervidum ingenium* which sometimes brought him into collision with others. The reflection which he made on his own life is one which is often made by older persons, and it would be well if young men could take it to heart: 'Why was I so sensitive? Why did I elevate into a principle a matter which only affected my own *amour propre*? Why, instead of exaggerating the defects of another, did I not bear with him and win him over?' Let us remember that no one ever quarrelled with another without some degree of fault, whatever may have been the seeming justification. And oh, that it were possible for us to make in youth some of the reflections which will come home to us in later life!—But to return.

After eight years of successful administration of Rugby School, at a time when his health seemed to be failing, the archbishop accepted the Deanery of Carlisle. Here he laboured happily for six or seven years, engaged in the restoration of the cathedral, and in voluntary parochial work, when a terrible calamity overtook him. At one fell stroke, within a few weeks, five of his children were carried off by a fever. The remembrance of that calamity weighed upon him and his wife during all the years that

remained; his thoughts and feelings seemed to become deeper, and he lived more of a reserved and hidden life than formerly. Those who had known the children were bound to him by a peculiar tie. Soon afterwards he was thrown into the world of London; now projecting and carrying out the Bishop of London's fund, as it was called, for the provision of churches in new districts of the diocese; now administering the Ecclesiastical Commission; now setting on foot some new movement for the neglected or destitute classes of the metropolis, to which he desired to give a personal impulse; now trying to make peace between a clergyman and his parishioners; now addressing the House of Lords in a manner which commanded universal attention, or appearing in the Pan-Anglican Synod as the champion of Protestantism and moderation, ready to stand up against all opponents. It was a very full and varied life; yet the great strain of it did not prevent him from taking a kindly interest in society, and wherever he went he was felt to be one of its chief ornaments. At his own house he gathered around him sometimes distinguished guests, but also much oftener persons who for some kind reason were invited there. There was no clerical mannerism or formality in that household; the archbishop would take a natural part in everything that was going on; he would read aloud a novel to his friends with genuine enjoyment. He once admitted that 'a bishop

who had no sense of humour was lost.' He was by no means afraid of a little fun, when directed against the order to which he belonged. Sydney Smith's sallies were greatly appreciated by him. He could meet all sorts of people without taking offence at their free thinking or random remarks, and without giving up anything of his own dignity. He was the man of the world in the best sense of the word, who knew persons, and knew how to treat them. To him, more than to any other single individual, is to be attributed the comparative good feeling which appears to prevail between the Anglican and Dissenting bodies in this country, and also the removal[1] of the great cause of contention which lately divided them.

Two qualities strike me which were eminently characteristic of him. First, he acted on his own judgment, and was not led by the opinions of others; he had self-reliance, and was willing to take responsibility. He was not always consistent, but the times were changing; and though shrewd, he was not a man who marked out for himself a course of action long beforehand. Secondly, he had the instincts of a statesman; he saw events and parties in their true proportions; he was entirely free from clerical prejudices; he desired, above all things, to hold the Church of England together. As years went on, especially towards the end of his life, he was more

[1] By the Burials Bill, which the Archbishop steadily supported.

and more disposed to disregard differences of religious opinion in comparison with the great social and political interests which seemed to him to be at stake.

He has been charged with regardlessness of the truth; and this, rightly explained, is not an accusation wholly without foundation. There was always a limitation in his ideas, and this limitation was increased by his position and the hurry of business in which his days were passed. His mind was fixed upon practical good, and he was impatient of critical or speculative inquiries. To the one party he would have said, 'Why are you busy with candles and vestments, and church ceremonies, when there is so much sin and misery in the world?' To the other he would have said, 'Why are you investigating the evidences of Christianity, the dates and authorship of the books of Scripture, the nature and proof of miracles, when all these questions have been settled long ago by divines more learned than yourselves?' Perhaps in neither case did he perceive the whole import of the discussion. He did not understand how to many minds the inward truth of religion blends with the outward form, or that in some far-off way the right determination of critical questions is inseparable from a sound religious life among educated men. In his later years he became, I think, more aware of the change which is passing over the world: arising partly out of the progress of science, partly out of the

increasing knowledge of the great Eastern religions, as well as from the critical examination of the Old and New Testament. When his attention was drawn to the apparent contradiction of the Gospel narrative, he would say, 'I know that'; but he felt that such inquiries lay beyond his horizon, and that the work to be done by him lay nearer home. He used to insist on the great relief afforded to scrupulous consciences by the last change in the form of clerical subscription. His words, 'If you cannot come to us with the miracles, come to us without the miracles,' represents the true attitude of the Catholic Church towards the world of science.

The last time he was at Oxford, he reminded us of a piece of advice which was given in the days of his youth by a dignitary of the old school, that he should keep his eyes upon Church preferment. 'Well, but,' he said, laughing, 'you see that I have done it.' I tell you this story that I may at the same time express my conviction that in no part of his life, in nothing that he ever said or did, or abstained from doing, was he ever influenced either by his own interest or by the love of popularity. His position came to him by a sort of accident, and his character was wholly unaffected by it. He was never divided by differences of opinion from the friends of former days. Old servants who had commenced their service forty years ago at Rugby remained with him to the last. The great worldly success of his life had been balanced by still

greater trials. Two nearly fatal illnesses had given him a lively sense of the precarious hold which he had upon the things of earth. Yet he went on bravely with his duties, never flinching or sparing himself. On the latter of the two occasions to which I have referred, when he had a seizure about thirteen years ago, he said (speaking from his old Scottish recollections), 'The best part of Dr. Chalmers's work was done after a stroke of paralysis.' A few years more elapsed, and his only son was taken from him; the death of his wife shortly followed. And still for four years he continued at his post without any perceptible diminution of vigour or interest. Eight months ago, at a meeting called to promote the Royal College of Music, he made an admirable and amusing speech in the character of one who was wholly ignorant of music. A week or two later he paid a visit to this college, which he regarded with a sincere affection. But the hand of death was already upon him. In the month of August the illness began from which he never recovered. The faith and courage which animated him during his whole life did not fail him when the end approached. He was thinking of others, not of himself. To a friend who visited him in those last days he said, 'You have had great trials, greater than mine have been; may God give you more and more of His Spirit.' There were several such half-articulate words, which will always be treasured in the minds of those who heard them.

And so, having survived his generation, he was taken to his rest, and was laid by the side of those whom he loved. He knew that his work was done, and he had no desire to be called back to this world. His life, with all his sorrows, had not been unhappy. He had been found equal to his great position; his wife, though belonging to a different school of religious thought, had been a singularly efficient helper in his work. He had set an example of moderation, of liberality, of good sense, to another generation of Churchmen. And though unavoidably regarded with suspicion by a section of the clergy, he had won a place in the hearts of the English laity, and was better known to them than any of his predecessors since the Reformation.

May something of his spirit continue to rest on this college that in former times owed so much to him. May the qualities which were conspicuous in him, such as the desire to retain dissimilar elements in the same society; a zeal for religion not divorced from a true knowledge of ourselves and of the world; an indefatigable courage and energy in promoting every good work—may these qualities not be found wanting among us. And may we learn more and more to have a common life in the service of God and our fellow-men.

X. PROFESSOR HENRY SMITH[1].

YE WERE WILLING FOR A SEASON TO REJOICE IN HIS LIGHT.

JOHN v. 35.

WHEN a friend is taken from us, we do not at once realize the greatness of our loss. We have known him for many years, for a considerable part of life, and we cannot believe that he is no longer here. We reckon up the days which have passed since we last saw him, since he came into our room to have a friendly word with us, since we were engaged together in some business, or we met him at some entertainment, or perhaps heard him make a speech. It may have been a week, a month, two months since:

'Two little months, or ere those shoes were old';

and we have gone back to our employments feeling the poorer in that which makes the true wealth of life—friendship; and sometimes feeling that the society in which we move, and even the world, was poorer for our loss. And soon everything returns to its accustomed course; little thought is given to the

[1] Preached in Balliol Chapel, Sunday, April 15, 1883.

dead in comparison with the living. The memory of our friend, even though he was an eminent man, is beginning to fade away, and is only recalled at intervals; his loss is not greatly felt, except by a very few who go down to the grave sorrowing. There is no reason to complain of this as showing any levity or want of depth in human nature. Time was intended to heal sorrow and suffering; it would not be well that at the end of a year we should have the same poignant feelings which we had when the wound was fresh. The business of the world must be carried on; and it is better in every way that we should not waste our lives grieving over the dead. The night cometh when no man can work; meanwhile we must be up and doing. We cannot perpetuate the generations which have passed with their loves and their sorrows, which have been so intense to them and which have so little reality to us. They are with God, and we leave them in His hands.

Yet it is also natural that at times the memory of the dead should come back to us with a peculiar force. The thought of what a father or friend has said to us in their last hour, or on some other occasion which called for serious words, is constantly treasured by us, and perhaps the more so as we get older. We cannot be young when we are advancing in years, but familiar faces may sometimes crowd around us and bring back the past as if it were yesterday. Such thoughts are not morbid; they soothe if they also

sadden us. They tend to elevate life, and they make us see it more as it really is. Will the friend never come to see us again, who was the companion of our lives? We go to his house, but there is no hand stretched out to welcome us; we look up at the windows, but strangers appear, who cannot tell what has become of him. And so we return home and think of him and of our other friends; and slowly we begin to realize that they are not here, but with God, where we too soon shall be.

My purpose in this sermon is to bring back to you the image of a remarkable man, whom I shall always seem to see in the mind's eye. It is a little more than two months since he was taken from us, prematurely, unexpectedly, in the fullness of his mind and powers. It is nearly forty years since he was elected a scholar of the college, and about five years later a fellow. During almost the whole of that time he lived daily with us, devoting his great gifts and talents to the service of the college, and always taking the warmest interest in its concerns. I have no hesitation in saying that he was one of the most distinguished men of this century. Yet, partly from his manner of life, and partly from the abstruseness of the subjects in which he was absorbed, he was scarcely known to the world at large. He had won University honours, such as have been gained by no one now living, and will probably never be won again; and a few years since, a large majority of

the residents seemed to think that he was the person most worthy to represent the University in Parliament.

But these are externals only. If I can I should rather like to represent him to you in his inner life and character. And yet before I embark upon this theme, I am reminded that still more recently another dear friend[1] has been taken from us who will be in the thoughts of many here present. For these troubles have come thick and fast upon us during the last year or two. This college has been deprived of her most distinguished sons, who two years ago used to gladden us from time to time with their presence. Of some of them it may be truly said, 'We shall hardly look upon their like again.' Their names and memories are fresh in the minds of many; I need not mention them. To us who survive, the burden of life seems to be greater, and there are fewer to bear it. We cannot go to them and receive help or sympathy or counsel, which they were so ready to give. May we hope that their mantle will descend upon others, that something of their spirit may remain in this college which is our inheritance! Again and again I have spoken to you of them from this place. We will keep them all in our recollection to-day, though one of them only will be the subject of this sermon. And that other dear friend is not forgotten by us, but we cannot express all that we feel about him just now.

[1] Mr. Arnold Toynbee.

He of whom I am about to speak to you more particularly was happy in the external circumstances of his life. The son of gifted parents, like many other men of genius by birth an Irishman, he inherited qualities which are not formed to grow in other soils. He had gone to Rugby in the last years of Dr. Arnold, and had carried away a remembrance of that great man. In 1844 he obtained a scholarship at Balliol; and at this distance of time I can well remember the impression produced upon the examiners by his English Essay, so far superior in mind and powers of expression to the work of any of his competitors. Shortly afterwards he was struck down by an illness, which lasted during nearly half his undergraduate career. Once more he was attacked by a long and serious illness about ten years later. But no illness seemed much to affect either the growth of his mental powers or his hearty enjoyment of life.

For indeed he was by temperament, as well as by circumstances, one of the happiest of men. No care ruffled him; no sorrow long darkened his horizon. You could not say of him, when he was taken away, that 'he was delivered from this miserable world,' for he would have acknowledged it to have been a very pleasant world to him. He had probably never had an enemy; he had been the delight of all who knew him. Coming into a room a little late, as his manner was both on serious and on festive occasions, he was the most welcome of guests, and the person for whom the

opinions of others used to wait. Like a ray of sunshine he would pierce the dullest atmosphere: I am reminded of the words of the text, 'We were willing to rejoice in his light for a season.' He was always ready with the quiet reply, the fanciful jest, the apt saying, and equally ready to make a speech or to take part in an argument. His mind never seemed to flag or to grow weary. No one was so capable of adapting himself to all moods and to all characters, or so easily gave himself out to any comer or passer by. Yet in this perfect adaptability there was no insincerity or want of manliness. He was not one of those feeble sympathizers who become all things to all men; while he adapted himself to others, he remained what he was. And under that charming gaiety and unconsciousness of self, he preserved, I think, a very distinct purpose—that of keeping society together, of making all men and things akin and one. He was not a professed philanthropist who went about doing good, but indirectly he was always doing good. He lent his strength to support others; he gave them the best advice in the clearest words; his great insight into human nature enabled him to see and relieve the need without intruding upon it, and his self-control prevented him from speaking of it to others. You were surprised to find that this gay laughter-loving person was also one of the kindest of friends to those who were in trouble; that he would spend days in disentangling and arranging their affairs;

and you would learn this not from himself, but through some accident which revealed to you one among many acts of kindness. He was the least vain and the most unambitious of men. He never spoke against others, nor did he depend on their good opinion; nor did he seek to form a party in Oxford, or to gain an influence over his contemporaries. He preferred on principle, I believe, his own free and easy way of life. But there was no disagreeable or laborious work which he was unwilling to undertake, no good cause that he would have failed to support, however greatly it might have interfered with his own pleasures or pursuits. Some persons thought that he was wanting in seriousness, that he dealt too much in irony and persiflage, that he had not set before himself a sufficiently high ideal of philosophy or of life; and very likely his influence in the University may have been impaired by this conception of his character. But the truth was that he was afraid of saying more than he thought; many words naturally come to the lips of others which he would have abstained from using. He wanted to live and act, not to talk about morals and religion; and sometimes he threw the veil of irony over his own seriousness. Besides, he was very reserved; he did not easily communicate his feelings to any one, and hence he was misunderstood.

In this college we owe him a long debt of gratitude for his services as a teacher. For about twenty-five years he was the only mathematical Tutor, and he

was ready to lavish all his gifts and powers on the humblest and least promising of his pupils. He would take an interest in their success and failure; he would tell them that even on the Sabbath day he thought it no sin to pluck one of them out of the ditch. He intuitively perceived their difficulties, and in a few minutes would do as much for them as another teacher would have accomplished in as many hours. He had not only the power of thinking clearly, but he had also another quality, which is not always granted to thinkers—a singular lucidity of expression. The teaching of mathematics became with him a general training. For he took in the characters of his pupils, and would advise them respecting their conduct; sometimes reproving them by a sly jest or playful sarcasm, which left no sting, and sent them away almost as well pleased as if they had been praised by him. And in later years, when they had left the University, he always took an interest in them, trying to do the best for some who had not done the best for themselves—his 'young friends,' as he used to call them—and throwing the light of his strong common sense on their paths in life.

Hardly less was the debt owed to him by the University at large; more than any single person, during the last twenty years, he had managed its business and directed its course. He bore the load lightly; nor did it seem seriously to interfere with his scientific occupations. A smile or a humorous

word made matters go easily in private and in public; and he spoke with a clearness and a force which carried persuasion to the minds of his auditors. He was a peacemaker, not only between men but between studies and interests. For in any great University there are opposite parties, and studies which are apt to become the enemies of other studies. Those who are exclusively trained in science imagine that nothing can be gained from literature, which is to them a land of phrases and shadows; those who are greatly interested in literature regard science as engrossing and materializing, and as tending to draw the minds of men to the earth instead of raising them to heaven. The one has the retrospect of the past, the other the promise of the future. Both would claim a monopoly of education. There can of course be no real opposition between different parts or sides of truth; but to mediate between them, to reconcile them, to hold the balance between them, requires no little force of mind and strength of character. And this was the service which our distinguished friend did to the University, and which could have been performed equally well by no one else. For being himself an eminent scholar as well as a great mathematician, he never fell exclusively under the dominion of one class of ideas. He would have liked, if it were possible, that some knowledge of physical science should be acquired by all students of schools and Universities; and on the other hand he lamented the want of literary

culture and interest in mere men of science. He would have made the higher education liberal and comprehensive, not professional or special. He was full of intellectual interests himself, and seemed able to form a correct judgment of many subjects with which he had a comparatively slight acquaintance. One of his greatest pleasures was the reading of Greek, and he used to say that he did not like to leave Oxford unprovided with one or two Greek books. Though a distinguished person prophesied of him in early days 'that he would write better than he did anything else,' he was not fond of writing; the main bent of his mind became scientific rather than literary. There were some subjects for which he had even a distaste. In the labyrinth of metaphysics, I believe that he never wandered—his philosophy was of another sort. He was not fond of discussing the freedom of the will, or the origin of knowledge; nor were theological problems at all more congenial to him. Yet he seemed always shrewdly to guess whereabouts the truth lay in such inquiries, and that it could not be claimed by any one school. He knew that the methods by which we study the bodily frame of man were distinct from those which guide us in the study of the mind. He never confused physical and mental science. As little did he suppose that in minute investigation into the origin and changes of species, however valuable, or in the popular use of the words development, evolution, struggle for existence,

survival of the fittest, the secret of the Universe was to be found. If he was free from the thraldom in which metaphysical speculation seems sometimes to hold the minds of able men, he was equally free from that other form of metaphysics which applies to facts the language of ideas, and after gathering a few pebbles on the shore reaches forward into the infinite. Here again he seemed to know exactly whereabouts the truth lay, neither underrating the great discoveries which have been made by naturalists in the last twenty years, nor supposing that they were to be transferred to other fields and other forms of knowledge. And on this, as on almost every subject, he struck those who conversed with him as the fairest and most luminous of minds, the justest and safest in his conclusions, the most capable of taking in all the circumstances of a case and presenting them clearly to others, that it had been their fortune to meet.

I have not yet spoken to you of what was the crowning glory and distinction of his life—his mathematical genius. For you must remember that he whom I have been describing was one of the greatest mathematical geniuses of this century. Perhaps we hardly realized this while he was alive; a prophet is not always sufficiently honoured in his own country. Nor do I think that he was himself fully conscious of his own great powers. He once said to me, 'that in his own judgment he had this advantage over some of his mathematical friends—that he could understand

the writings of other mathematicians.' Nor is it possible to do justice to him, or even to appreciate what I have been saying, unless we remember that his chief and highest intellectual interests lay in an unknown world into which not more than two or three persons could follow. In that world he travelled alone. There was a time probably when he could have attained a great success at the law or in literature. But the mind, when it has once taken a direction, cannot afterwards return into the path which it has left. I remember more than thirty years ago his discussing a half-formed project of going to the bar. Had he carried out his intention, he might have risen to the highest place. But he would not have added to the science of mathematics.

Those of us who are not mathematicians may yet be able to understand or imagine somewhat of the intense interest which is felt in mathematical truths. The purest of knowledge, the truest of knowledge, the most luminous of knowledge, mathematics, begins from the least things in this world until the whole visible universe is comprehended in its laws. One two three are a small matter, yet by these all the harmonies of nature may be expressed. The addition made by number to the human faculties is second only to that made by language itself. And ever and anon there is a possibility of constructing those expressions afresh, of reducing the complex to the simple, of creating the complex out of the simple, of contracting

them into roots, of extending them into figures; and by the use of symbols of many kinds the means are found of enlarging the powers of the mind, as muscular powers are aided and increased manifold by the use of levers and pulleys. And for this world created slowly by the human intelligence, there is another world found waiting ready to verify beyond all expectation the truths which the human mind has discovered for itself. And sometimes mathematical laws are found to go beyond experience, and sometimes also to fall short of the subtlety of nature. For there are combinations of forces in nature which no mathematics can express. There is a well-known passage in Plato which describes the ecstacy of the pure mathematician contemplating true forms and figures having their true and proper motions, not, like the stars in the heavens, imperfect motions; and making a music, not like that which we hear, but fairer and diviner far, because based upon true principles of proportion. The philosopher seems to mean that the glory of mathematics is to be found not in the skies, but in the mind. There is a higher truth and a greater accuracy than can be attained by the eye of man. Such I believe to be still the feeling of those few intelligences which are capable of living and breathing in the atmosphere of pure mathematics. They have the delight of creation, and their creations have absolute certainty free from every imperfection of matter or sense. They dwell in the highest and purest of

all ethers, which may be described 'as having the body of heaven in its clearness.' The great Isaac Barrow, one of the most eminent of English divines and mathematicians, who died at the early age of forty-seven, is said, when on his death-bed, to have expressed a hope that he might in heaven intuitively perceive the truths of numbers and figures. Such words may appear curious and fanciful, but they indicate to us the absorbing delight which may be felt in such studies.

Nor do I doubt that the happiest hours of our dear friend's life were those passed not in company (much as he delighted in the society of his friends), but those which he devoted to pure mathematics. That was the true love, the untold love and secret of his soul. The last year of his life, during a part of which he was an invalid, was perhaps the most fruitful of any in these researches. We used to go and see him as he lay on his couch, the table littered with mathematical books and papers. And we were struck by his never-failing gaiety and courtesy, his interest in all our interests, his willingness to receive one after another, almost as if he liked to be interrupted. But we did not know that he was carrying out, amid all these interruptions, the great work of his life, some fragments of which were to be read and crowned after his death by the academy of a foreign nation.

His was a very full life, crowded with many engagements at Oxford and elsewhere, journeys to and fro,

businesses private and public, some undertaken out of regard for friends, others on behalf of the University. For, indeed, wherever there was a difficulty, he was deemed to be the person most likely to disentangle the threads of it; wherever there were opposite elements, personal jealousies, differences of character and the like, he, if any one, knew how to conciliate them. He would pass from one employment to another with the happiest versatility; yet probably the load was in the end too heavy for him, and may have shortened his life. He was not only unsparing, but careless, almost reckless of himself. And as his mind never flagged or grew weary, he had no warning of the danger which was impending. A few months before his death he saw that he must 'gather up his sheaves.' And in one sense his work, or rather his many works, were left unfinished, and some of them have to be put into form by others. Yet in the years which were granted to him he may be said to have accomplished more than almost any one. And in what he did there was no drawback; no party influence which does good to one and harm to another; no fruitless struggle against the tendencies of the age. The good which he did was universal, and those who were associated with him as friends and pupils will remember, while life lasts, the beneficial power which his nature exercised over them.

And yet I have not spoken of the greatest thing of all, and that perhaps on which we dwell most fondly

in the recollection of the departed—'his innocent and blameless life.' No thought of jealousy or meanness, or comparison of self with others, ever seemed to enter into his mind. Though reserved (for notwithstanding his great flow of spirits, he never spoke of himself and his occupations), he had nothing to conceal; there was no corner in which anything base or false ever entered. He was liberal to a degree, always ready to give; and being inexpensive in his tastes, his own pecuniary interests were hardly considered by him. He lived in unbroken friendship and affection with his distinguished sister, who was worthy to be the companion of his life; and he appeared to wish for nothing more. The weaknesses and errors which are sometimes thought to be excusable in men of genius were not seen in him. Manliness, and truthfulness, and common sense shone forth in all his actions.

He would not have wished his life to be set before you as an example: there is nothing perhaps which he would have so disliked. Nor do I propose now to draw a lesson from it. I have endeavoured (though imperfectly) to describe him as he was, in the hope of recalling to some of those here present what they knew and remember of him. Neither would he have liked us to sorrow for him. But he would have liked, as his life was happy and cheerful, that we should have happy thoughts and recollections of him; that he should not be forgotten by those who loved

him, his old friends and contemporaries who looked up to him with so much respect and admiration; his former pupils in whose instruction he passed so many not uncongenial hours; the very few persons who were capable of appreciating his mathematical work. And though not ambitious of fame, I think that he would have wished his memory to be cherished in this College and University, which were so much in his thoughts, and to whose service his great gifts and attainments were so unsparingly devoted.

And so we say farewell to him who was the dear friend of some here present. He has passed into the unseen world, where we can no longer follow: 'We shall go to him, but he shall not return to us.' Yet we may be allowed to think of him as in the presence of God, with whom is the fountain of light, and in whom the parts of knowledge which we see through a glass darkly, the laws of nature, the truths of figures and numbers, the ideas of justice, love, and truth, which are his attributes, are beheld face to face. But there is no tongue of man or of angels in which such things can be expressed. We meditate on the infinite possibilities of another life, and are silent.

XI. PROFESSOR THOMAS HILL GREEN[1].

I SHALL GO TO HIM, BUT HE SHALL NOT RETURN TO ME.

2 SAMUEL xii. 23.

THERE are many passages in Scripture which speak to us of the departed in language of hope and comfort. Even in the Old Testament, which has been sometimes called the 'temporal dispensation,' there are glimpses of a life beyond. He who used the words of the text for the first time (words which have expressed the sorrow of so many mourners in other ages and countries) did not mean to say only that he would rest in the grave side by side with his beloved one, nor yet did he intend to express any distinct hope of meeting him again, such as is conveyed by the words of the poet, 'that we shall see and know our friends in heaven,' but he meant to express, first of all, his resignation to the will of God and his acquiescence in His judgments. He knew that the souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and

[1] Preached in Balliol Chapel, April 16, 1882.

that no evil should touch them. So the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes, who finds nothing new and nothing good under the sun, is nevertheless convinced that God will bring every work unto judgment, whether it be good or whether it be evil. And there are many other words of the Old Testament which we sometimes apply in a Christian or figurative sense, such as the words of the Psalmist, 'As for me I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness,' which do really point to something different from the world of sense which surrounds us. For the aspirations and beliefs of the human soul in different ages, though veiled by different modes of thought, are in their essence much more alike than we suppose.

Lastly, when the hour of darkness falls upon us, and the vision of God Himself is clearer to us than of the world beyond the grave, we still cry with the Psalmist: 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, thou art God from everlasting, and world without end. Thou turnest man to destruction: again thou sayest, Come again ye children of men.' Or, in the words of the Christian hymn:

> 'O God, our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come,
> Our shelter from the stormy blast,
> And our eternal home.'

If we turn to the New Testament, and seek to find there a revelation of another world, we are struck by two things: first of all the certainty, the intensity of the hope, the clearness of the light which is given men. Another life is not the indistinct reflection of this, but this world becomes the accident of another. 'Absent from the body, present with the Lord;' 'Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ which is far better: Nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you;' 'If we be dead with Christ we shall also live with Him;' 'If we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.' But neither in the New Testament do we find any description of the nature of another life; not even he who was caught up into the third heaven, and heard unspeakable words, has anything to tell us of the inhabitants of the other world, of their pursuits and occupations, of the effect of time upon them, if indeed such an expression has any meaning. Nor do our Lord or the Apostles ever speak of these invisible things in a manner which enables us to draw pictures about them in our own minds, but only, 'We shall all be changed,' and 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be,' and 'There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body,' and 'God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him.' We see indeed a great light, but objects are not discernible in it. We cannot say what our friends are doing; what thoughts are passing through their minds; what realities are present to

them. We do not wish to rest in external facts, or to put together figures of speech. The life of Christ, the lives of saints and prophets, the lives of all seekers after God and the truth, the higher witness of our own souls—these all testify to us of a world beyond, and we leave the rest with Him.

And so we return to think of our friends as we knew them in this life. There are many reflections which crowd upon us when any one is taken from us. Those are among the best moments of our lives which we spend in such recollections. We should like to be always in some respects what we are able to be then. The light of death gives us a true conception of many things which we are unable to attain at other times. It takes us out of conventions, prejudices, enmities; it lifts us into a higher region. It makes us see our friends and ourselves more truly. The bitterness of party spirit is hushed over the grave. We can hardly imagine how we ever came to entertain a feeling of jealousy or dislike towards one who is gone. We may regret that we did not understand or appreciate him better; or that through some fancy or pride we did not do more for him, or see more of him—that we were too much estranged from him by distance or by indolence. There were so many things which we should like to have said to him; so much about which we should have liked to hear him speak. But the time for speaking is past; he can speak to us now only by his example. There may be some for-

giveness, too, which we should have wished to ask. Well, our minds may be at rest about that; for it was granted before it was asked. We seem certainly to know him now as we never knew him before, and to value him more dearly. The circumstances of his life return upon us—the first time when we made his acquaintance; how he looked upon some memorable occasion; the remarkable things which he said; his disinterested actions, and the like—and we supplement our recollections by those of others, and are perhaps surprised to find that he said things to them which he did not say to us, and that though we were intimate friends, yet that there was a side of his character which he never showed to us. For men are drawn out differently by different persons: we speak on one subject to one, on another to another; we look to one for sympathy, and to another for light and strength, so that the whole character of any man is hardly ever known to any single acquaintance. Some portion remains a mystery even to his dearest friend.

That we should regard the dead with an especial kindness is natural to man. We should all of us like to be remembered for a little while, though aware that the recollection must soon pass away. And as we are no longer there to plead our cause, we might like to have some excuses made for us—such excuses as a good man who has known the world is willing to make for others. Yet it is surely a misfortune that

a departed friend should be represented so differently during his lifetime and after his death: we may have known personally some one whose life has been written; and we hardly seem to recognize him in the dress or disguise which he is made to wear. His failings have disappeared; his virtues, like the shadows of men seen on an opposite hill, are so protracted that they no longer retain the form of humanity. The evil of such panegyrics is that the true lesson and example of a life is lost in them. They are insipid portraits, trying in vain to be more beautiful than the original. The greatest of all biographers was far enough above this error. He has given us the image of his master as he truly was; to one who reads between the lines, his defects, and even his littlenesses, are sufficiently indicated, yet without abating one jot of the love and admiration which his biographer feels towards that truly great genius and noble character, of which he has stamped the impression on the world.

The dear friend of whom I am about to speak to you to-day would, I think, have liked to be known as he really was. He never cared much what others said of him while he was alive; and he would not have wished to be painted in water-colours after his death. He was cast in a larger mould than other men; he had a work to do, and he did it with all his might. I shall speak of him as he appeared to me—perhaps from a one-sided view (for others had more opportunity of knowing him than I had)—bringing together

such memorials of him as I have. Yet the old difficulty which the historian has put into the mouth of Pericles recurs: 'It is difficult to say neither too little nor too much, and even moderation is apt not to give the impression of truthfulness. The friend who knows the facts is likely to think that the words of the speaker fall short of his knowledge and of his wishes, while another who is not so well informed, when he hears of anything which surpasses his own powers, will suspect exaggeration.'

It is strange to me to reflect that 'one little month' only has passed since our dear friend was in the midst of us in nearly his usual health and strength—that two months ago at this time he was in his accustomed place in this chapel. 'We cannot but remember these things were,' and now they seem to be at such a great distance from us. We hardly realize at once the loss we have sustained; no one could make a greater blank in any college. For though he had become a Professor in the University, he was still loyally and individually attached to this college, in which he was elected a Fellow about twenty-two years ago. He was always ready to help us with his advice and influence. He had what in Oxford we seem to need more than anywhere—strength. He was not made to drag upon others, but to give support and independence to them. No jealousy of another who might have different views of education from his own ever seemed in the least degree to affect

him, nor did he ever grasp at influence; he was not one of those who imagine that the spread of their own philosophical or theological opinions is synonymous with the good of the human race. Rather he seemed to acknowledge that his teaching was not equally suited to everybody, and was afraid lest to some it might prove injurious and confusing. Of this singular moderation I have hardly known another example. It was not himself, but the truth, which he was desirous of teaching; and while feeling that he had a sort of mission, he was aware that the truth is relative as well as absolute, and must be adapted to the capacity of the hearer.

Of all teachers the teacher of the high philosophy has the greatest responsibility and the greatest difficulty. If he be a thinker of any force or originality, his own ideas gain such a hold upon him that he is apt to lose the power of estimating them, or of seeing the opposite sides of a question. He may often be betrayed into inconsistencies of which he is not aware; he imparts to the mind a power like that which a lever communicates to the arm. The danger is that it is a lever which he cannot lay aside at will, but which is liable to encumber him in all his movements. Or, to use another metaphor, the student of metaphysics may be compared to a man who, having impaired the use of his natural sight, is only able to read the world through powerful glasses, and cannot fix his eye at all upon small objects. And whether he

enlarges his view, clears up his notions of life, grasps the relation of knowledge more truly, seems to depend on his power of maintaining some proportion in his thoughts between things seen and things unseen, between expression and ideas, between poetry and philosophy.

It is a remark often made by those who criticize metaphysics, that while metaphysicians profess to treat of eternal or primary truths, their systems are always passing away almost with the rapidity of the last new novel or sermon. There are few philosophers who have passed middle life and have not changed their opinion or outlived their influence. The country which fifty years ago was the natural home of such speculations, seems now, more completely than any other, to have disowned and disinherited them. Yet, though always derided, they are always reappearing, and will reappear, if human nature continues the same. Nor is there any reason to doubt that there are still ideas lying hidden in a corner of some original mind which may produce great effects on future generations.

No one without metaphysics can get rid of metaphysics. He cannot free himself from the influence of fatalism or materialism, which, through the power of system or the charm of some misunderstood word, or the excessive study of some one aspect of the world to the exclusion of the others, are ever returning upon us. The high and noble forms of thought have their birth not in Germany, but in

ancient Hellas, or rather in every age and country, in which men have begun to look within and to rise above the clouds of mythology and the first chaos of the affections.

To this most important but precarious branch of knowledge our departed friend devoted the best energies of his mind and life. He soon gathered around him a band of disciples; and to him, perhaps more than to any one in this country, those who were interested in the subject looked for a revival of the systematic study of philosophy. They seemed to wait for some new exposition of the truth which should deliver them from the lowering tendencies of the age. Whether this hope would have been altogether realized, or realized in the way in which they expected, or whether any such hope was entertained by himself, I cannot tell. His memory and his reputation do not depend on the completeness of his system.

He was once told by a friend that his preface to Hume was written too much in the spirit of a contemporary controversialist; and he acknowledged the truth of the criticism. He may be gently censured for not having treated with proper reverence the great Englishman, John Locke—like himself, a lover of liberty and of toleration. (I am sure he would have forgiven me for saying this.) It is very difficult for any one who has a very strong conviction, whether in speculation or in life, to see its relation to other

truths in the right proportion, or to recognize that, in speculation as in history,

> 'God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.'

What his pupils and friends saw in him may have been partly a philosophical system, but it may much more truly be described as a Christian and a philosophical life. They saw a man of great capacity and of uncommon intensity of mind, of undoubted genius for speculation, sounding a note of opposition to the prevailing tendencies of the age, to the exaltation of physical science over mental, of the material and visible over the eternal and unseen. They found one who seemed to respond to their own higher and better aspirations. They felt that he was a man to whom an inner and future life was a reality, to whom, in the language of his own philosophy, the absolute good was his good, and truth itself the gate of another world. And whether or no they take as great an interest hereafter in the subtleties of philosophy as in the days of youth (for such impressions are apt to fade away with advancing years), I venture to think that this general impression will remain: and it will be thought by them one of the greatest blessings of their early lives to have been acquainted with one whose force of mind was so inseparably linked with a noble character.

Those who knew him were well aware that he could act as well as think, and that he was gifted

not only with philosophical, but with practical talents, if indeed the opposition of these two is to be regarded as at all necessary or natural. He was very observant of the foibles of mankind, and sometimes could not avoid a hearty laugh at them. He had a great insight into human nature, which was in part the secret of his influence. He was not without considerable humour, which broke out upon occasions. His temper was reserved, and therefore to some persons he appeared cold and proud; yet there was also a reserve of kindness in him which, though not demonstrative, never failed when it was needed. Such reserved natures have a difficulty in communicating themselves to others; they go through many struggles, which remain all their life a secret with their own heart. There is an anecdote of some one looking steadfastly in Goethe's face and saying to him, 'that he looked like one who had suffered much.' 'Say, rather,' was the reply, 'like one who had struggled much.' The same might have been said of our friend. In youth he had the look, partly arising out of some physical weakness, of one on whom the world was weighing heavily, and who bore the cares of many. I think that he may have felt also a difficulty in making himself understood, and that a comparison with others who were more strong or successful may have suggested to him that he was not duly appreciated. Something of this sort remains in my impression of him. But he had entirely conquered

the feeling in later life. I remember also that from the first he always had that marked influence among his contemporaries which he exerted in later years. One of them, now a very eminent person, told me half laughingly that he 'regarded it as a distinction to go out for a walk with him.' And another has assured me that 'in their old undergraduate days he had already formed his plan of life, to which he had adhered undeviatingly ever since.' One person only, among all whom I remember here, in any degree resembled him, Arthur Hugh Clough. They were unlike in some ways: the mind of one was naturally drawn towards poetry, and of the other towards philosophy. But they were alike in other respects, which distinguished them from the rest of the world: in their reserved and self-contained characters, in their singular unworldliness and high principle, in their interest in social questions, and their efforts to solve the problems of the age, and of human thought. They were parted by nearly twenty years, an interval which makes a great change of opinion in Oxford; and both of them, being at different stages in the same movement, when old landmarks were disappearing, had to make for themselves and others, not without pain and struggling, new foundations of truth, new motives of life and action, new anchors in the flux and reflux of thought which was going on around them.

There is another side of our dear friend's life

which I must not pass over in silence; he was the friend not only of this college and of the University, but of the city. He broke down the ancient foolish jealousy of town and gown, and won a place in the hearts of the citizens. Their good will was certainly not gained by the use of popular arts; nor did he encourage them in mere party triumphs. He was not the pliable politician who would readily hush up a scandal. For his liberal views, which some may have thought carried to an extreme, rested on moral and philosophical principles. And so not by cleverness or flattery or money, but by force of character and disinterestedness, he acquired a great and increasing influence for good in this place. His fellow-townsmen were proud of him, and trusted him; they saw him devoting his great abilities to their service; they heard his voice raised always on behalf of education (the best of liberal causes), and on the side of improvement and public spirit. That voice is silent now, and yet in a manner seems to say to the two great corporations which flourish side by side in this place, 'Sirs, ye are brethren.' And the public high school, of which the foundation was mainly due to his exertion and to that of leading persons in the city, may be regarded as a monument that the old foolish strife has passed away, and that we rejoice to work together in education, in the improvement of the town and neighbourhood, in the fulfilment of every charitable and religious duty.

There was another quality characteristic of him which I should like to mention to you—his disregard of money. Like an ancient philosopher, he seemed to think that 'he only needed so much as was necessary for a good life.' The rest he was ready to give away wholesale for any public object. He said characteristically, 'that he would rather sell the furniture of his house than that a recent inquiry should not proceed.' In this college, as I gratefully remember, he was always teaching both by word and example the lesson that private interests should be subordinated to public ones. The more I think of him, the more I feel the debt which we owe him. On the resignation of his tutorship some years ago, he was elected to a fellowship, but he would never receive the emolument annexed to it. Quite recently he wrote to me to say that, 'in the present financial condition of the college he could no longer support the renewal of a grant of £200 a year for five years made' to an institution with which this college had connexion, 'but that he desired to contribute out of his own means half the required sum.' He might perhaps have reproached me for speaking to you of these things (and there were many similar acts of his). I mention them not in honour of him, but as examples of the fulfilment of a great duty, in this age of accumulation rarely thought of (yet constantly to be thought of by one having a true Christian love of others)—*the right use of*

money. 'For what hast thou that thou hast not received?' 'And who made thee to differ from another?'

I have brought together hastily, I fear, and roughly a few recollections of our departed friend. His life, in one sense, is only a fragment, for he was cut off in the prime of his faculties and of his usefulness. There are many ties of affection and friendship which are suddenly snapped, many possibilities of good which can no longer be realized, and some addition to philosophical truth which might have been expected from him. His disciples will be apt to think that we cannot do justice to his writings, or know him as he really was. But let us also look at this matter in a larger and more liberal spirit: the greatness or the lesson of a man's life does not depend on the length of it; 'he being made perfect in a short time fulfilled a long time.' The value of his philosophy is not to be measured by the clearness or completeness with which he expounded it, but by the essential spirit and truth of it. To do justice to any philosophical writer, we must not criticize him from some foreign point of view, but try to understand him from his own, and see whether we can gather from him help and light. All lives, even of the greatest men, are in some sense fragments; they are mortal, and hand on their work to others. And some half-developed thought of one long dead may fall upon congenial soil, and bring forth fruit in

another generation. Like seeds in the air, men's words are carried to and fro upon the earth. And therefore let us not grieve over this seeming incompleteness of life (he might have done so much more, and the like), but rather thank God that our brother was able to do so much. He, 'when he had served his generation by the will of God, fell asleep,' and 'we were willing to rejoice in his light for a season.'

As soldiers close their ranks when their general or one of their comrades falls, so must we remember, especially in this college, that there is a vacant place among us, which the increasing efforts of us all are required to fill up. He was a bond of union among us, never allowing us to be divided into parties, or broken up by personal misunderstandings. Nothing better could be wished for this college than that his public spirit, and liberality, and impersonality might always animate us. Those who were his disciples and more intimate friends should seek to show in their lives what his life would have been; they should make it clear to the world that they are not confused or dreamy thinkers, or party politicians who tolerate inconsistency in their actions or opinions—they have learned from him a higher lesson than that. And all of us, old and young, both those who have a long vista of years before them, and those who are within a measurable distance of the end, should call to mind his earnestness and simplicity of nature, his disin-

terestedness and disregard of the opinions of men, his force of character, his temper of greatness, and pray to God in the words of the prophet of old, that if it be possible, some portion of his spirit may rest upon them and upon this place.

MISCELLANEOUS SERMONS

I. STATISTICS AND FAITH[1].

THE VERY HAIRS OF YOUR HEAD ARE ALL NUMBERED.

MATTHEW x. 30.

IT sometimes seems as if there were a great difference between the lesson which faith teaches and which experience teaches about the world and about ourselves. Faith tells of another life, experience of this; the one assures us of the infinite power and goodness of God, the other recalls us to the knowledge of human nature and the sense of our own weakness. Faith speaks to us of divine grace, of spiritual gifts, of the heart turned in a moment from darkness to light. Experience reminds us of the force of circumstances, of the slow growth of habit, of the ever-returning power of passions, prejudices, and opinions. The one comforts us with the thought that at any

[1] A University Sermon, preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, January 25, 1852.

moment God can forgive; the other warns us again that after a certain age it is almost impossible for us to change. Faith and hope joining hands lead us to believe that ere we die we shall be fit to die, and in some way or other renewed in the image of Christ. Experience assures us that, in nine cases out of ten, we shall be as we are though years increase upon us, and death draws to our gates, and that until our eyes close to it this world will not vanish from our sight. Lastly, faith tells us that in a thousand ways God's watchful care is about our bed and about our path, that our life itself is a miracle of so many years' standing, that He hears our prayers and provides for our wants. Experience presents us with the other side of the truth, which whether we will or no takes us by force, and compels us to admit that never in any case have the laws of nature been interfered with for our sake, or the slightest appearance been discernible of any variation in the order of the world.

Such are a few of the contrasts between faith and sight, involving obviously a different set of principles, and leading to different ways of acting; affecting our practice at least as much as speculation.

The Scriptures of course treat of the first of these two aspects of human things, and leave the second, our religious life that is, freed from its material incumbrances. They do not speak of the influence of health or of original differences of character, or of the

power of habit, or of the importance of education, but of all men one and alike in the presence of God who made them, receiving 'every good and every perfect gift' from the Author and Father of Light. They tell not of the natural which comes first, but of the spiritual, and occasionally, and by the way, of the natural also. Even in the moral world there is a difference in the view of Scripture, and that which we see around us and which forms a part of ourselves. The colours of good and evil are, as it were, deepened in Scripture, and mankind are divided into two classes, the friends and enemies of God; whereas in that portion of mankind with which we come into contact no such line of demarcation can be safely drawn, the wheat and the tares are growing together, and good and evil pass into each other by insensible gradations. And thus, while reading Scripture or hearing sermons or even at our very prayers, while using the words, 'faith, grace, the Spirit, pardon,' we seem to be in danger of putting an illusion on ourselves, of gazing on a picture which is all light and no shadow, of living in a world of faith without experience—that is, in a religious circle of our own—instead of that great and common world, all the thoughts, influences, opinions, laws, experiences, which God intended us in some way to make the elements of our religious life. It may seem at first sight wrong for us to dwell on two such opposite and distracting aspects of our nature. The

breath of the Spirit of God is frozen up in the icy chains of necessity when we speak of the order of the world; the miracles of grace also are made subject to material laws. It is well, therefore, for us to begin by acknowledging that true faith can never be at variance with what experience teaches. In youth they may sometimes appear to diverge for a time, and our knowledge of life to get the better of our early religious lessons, and the facts of science to array themselves like an armed host against revelation. But as we grow older it often happens that the truth seems to rest where we began as children, not where we stopped as men; not that the facts of science are untrue, or our experience of life false, but that they become sanctified to us, as it were the new soil in which the tree of life is planted, the plane of earth on which we move to and fro beneath the arch of heaven. Experience seems to overbalance faith and win all for itself, and yet faith rises higher to rest in experience as the will of God: not 'quod fidei certum,' but 'quod certum fidei est.'

The trial of our faith in the present day is in a certain sense to return to sight, to look upon the world not as it is often presented to us by the light of revelation or of prophecy, reflecting upon its face the hues of the heavenly Jerusalem, or darkened beneath the shadow of God's wrath, but as it really is in our homes and among our acquaintance, neither very good nor very bad, with its weakness, meanness,

hollowness, its good nature, its kindness, its human feelings, a scene in which most are labouring for themselves and making their standard the opinion of others. Yet perhaps a higher trial of our faith would it be to look upon ourselves personally, not as we may appear in the momentary sunshine of hope or of enthusiasm, as youth pictures or age veils the story of life, nor yet as included under some general category of sin or condemnation, but as we truly are, as other men know that we are, as facts prove us to be, neither better nor worse. And yet a further trial of faith it may be to some persons who read the world truly and read themselves truly, to look upon the facts of science and of history, however much they seem to militate with the Bible or with morality, as nevertheless true, knowing that God is able to make even these work together for His glory, or rather that there is no truth, though distant from religion, which is not the manifestation of His goodness.

In what follows I propose to consider a particular subject in which this outward matter-of-fact aspect of the world and of ourselves is undeniably brought home to us; which, as it has been sometimes feared as an enemy to religion, may also be made to teach an important religious lesson—the results of statistical observations respecting the uniformity of human actions.

'Even the hairs of your head are all numbered.'

'In Thy book were all my members written.' And, if even the least details of our physical being are, as it were, noted by God, shall we suppose that there are no higher laws which govern our actions, and not rather ask the further question, 'Are not these things also registered in Thy book?' Whether we like to admit it or not, it seems to be an undoubted fact that human actions, so far as we are able to trace them, exhibit uniform averages varying only with variation of circumstances, and are thus seen to be subject to as unchangeable laws as health and disease, or life and death.

As from knowing the ages of a certain number of persons we can tell by observation how many will be left alive in each year, or any similar question, so out of a given number of persons placed in a given set of circumstances we can tell almost with absolute certainty how many will commit a particular crime or perform any other action such as can be recorded; and what age, time of the year, climate or other circumstances would make such an action most frequent. Or to put the case once more in a different way, if we could imagine a superior being possessed of knowledge not divine and infinite, but like our own, only somewhat more extended, acquainted with facts of science and gifted with a wider power of observation, and could conceive him looking upon the stars in their courses, and the winds wandering to and fro upon the earth, and plants

growing up we know not how, and animals on plain and mountain moving whither they will, and man with his boasted free agency, doing as seems to him good in his own eyes, he would observe that the same limit was really imposed upon all; that all alike were finite beings: 'Hitherto shalt thou come and no further.'

Of all the instruments of human thought there is none more wonderful than number. Barren as speculations respecting it may seem in themselves, they are of all others most fruitful in their application. Without number we could never have formed a conception of the material universe. It is to the knowledge of nature in a higher sense what in a lower sense language is to thought and knowledge in general. It appears like the first link in the manifold chain by which mind and matter are connected with each other, the first stage of human thought in which the mind could rest, seeming to primitive man to be possessed of a divine and magic power, as to ourselves also it seems to be that use of reason in which most nearly we approach the infinity of the divine knowledge. It expresses to us the laws of the heavenly bodies and the proportions of natural substances, as well as the hidden agencies which pervade them, and seems to transcend nature itself in its ideal perfection. It tells us the history of life and death, the tale of poverty, disease, and crime. It shows that even in what we term

accident there is nothing of caprice or irregularity, that chance itself is no longer chance, but that even in chance the traces of law are distinctly visible. It has become a sort of thread which Providence has given us to wind our way through the labyrinth of our social and political state, that mankind may attain not so much to a clearer knowledge of the divine nature, as to a clearer knowledge of God's dealings with them; and that they may be taught to look not only on the material world as subject, down to its minutest portions, to law and order, made after the pattern on the mount, but on human nature itself as a part of this order; and learn their duty to their fellow-men to consist not merely in wayward and isolated efforts, but in their co-operation with the laws that God Himself has fixed for them.

The light and knowledge of nature and of mankind which we enjoy at the present day appears very striking when compared with the earlier ages of the human race. In the infancy of the world there is something almost affecting in considering how little men knew, not only of their past history and future destiny, but also of the very laws of their being. Living on one narrow spot, or roaming in a pathless wilderness, incapable of forming a conception of the world at large, they seem like children left to themselves, ignorant of the very meaning of death and disease, ignorant also of the ties which bound them to their fellow-men, the 'one blood'

of which God had created all the families of the earth. And, if we proceed to a later stage of human history in which states had formed themselves, and laws were established, and the elements of knowledge had begun to unfold themselves, reaching even to the golden age of the ancient world, we cannot help feeling how very different their acquaintance with the world was from our own, how partial and fragmentary, how little they knew of the hidden causes of life and death; how incapable they were of comprehending or analysing that social and commercial state which, far more than forms of government or political opinions, forms the basis of modern European society. And passing over the times which succeeded, which were even yet more ignorant and unconscious respecting the world around them, and casting our thoughts only a hundred years back, how different, we might say, is our knowledge from that of a generation or two since: the conception of the world itself with its peoples and languages, and the new sciences, as it were new worlds themselves, which have been called into existence; and the laws by which human industry is governed, as it were some great sea ever finding its level; and the causes which influence life or health, how plainly are they exhibited to us by facts in comparison with the guesses of past ages. It seems as if everything had its appointed place, and all things were balanced one against the other. 'Even the hairs of your head are all numbered.'

What God always knew, what was in the beginning coeval with human nature itself, that man himself is now permitted to know—the rule of his own actions.

This order of things which number enables us to express, which we have been gradually allowed to perceive in the moral no less than in the natural world, may be considered in two ways, and seems to lead to two opposite lines of reflection. First, as facts of statistics, seemingly resolving all into circumstances, tend to interfere with our free agency by making us depend upon external causes. If from year to year there is the same average of crime or immorality, the human will seems to lose its natural power of resistance to temptation, and to become, as it may be expressed, the unseen pole of the revolving circle of circumstances. If, as is certainly the case, from observation of the like, or from a knowledge of similar antecedent causes, such as temptation, punishment, previous character or habits, we know beforehand—first, how individuals will act, and still more how classes of men—at first sight it might appear as if they could not do otherwise, or escape from the fatal law which Providence had imposed upon them. To answer such objections will form the first part of our present subject. Secondly, we have to extend our view and to consider circumstances not as influencing the will but as themselves influenced by it. If our experience leads us to regard mankind as much more under the power of circumstances than they

appear to be to themselves, and are sometimes supposed to be by writers on moral philosophy, side by side with this must be placed another fact, that they have the power of altering circumstances much more than could at first sight have been imagined. To struggle against many sins, for example, directly, as individuals, is a hopeless task; to take ourselves out of their way, and place ourselves in a different position, among other companions, under other influences, is comparatively easy. And so with mankind in general, if our power of directly acting upon them seems to be confined within narrow limits, if we cannot hope for the conversions of great multitudes by the word of the preacher, yet we seem also to possess a power almost indefinitely great of altering their condition, and so indirectly influencing their life and conduct.

I. First then, let us consider this appearance of necessity. In looking over statistical tables of morality, there is something startling in the infinity which they present, something startling at first hearing, in the expression used by writers on these subjects, 'average moral capacity,' and in the notion that at once suggests itself, that a limit is set to our moral power by the very constitution of nature. As if God said to us, 'We should not become as good as we pleased'; as if, at a certain point, the will recoiled powerless on itself, because it had reached the limit of human goodness.

Some would perhaps think that if, in the case of an individual, there is so much uncertainty respecting future conduct, this uncertainty would be yet greater when many individuals are brought into consideration; that to predict the future of many would be more difficult than to predict the future of one; and that, if we are really free agents, as the circle widens the fluctuation must increase. Such a difficulty is of course an obvious fallacy. As in the height or age of individuals there may be the greatest possible difference, and yet a uniform average may be safely predicted, if the examined instances be sufficiently numerous; so also in morality, the extremes of virtue and vice may be as far as the poles asunder in different individuals, and yet this in no degree interferes with a uniform moral average. As, if we look over the tempestuous ocean, the waves may be some higher, and some lower, mounting up to heaven, or going down into the deep, and yet if it were possible to measure them all, the level of the ocean would still be the same, neither on the whole higher or lower during the storm; so also there is a certain law of human action above which we may rise, and below which we may fall, without thereby altering the general average.

So far the question seems to resolve itself. Each individual, considered by himself, follows his own impulse. There is no limit of evil set which he may not pass, there is no goal of virtue which he may not reach. The world is as it was before, a many-coloured

scene of good and ill; there is the same diversity of purpose, character, taste, opinion among mankind, which Providence may be considered as combining, in various proportions, in various ways, and after unseen manners, to harmonize with His laws. When we use the term 'uniform moral average,' this does not imply that men are all alike in their moral tendencies or capacities, but only that, in any class where circumstances remain the same, however different individuals may be, the state of morality on the whole is not materially changed. Yet still it may be thought that the difficulty recurs in another shape. For as individuals are free agents, it might be expected that the mass, collectively, should, as it were, by a spontaneous effort have the power to become what they please; that nations as well as persons should by a simultaneous movement burst their thraldom and actually pass into some ideal state such as philosophers have imagined and visionaries conceived possible. The very statement of such a speculation seems to prove its absurdity. First, it is obvious that to conceive such a simultaneous movement we must drop all the peculiarities of individual character. Men must be no longer different and, as it were, compensating each other by their mutual excellences and defects, but must all tend onwards with single heart and aim to some special object. Or if we mean to ask the question, 'Why is not human nature gifted with greater energy of good and of evil?' this, if we

could answer it, would in no respect meet our difficulty. There might be many better and many worse, without altering what has been termed 'the average moral capacity.' Or we may merely mean to inquire, 'Why are not mankind, preserving all their individual differences, raised to a higher standard?' To which there is no other answer but to ask another question, 'Why each one of us as an individual does not lead a higher and better life?'

Or consider the subject in another way. There have been times in the history of the world, in which bodies of men—that is, nations and states—seem to have acted as one man, sometimes for good, more often for evil. In requiring that the limits of human action should be extended, we are but in fact requiring that such times of crisis and revolution should be perpetual; that there should be nothing stable or continuous in the world; that as the force of human motives changes from month to month, or from year to year, individuals should be freed from the control of habit, and nations no longer bound by laws or institutions. Every century would exhibit the spectacle of the sixteenth, of reformation and counter-reformation, like two seas, borne over the earth until at last their force is spent and the dry land appears. As individuals we could neither act together nor by ourselves. There would be no stopping in our conclusions until we had reached a state of moral anarchy, the result we commonly arrive at when, instead of taking the world as it is,

we readjust it, to meet supposed difficulties, on a new model.

Were we to go no further into the entanglement of the question which we are considering, we might infer that God had fixed an order for the moral world no wider than that for the natural; that moral laws were the same as physical, and contracted within the same narrow limits. We might perhaps interpret the intention of Providence, as He has given us rest within as the source of moral strength, so also, in the earth which He has made the scene of their actions, to provide for the repose of His creatures, in the same spirit as the Psalmist says, 'He hath set the round world so fast that it cannot be moved.' And if our freedom (as the philosopher has expressed it) were nothing more than 'the consciousness of our necessity,' the sense that we were parts of the great machine, we might still resign ourselves to His power, and as individuals at least fulfil the purpose of life. In the arms of nature we should live and die, for this at least thankful to God, that He had revealed to us our place in the world, and refreshed us with His presence ere we went hence.

What effect this identification of ourselves with the laws of nature might have upon our actions we can scarcely judge; whether it would produce indolence and sluggishness, or infuse peace and repose. But, whatever tendencies adverse or favourable to morality or religion such a view might involve, it would only

embrace half our present subject. Facts prove to us, on the one hand, that we are the creatures of circumstances; but they also show, on the other hand, that we have the power of altering circumstances as well, that we are subject to them and yet above them: which second division of our inquiry we may consider first briefly as the final answer to our perplexity, and secondly, as involving important moral and religious consequences.

II. It is quite true that we are much more the creatures of habit, and more under the influences of circumstances, and in a greater degree subject to purely physical causes than we appear to ourselves to be. Every individual forms a higher notion of the limits of his own free agency than is the truth; in other words, he never sees himself as others see him. So far the facts of statistics teach us a new and important lesson, to limit ourselves as we are finite beings. But, on the other hand, we must not forget that the distinction between the will and circumstances, though it holds to a certain extent, is in part also illusive. For the truth is, we cannot imagine a change in the will without a change being produced in the conditions under which the will acts, any more than we can conceive a cause without an effect. If, as has been said, the mind never acts without being affected by the body, it may with equal truth be maintained that the body never acts without being affected by the mind.

And so, if we conceive of society as having in a manner a soul and body—that is, an internal and external aspect—and place on the one side motives and impulses to good and sympathies with others, and on the other, actions, laws, institutions; these two are not separate from each other, but are absolutely one and indissoluble. What considered from within is the will of man, the moment it develops itself in action is circumstance. And thus the life of a good man, though it too has its appointed place in the order of nature, does not pass away as a vapour, but clothes itself in works of good, by which being dead it yet speaks to men, and leaves its mark behind it in the school, in the church, in the material condition of those among whom he has been placed, sometimes in unseen influences on the character of others which are known to God only.

In this way the facts of statistics may be regarded, not as the conditions of our actions, but with equal truth as their effect also. To suppose that circumstances were a wall that we could not surmount, or a fence by which we were enclosed, would be the same error as to suppose that there was no distinction between dead involuntary matter, and those portions of matter endowed with life and organization, in which, as Bishop Butler has expressed it, we have a more immediate interest. When we speak of facts or circumstances, let us not be imposed upon by language, but consider also these facts and circumstances as

instinct with life, emanating, we know not how, from that hidden cause which we call the will of man, the regulator of which it is the spring, the body of which it is the soul. We must change the word necessity, and think only of regularity instead. So may we pass onward from the lowest things on earth to the highest things in heaven, by many stages, through many gradations, neither denying any nor inverting their order, but acknowledging that the lower, as they are the condition of the higher, so also are the means to them; and that the moral and social world, no less than the frame of nature itself, is but as the crust in which the presence of God, like some inward fire, is hidden and encircled.

Yet more important for its own sake than as the means of disentangling a logical perplexity, is the truth which experience shows, that if in one sense we are the creatures of circumstances, we are also able to make them work together for our moral and religious good. It is by acknowledging them that we place ourselves above them. All power of self-improvement must proceed from self-knowledge, not based merely on some general notion of human nature, or losing itself in dreamy aspirations after unattainable good, or circling in morbid self-consciousness about our present state, but a knowledge of what we are and have been, of the errors we may have made in life, of the peculiarities of our individual character.

There is no road to moral or intellectual improve-

ment like the knowledge of our own defects. Such facts are the easiest to forget and the hardest to bear in mind. Vanity casts its transparent veil over them, and the praise of other men makes them glitter for a moment in the sunshine; and high position or office covers them with the conventionalities of life; and sometimes even religion blinds or seems to blind us, by showing us the end without the means, and exhorting us to enter into communion with God, as if we could thus lay aside what the Apostle terms the body of death, that is, old habits, tastes, passions, or the peculiar temptations of our natural constitution itself. Then comes the painful lesson of experience, that to a limited extent only we are capable of receiving impressions of religion, and that oftentimes the most intense spiritual states are followed by disgust and after-reaction. We begin to reflect why it is that Christian life is so little like a progress towards perfection; why, as they get older, men seem to grow in knowledge or experience of life, but (if such an expression may be allowed) to have taken in all the religion of which they are capable. Why, we ask, do the same failings so often remain, even after men are regenerate and under the influence of religion—irritability, gloom, want of straightforwardness, jealousy, the spirit of detraction, the desire of advancement and the like; so that some religious men seem to be of little more use in their day and generation, than those who have no

religion? They have sought for religion in the abstract, and they have got a religion unequal to any of the duties of life. They did not recognize how they are the creatures of habit and of circumstances, and how dependent on natural constitution and bodily state; and they have done, as it were, violence to nature, in taking spiritual means only, to compass natural ends. As if in medicine, we attempted to strengthen the muscles by exciting the nerves, or hoped to cure a deeply seated organic disease by merely composing the mind.

And, if there is anything in which this voice of experience might hope to make itself heard, it is when it speaks to the young, not of the unseen world which appears so distant from them, but of the earthly things which they believe, of this present life which looks so fair and seems to open so long a vista of pleasures and interests and hopes and prospects. Humanly speaking, youth has everything in its power. There is no rational plan of happiness or of good which we can lay out for ourselves, which by the right use of means we may not attain. The smallest of all seeds may grow up into a great tree in the course of a long life; the grain of wheat cast into the ground may bring forth fruit an hundredfold.

But the time is short in which we can accomplish this, two or three years at most perhaps, in which we are free agents, free to choose our own course, and at the same time intelligent of our true interest. As

certainly as the bodily frame sets and fixes itself, and passes from the suppleness of youth to the life and bloom of early manhood, and from that to the full form and matured strength of middle age: so also, the character, though unseen, has its regular and necessary growth, and it is only within very slight limits that we can invert the order of nature. There is a time for discipline, and a time to lay aside discipline; a time for obedience to others, a time for self-command; a time to learn, and a time to use our knowledge; a time to acquire habits, and a time to act freely. We cannot do at thirty what might have been possible at five-and-twenty, or at five-and-twenty what might have been done at twenty, or in after-life make up for the neglect of our education here.

Each succeeding age will seem more intractable than the last, and more determined by our past life. What we shall be depends upon what we are; and whether in after years we are to be happy or miserable, whether disappointment will blight us, or the loss of health wither us ere our tale is told, or the canker of immorality gnaw our souls: or whether our life is blessed and the source of blessing to our fellow-men, a well-spring of health and happiness flowing onward to everlasting life, is as much the result of our use of circumstances here, as any other natural effects are the result of their causes. And as, in reference to ourselves, there must ever be disappointment when we walk by faith without

experience, and seek the end without the means, still more evidently is this the case in our efforts to do good to others. The direct influence of the individual in the world is fleeting and transitory: the voice of the preacher passes into the air and is no more heard. And often has the clergyman of a parish, after a life of fruitless toil, concluded that it was the will of God that 'few should be saved,' when the cause of his ill success was really in himself. He has poured forth his words like water; he has written his memorial on the sand. He has taken care of the old and neglected the young; he has watched over the religious life of his people, and never remembered that their secular life was his concern also. He has spoken to them of the love of Christ, of the purity and holiness of God, of Christians heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ, while their homes and all things around them told only the tale of misery and degradation. He has been diligent at the church, and scarcely entered the school. He has engaged in the most difficult of all occupations without that worldly tact which is necessary for the success of any. What wonder if, instead of widely-diffused good as the fruit of his labours, he can point only to some two or three whom a secret sympathy or personal kindness or community of opinion may have linked to himself!

Or to turn to another field of labour, in which the direct power of Christianity has been apparently so small and its indirect might be so great, may not the

reason why the result of missions often disappoints us be because we have done so little to improve the industrial state of those among whom our missionaries are sent? The world is changed since the days when the Apostles went forth with the word of Christ, and the relation of civilized to barbarous nations has become altogether different. We know very well that the diffusion of arts and manufactures, or the improvements of the social state, and the introduction of regular habits of labour, is at least as important in a rude community, as the receipt of Christian truth itself. All experience shows us that Christianity, though divine in its origin, cannot be separated from that state of life in which we are; we must carry both or neither with us, not only because we cannot trust ourselves to form Christian communities on a new model, but because we are otherwise throwing away the very weapons that Providence has given us to destroy the prejudices of caste and the inveterate power of ancient modes of life, and the terrors of superstition itself.

Once more, if the difficulty of carrying out such suggestions in foreign lands seem to be almost insuperable, and to belong rather to the mission of governments than of individuals, there can be no such difficulty in applying them at home. Among those who are here present, the greater proportion, perhaps, are not designed to be preachers of the Gospel; and there may be many who instinctively

shrink from making a profession of religion or venturing to give advice to others. But there is no one who, in the course of life, will not have it in his power to do some real and permanent good for his poorer brethren. Of such things let us dream, if we are to dream, and not of impossible unities or ideals of a visible Church. The opening of schools, the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, the enlightened management of an estate, the active interest in all measures that have for their object health, cleanliness or morality; the promotion of an intellectual, which to the poor is a moral, almost a spiritual, good: all these are the very parts and elements of a Christian's duty towards his neighbour.

Such interests are a thousand times better for ourselves, ten thousand times more useful to others, than phases of religious experience or the excitements of religious controversy. They are, when translated into the language of Scripture, 'the cup of cold water given to the disciple'; 'the unrighteous mammon' which has already become the true riches; 'the children of this world' no longer 'wiser than the children of light.' Things change their names in the present day, and the most secular duties become the most religious. If any one, 'not slothful in business' have cared for those employed by him; if any have sought to help the poor by quickening in them the sense of independence and the pride of honest industry, they shall not want their reward

when Christ asks them what they have done for Him in that day, and makes a reckoning with His servants. It seems almost a truism to repeat that we live in an age in which every industrial and every material improvement has been developed far beyond the furthest conception possible a few years back. The progress of the arts and sciences we may look upon, if with hope and gratitude, yet also as a fearful and wonderful scene, which is hurrying past us ere we are able to catch its full meaning, and may separate another generation yet more widely in thought and feeling from ourselves, than we are separated from the generations which have preceded us. But, however little we are able from knowledge or experience to appreciate what is passing before our eyes, one thing seems clear, that these are as a long lever, through which we must move the world, against which we can do nothing. These go steadily on their way, whatever may be the controversies which agitate a portion of mankind. For nine-tenths of the education of the poor is not obtained at the church or at the school, nor under the influence of the public press or of the literature of the day (sometimes so much dreaded), but is indeed the mere result of their occupations.

He who has found the way to connect these occupations with their moral and religious life, to add to industry temperance, to temperance purity, to purity brotherly love and kindness to one another; who has

made those under him comprehend the length and breadth of the love of Christ towards men by the love that he himself shows them: such an one in his own sphere has solved the great problem of our social life, and linked together in one earth and heaven.

II. CHURCH PARTIES[1].

NOW THIS I SAY, THAT EVERY ONE OF YOU SAITH, I AM OF PAUL; AND I OF APOLLOS; AND I OF CEPHAS; AND I OF CHRIST. IS CHRIST DIVIDED? WAS PAUL CRUCIFIED FOR YOU? OR WERE YE BAPTIZED IN THE NAME OF PAUL?

1 CORINTHIANS i. 12, 13.

THIS is a picture of the disorder which prevailed among the early Christians at a time when the Apostles were nearly all alive, and when the Church was separated only by a generation from the teaching of Christ Himself. In one small community, perhaps containing only a few hundred, possibly a few thousand believers, there had already sprung up three or four sects or parties. First there were the adherents of Paul himself, whose teaching may be summed up in a verse or two taken from his own writings: 'In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature—but faith working by love—but Christ all and in all.' 'For he is not a Jew who is one out-

[1] Westminster Abbey, June 19, 1870.

wardly, but he is a Jew who is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart.' Or again, 'We are justified by faith without the deeds of the law.' Or, as he says in another place, 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, but ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' It must have been small consolation to the Apostle to find that these noble lessons were converted into a sort of sectarianism which was attached to the name of St. Paul. Then there was the party of Apollos, who is described in the Acts of the Apostles as an eloquent man and learned in the Scriptures; he was a Jew of Alexandria, who at first preached only the baptism of John, but afterwards, when he had been instructed by Aquila and Priscilla, became the coadjutor of the Apostle, and of whom he says in this Epistle, 'Paul may plant, Apollos may water.' Yet between these two friends the Corinthian Christians seemed to have made a kind of split, or difference. Far more important is the distinction indicated by the name of Cephas, or Peter, which is the greater distinction between Jew and Gentile, between circumcision and uncircumcision, between the Christian who became a Jewish proselyte and the Christian who was without the law—a difference which agitated all the Churches, and extended in some degree to the Apostles themselves (as we gather from the second chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians), and was the chief source of that opposition which St. Paul everywhere ex-

perienced, of that want of support from 'those who seemed to be pillars'; of that 'turning away of all Asia' which he so pathetically describes in his later Epistles, and which seems rather to have increased than diminished towards the close of his life.

Still there remains a fourth party, which is spoken of in this text as the party of Christ. Reading the two Epistles to the Corinthians carefully, we shall remark that this is not merely a general description of other believers, but has a precise reference to an actual party who set up Christ against Paul and Cephas, and not only against Jewish or Gentile errors. The same persons seem to be indicated of whom the Apostle complains in the second Epistle (x. 7) when he says, 'If any man trust to himself that he is Christ's, let him of himself think this again, that, as he is Christ's, even so are we Christ's.' Nor is there any difficulty in imagining that in the early as in later ages of the Church, there may have been those who clung to Christ in some narrow, extreme, pedantic, technical sense very unlike that word of the Apostle: 'Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' At this distance of time, when a veil covers the history of the early Church, and considering that the answer to this question is to be gathered from allusions only, we cannot certainly determine who were the party of Christ. The most probable explanation is that they were the followers of the brethren of Christ, and especially of James, the Lord's brother, whom

after-ages have called the first Bishop of Jerusalem. They may have said: 'We too are the disciples of Christ, and now that He is taken from us we acknowledge His brethren as His true and legitimate successors—not St. Paul, for he never saw Him except in a vision. To their authority we submit, and after their manner we live in all that concerns the law of Moses.' Such may have been the spirit of those who called themselves by the name of Christ and yet opposed the authority of St. Paul; and who, though numbered in the Christian community, still retained the character and tenets of a Jewish ascetic sect.

The controversies between these three or four parties seem to have been carried on with extraordinary bitterness and heat. To say the truth, they were conducted much like the controversies of our own and of other times, with a tolerably free use of the weapons of personal slander and detraction. Some factious, pretentious persons, such as there are in every society, drew up a sort of indictment against the Apostle: what business had he to be receiving pay? (but he had not done so, as he passionately replied); what right had he to lead about a woman who was a sister? (a slight hint of his manner of life, upon which the imagination of the second century built up the romance of Paul and Thekla). And at the very time these censorious accusations were being made there were immoralities (not even named among the Gentiles) which were almost permitted among

them, wild errors and excesses both of teaching and practice, strange religious illusions which had crept into the Church, and which the Apostle (not indifferent to these charges against himself, but far more sensitive to the miserable falling away of his converts) is vainly endeavouring, by commands and entreaties, to restrain.

But some one will ask: how did these divisions arise at a time when the Apostles were still alive, and many of the elder disciples must have remembered the person and teaching of Christ Himself? Well, because human nature then was like human nature now, and the minds of men varied according to their national character and education. And, 'no one,' as I may add in the words of the Gospel, 'no one drinking old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith "the old is better."' When a man had been all his life a Jew, and his father before him, and had never eaten anything common or unclean, and had lived in all the traditions of the law, he could not easily lay aside that which grew to him and was a part of him, any more than an Oriental by changing his dress could at once become a European. And the feeling, the scruple, the irrational instinct would always be liable to return, as was the case with the Apostle St. Peter at Antioch, when he fell under the influence of 'certain who came from James.' The doctrine of St. Paul fell strangely upon Jewish ears. If a preacher were to come among us saying that there is no difference between Churchmen and

Dissenters, but that our Lord is gracious to all them that call upon Him, are we certain that he would be favourably received? Would all of us be willing to acknowledge that the teachers or disciples of other Christian communions are our brethren in Christ? We can appreciate then, from our own experience, the kind of difficulties which the Apostle would encounter in the early Church. The arguments which would be used are not unknown among ourselves; they are common to all ages. The danger of novelty, the disregard of authority and tradition, the dishonour to the institutions of Moses and to the letter of Scripture, the change of his own opinions—these would be the sort of charges brought against him by those who had neither the heart nor the head to conceive that 'increasing purpose which through the ages ran.'

The divisions of the Corinthian and Galatian Churches, though they have had important consequences to the Christian faith, yet, considered with reference to their mere extent, might be compared to the disputes of some small Christian sect in our own day, and could hardly even have reached the ears of a Roman governor—of Gallio, or Festus, or Felix. They belong to the beginnings of the Christian Church, when the mustard seed had not yet grown into a tree, nor the kings of the earth taken shelter under its branches.

I am now going to speak of other divisions which

are the divisions of the Christian world itself—not those temporary parties which have their well-known names, but rather the deeper and broader distinctions which are not wholly unconnected with them; and which run up into history and past ages, and will continue to exist in the remote future as far as the eye can see. For in religion as in other respects we are what we are, not only through our individual efforts, but also as the result of ages which have preceded us. And to see whither the ship is going is necessary even to safety; no one can view things in their true proportions who does not read his own life in the light of history and of the world. And he who takes this wider view may have a larger charity and (shall I say?) a diviner knowledge—more like that of God Himself, who is very far from judging His creatures according to their own irrational judgments of one another, or dividing them into the sects or classes in which they distribute themselves on earth.

There seem to have been in the Christian Church, almost from the beginning, three powers working, three spirits 'moving upon the face of the waters,' three types of feeling and action; all of which are in some degree reflected in the communion to which we belong, and may be traced in the characters of individuals at the present day. And first I will endeavour to describe these three spirits, as they may be termed, according to their original idea and

intention; and secondly in their perversion: and then I shall offer some tests by which they must be tried, and by which all religion must be tried, and our own lives also. And lastly I will inquire how far there may be a spirit which recognizes them and yet rises above them, and which remains unshaken amid the diversities and movements of religious opinion, as well as among the other conditions and crises of human life.

First, there are those whose eye is fixed upon the past, and who look backwards to the Church of the Fathers, or of the Middle Ages, and seem to find in the order of a visible hierarchy and in the sacraments the golden links of a chain extending from the beginning until now. They do not like to venture on the path of new knowledge; rather they appear to have a system of religious truth which is enough for them. The memories of holy men of old, the glories of art and of religious ceremonial, the association of men and women in religious orders—these are regarded by them as the natural means and instruments of religious life, and of the reformation of mankind. They do not set up their own judgment against that of Apostles or Saints or Fathers, such as were St. Augustine or St. Athanasius in the Nicene Church, or in later ages St. Anselm or St. Bernard: the very law of their being is obedience to authority. This is the spirit of antiquity, of Catholicity, of organization, of union, which would

fain bring all men into a single fold of Christ; and if such a spirit be really fulfilled with the love of man, it may shed a light on some dark places still (as in former ages it contributed to the civilization of Europe), doing the works of a divine charity in the lanes and alleys of our towns, bearing the image of Christ in an altered world until His coming again. For I think we can hardly say that the same expression of religion is suited to all ages, and to all countries, and to all ranks in society. In the multitude of human characters there will always be some anachronisms, survivals of the past, aspirers after the future, who do not really belong to the age in which their lot is cast. The hope of persons who are animated by this feeling is that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the ground which has been lost may still be regained. The prayer and aspiration of their lives might perhaps be summed up in words such as these: 'the Catholic Church, one and continuous throughout the world and in all ages.'

Secondly, there are those who have found a nearer way to God, not through the priesthood, or the sacraments, or any ordinance of the Church, but in the immediate approach to God through Christ. They have been impatient of any person or rite or institution coming between themselves and God; these all seemed to obscure rather than to reveal Him. They go at once to Scripture—the intermediate history of Christianity is almost a blank to them. The

glories of art, the memories of antiquity, are scarcely admitted by them into the service of God 'who dwelleth not in temples made with hands.' They, too, have great names to whom they appeal—the Fathers, not of the Catholic, but of the Reformed Church; such as Martin Luther, that great man to whom the world owes so much, and whose life, directly or indirectly, has affected the mind of every one here present; such as were in later years Leighton, Baxter, Bunyan, and Wesley; and almost in our own time Richard Cecil, Henry Martyn, and John Newton—names affectionately regarded in the last generation and not altogether forgotten in this. To this section of the Christian world there is reason to attribute the improvement of morals and manners which appears to have taken place in this country during the first thirty years of this century. And many of us may remember with gratitude that to good and simple-minded persons of this school of opinion we owe our earliest religious impressions. And many good causes have been fought by them in times past: such, for example, as the reformation of prisons, the abolition of slavery and the slave trade, or the protection of children in factories. And many an one in pious stillness and humility has led a life of absolute self-devotion, of heavenly resignation, sustained on what appear to some of us to be exaggerated and narrow views of religion. For they have found or seemed to find

religious truth isolated, separated from the experience of life and the increase of human knowledge: a condition not without danger to themselves and their children, when they came into collision with the facts of human nature or the realities of science. And if we were to describe this division of the Christian world in our own or other ages, perhaps a motto might be found for them in that famous expression 'the Bible the religion of Protestants'; or the inner life of the Reformed Churches might be better described in the words of the Apostle: 'By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.'

Thirdly, there is the spirit of knowledge, which has arisen later in the Christian world than the two others, and is sometimes thought to be at variance with them. This is the spirit which would pursue truth as a duty, in the faith that no inquiry either into the origin of man, or his duration upon the earth, nor into the facts of Scripture history, or any other investigation which relates to us as mortal or immortal beings, can ever be displeasing to the God of Truth. They do not seek to defend this or that belief which has been handed down from past ages; if they are true to themselves they are not a party, and have no party interests; they would test all religious beliefs by the principles of morality, and read all controversies in the light of history. Among the clergy their number is inconsiderable, but the

majority of the educated laity are on their side. They, too, find a support in appealing to the great names of the world, the great thinkers and teachers of mankind—such as were some of the Gentile philosophers, or again our own countrymen, Bacon, Newton, or Locke, whom they feel to be the instruments of God in the enlargement of the powers of the human mind, and more comprehensive teachers of the ways of God to man than mere doctrinal theologians. And if we were to sum up their hopes and aspirations in a very few words, perhaps such a motto as the following might describe them: 'The truth, one and indivisible, in religion, in philosophy, in history and in nature'; or we may select a motto for them from Scripture: 'The truth shall make you free.'

And each of these spirits might be traced in their perversion as well as in their ideal. You might show how the first of them, from being a principle of order and civilization in the world, had become an element of disorder only, overliving itself and degenerating into tyranny; or again at a later period vainly seeking to recover a lost supremacy in this and in other countries. Or you might note how the second of them had grown narrower as time went on, having less hold on the heart of man and more of formalism and worldliness, putting the word or formula about Christ in the place of the life of Christ in the soul. Or you might remark how the third of them had become shallow and meagre,

pursuing one branch of knowledge to the exclusion of others, seeming even to enslave the higher nature of man to the lower, forgetting the needs of the many for the few, and in the love of truth losing sight of goodness. And it might be further shown of all these parties how at times in the history of the world the light of Christ and the truth had been quenched by them in blood—how the corruption of the best had been the worst, and yet how even in corruption good and evil, error and truth, had been strangely blended with one another. But instead of pursuing this further, I will rather endeavour to propose two or three tests by which all parties and all Churches must be tried at the bar of history, and at the judgment-seat of God; and by which we must try ourselves and our own actions if they are to abide in that day.

First there is the effect on morality and on social life. Are the clergy of a Church teaching very plain and simple truths: 'fear the Lord and depart from evil'; 'a false balance is an abomination to the Lord'? Or are they immersed in disputes of party, which never can and never will do anybody any good? Are their sermons those of the schools only, artificially put together, or do they speak to men heart to heart about their common duties? Do the lay members of a Church feel that the chief part of religion must be seen in their daily lives, in their integrity in business, in the care of their family and

household, in their sense of justice, in their regard for truth, in the fulfilment of their duty towards their neighbour? These are questions so simple that they are hardly to be asked, and yet extending to the whole life of a good and Christian man. Again, is there a manly tone in religion, which clearly discerns the limits of right and wrong, and though falling into sin, can never be made to think lightly of sin: or is religion a matter of personal influences, and impressions and sentimentalities; a high rule of life, or only a sort of comfort and anodyne in death; a healing of sorrow and trouble, or a conforming to the law of God?

Secondly, there is another simple test of the true life both of individuals and Churches: 'What are we doing for others?' 'What efforts are being made by us for the good of mankind?' In this great progress of civilization, in this corresponding want and misery of large masses of mankind (when the need perhaps is greater than ever before, and the means of help are also greater), are we fulfilling our part, uniting in common efforts to help those who cannot help themselves, to raise the degraded and outcast portion of the population; or are we hindered by our prejudices and divisions in such public and Christian objects as the education of the poor? Do we regard the persons with whom we act, rather than the work to be done? Can we be said to have Christian fellowship with one another at all, if we cannot combine in the performance

of some great and obvious duty? This is the real folly and guilt of schism—when co-operation in good works is made impossible. Do we ever think of the blessedness of living solely for others? What a power of good is there in this, what freedom and rest to ourselves! Do we look upon our property only as a trust, of which we are the stewards, and of which God has given us the use for the sake of our fellow-creatures? The remark is a true one, that this age in which we live, and which, in toleration, in humanity, in enlightenment, is so far in advance of former ages, yet seems greatly to fall short of them in the power of self-sacrifice. Persons have so many excuses to make; they have such a want of originality in devising means to ends; they are so afraid of doing more harm than good, as if there were not a way of doing good which could never do any harm! And these are the sort of questions we must ask of ourselves if we mean to get out of the conventionalities of religion and live as in the sight of God. And this is the sort of spirit in which a Church must work and teach, the spirit of comprehension, not of exclusion; the spirit of disinterestedness, not of ambition; if it would bear the image of Christ.

Thirdly, I will propose one more test of individuals and Churches—the simplest of all religious truths, in which the error is liable to be the greater, and which may be said to be the great article of a standing or falling Church: 'What do we think of the nature of

God?' For indeed Christianity would have utterly failed of its purpose if it has not revealed Him to us as a God of justice and truth, who cannot suffer any one to be tempted beyond what he is able to endure, and will not punish any one more than he deserves; who cannot see us other than we truly are, or permit us to suffer for what we never did; a God in whom there is no shadow of fiction, no human likes or dislikes, who as far as we can think of Him at all is to be thought of by us as a Moral Being who is one and the same to all His creatures, the most just Judge, the most loving Father, the God of Truth. But men through their fears and vain reasonings have been always tending to lose and pervert this image; they have not regarded the lessons which experience taught them about God; they have hidden from themselves and others the likeness which He has given of Himself in their own heart and conscience; the beggarly elements of Jewish and Gentile religions have come back upon them: they have perplexed themselves about

> 'Fate, predestination, and free will,
> And found no end in wand'ring mazes lost.'

Instead of getting nearer to God they have got farther from Him; instead of recognizing Him as the God in whom they live and move, they have placed Him, if I may use such an expression, at the end of a theological treatise.

When a man's mind is full of the simple truths of

Christianity and of the simple duties of the Christian life, he will not be much affected by the strife of parties or the controversies of the hour. He knows that such controversies have always gone on from the days of St. Paul until now, and that they will be still going on in the next generation, when we are removed from the scene. He is amazed at their pertinacity and sometimes at their unmeaningness, but they do not take any hold on his mind or fill him with alarms about the future of religion. For he is seeking to lay a foundation of another sort; to bring men together, not to divide them; to show them their misunderstandings, to be able to say to them amid all their dissensions: 'Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' And his anxieties are not about the definition of some doctrine, but about his own life: 'Is he becoming better? Is he doing enough for his fellow-creatures? Is he making this life a preparation for another?' When he hears of great religious movements he will be prone to ask: 'What practical good will result from them?' and will be eager to turn them to the improvement of mankind before the blighting influence of party has taken possession of them. Perhaps he may sometimes have to stand out of the way, 'under the shelter of a wall,' until the storm has passed over. But as he finds that his inward peace is unshaken, so too he will find that the world is not so intolerant as it is said to be, and that with a little prudence he may possess his soul in peace.

There are many things which appear differently to us as we advance in years. The eye of the mind, like the bodily eye, seems to take in a wider range, though with a less keen power of vision. And I think we can imagine a good man whose active work has fallen within the last half century, who has borne a part in the religious questions of the day, after the manner of Richard Baxter in his review of his own life: we can imagine such a person as I have described living in our own day, who has attained old age, making reflections something like the following: 'I meant well, but I helped to delay the education of the poor for fifteen or twenty years; or, I carried that vote of censure a generation ago on one who has now departed, whither I too soon must go; but I never read a page of his writings, and I am not certain that I understood either his meaning, or my own. Or, there was that measure of relief to my fellow-subjects, in the justice and policy of which the greater part of the world seem now to have acquiesced,—therefore I suppose that they are right; which at the time I thought a dishonour to God, and an insult to His Church. Or again, there is my old adversary, the Bishop of——, gone, with whom I had the controversy in the year 1834. May he and I meet in heaven! But then what were we disputing about? I can remember the time when I used to think that some matter of ecclesiastical order, or some slight alteration in the marriage law, was of more

importance than the salvation of nations and of armies. How could I have been absorbed in such fancies?'

And as age has the privilege of garrulity, we may listen to our friend for a few minutes longer, while he makes some other reflections on his own life and times: 'I observe,' he says, 'new churches rising everywhere; the services of the Church are more carefully performed than when I was young; the poor are better attended to in the House of God. All this is well: but in order to measure the level of Christian life I must apply other tests than these. Is there more of the spirit of Christ among us; more charity and liberty; less of division; a higher tone in society; more light in the poor man's home? Sixty years ago there was no trace of the great ecclesiastical movement which seems to fill the minds of many, and to overspread the land. But that may melt away, like other ecclesiastical movements, as rapidly as it has arisen. All such movements tend to provoke a reaction; and in that which appears to be most opposed to them, in the inquiries of physical science, in the criticism of Scripture, there may be elements of truth hitherto unknown, yet needed by a future generation. Extremes are often mere oppositions of names; even the being of God may be implied in the words that deny Him. The older I get the more inclined I am to cling to a simple faith, for I see that "all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad." And oh!

that I could persuade all men, and especially the young, of the deep seriousness of human life, of which I often think as I sit in my chair by the fireside, or in the sunshine, now that I am not able to do much, and feel that, as far as my own life is concerned, "the battle is either lost or won." I know that in another world there can be no differences of parties in a Church, no oppositions of theology and science, such as have separated us in this. But when I think of these things, I sometimes feel that if I could have my life over again I would join no party, enter into no controversy, but would seek only to awaken in members of the same Church, or in different Churches, and in all men everywhere, the love of truth for its own sake, the spirit of charity, and mutual understanding.'

These are the sort of reflections which we may suppose an aged Christian man, the sands of whose life have nearly run out, to make on the tendencies of thought during the last fifty years. They have been remarkable years in the history of the Church; and without wishing to exaggerate the importance or interest of the times in which we live, we may expect that the next fifty years will not be less eventful. What struggles, and changes of opinion, will be witnessed by many here present who will be living fifty years hence, and how they may be called upon to bear a part in them, we cannot anticipate. 'The things which are shaken will be removed, that the

things which cannot be shaken may remain.' And when new discussions arise about the Church, about the Scriptures, about the connection of religion and science—the nature of which no one can precisely foresee—these are the lessons which, amid the strife of tongues, and the storm of religious partisanship, the still small voice of Christian experience may be heard repeating to us.

I have already detained you too long, and yet I do not like to conclude without saying one word more, that word which has been in the hearts and on the tongues of most of us during the past week[1].

You know that we cannot leave the grave of a departed friend without taking a last look. And we like to think of the rays of the setting sun falling upon his resting-place. For he of whom we are thinking was the friend of mankind, the philanthropist in the true sense, the friend of youth, the friend of the poor, the enemy of every form of meanness and oppression. I am not going to attempt to draw a portrait of him. Men of genius are in many ways different from what we suppose them to be; they have greater pleasures and greater pains, greater affections and greater temptations, than the generality of mankind, and they can never be altogether understood by their fellow-men. We do not wish to

[1] Charles Dickens, died June 9, 1870, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, June 14.

intrude upon them or analyze their lives and characters; they are extraordinary persons, and we cannot prescribe to them what they should be. But we feel that a light has gone out—the world is darker to us when they depart. There are so very few of them that we cannot afford to lose them one by one, and look vainly round for others who may supply their places. And he whose loss we now mourn occupied a greater space than any other writer in the minds of Englishmen during the last thirty-five years. We read him, talked about him, acted him; we laughed with him, we were roused by him to a consciousness of the misery of others, and to a pathetic interest in human life. The workhouse child, the cripple, the half-clothed and half-starved inhabitant of a debtor's prison, found a way to his heart; and through the creations of his genius touch our hearts also. Works of fiction would be intolerable if they attempted, like sermons, directly to instruct us, but indirectly they are great instructors of the world; and we can hardly calculate the debt of gratitude which is due to a writer who has led us through our better feelings to sympathize with the good, the true, the sincere, the honest English character of ordinary life; and he has done us no harm in laughing at the egotism, the hypocrisy, the false respectability of religious professors and others. To another great humourist, who lies in this church, the words have been applied, that 'the gaiety of nations has been eclipsed by his death.' But of

him who has been recently taken I would rather say in humble language that no one was ever so much beloved or so much mourned. There is no house in which books are read which did not receive a shock when it became known ten days ago that he, over whose pages we had pored with such thrilling interest, was no longer amongst us. Men seemed to have lost, not a great writer only, but one whom they had personally known; who was the friend of them and of their families.

And so we bid him 'farewell' once more, and return to our daily occupations. He has passed into the state of being in which, we may believe, human souls are drawn to one another by nearer ties, and the envious lines of demarcation which separate them here are broken down. And, if we could conceive that other world, we might perhaps imagine him still at home, rejoicing to have a place at that banquet to which the poor and the friendless, the halt and the lame, are specially invited. 'The small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master'; 'there the prisoners rest together, they hear not the voice of the oppressor'; 'there the weary are at rest.'

III. THE CHURCH: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE[1].

JERUSALEM WHICH NOW IS, IS IN BONDAGE WITH HER CHILDREN. BUT JERUSALEM WHICH IS ABOVE IS FREE, WHICH IS THE MOTHER OF US ALL.

GALATIANS iv. 25, 26.

THE Church has been often regarded by theologians under two forms or aspects, the visible Church and the invisible. The first is the outward embodiment of the Christian society; and is expressed first of all in the material building of wood and stone, like this fairest of churches in which we are assembled; like other great edifices of the middle ages which some of us contemplate with such intense delight, the cathedrals of Lincoln, York, Canterbury, Salisbury, Durham, Wells, in our land; the still grander and larger structures of Cologne, Milan, or of St. Peter's, in foreign countries. We delight to look upon their fair proportions (their beauty based upon utility, as some tell us, yet also containing a principle higher far), their architecture melting into sculpture, their stained windows, their spires pointing to heaven. And sometimes

[1] Preached at Westminster Abbey, July, 1883.

we may also see the pavement from end to end of the vast building thronged with a sea of worshippers. Have we not here the nearest approach that we can make in any earthly expression or image to that great multitude whom no man can number, out of every people and nation and language, who are singing the praises of God and of the Lamb?

But there is also another and a higher aspect, of a different kind, under which the visible Church of Christ may be regarded, viz., the historical. Besides the mere continuance of wood and stone, which is so affecting to us and calls up so many associations, there is the far greater antiquity of the priesthood and the congregation. You may read in any almanack that the present Bishop of London is the 106th in succession, the present Archbishop of Canterbury the 93rd in succession from the first bishop and archbishop who respectively held those offices. Consider what is implied in this simple fact. During more than twelve centuries, through all the changes by which the inhabitants of this country have passed from barbarism to civilization, from the days when Saxons or Normans nailed the skins of the Danes to the doors of churches, and blood mingled with the sacrifices of the altar, down to our own peaceful and undisturbed times, in which we and our children walk about anywhere without the least thought of harm or danger; through civil wars and ecclesiastical reformations; through ages in which the very idea of Chris-

tianity seemed to be lost in the troubles and evils of the world, and then again began to be quickened and revived: still the uninterrupted succession of ministers animated by a common spirit, and the continual worship of Christians (though not always in the same form), has been maintained from the seventh or eighth century A.D., down to this day on which we are assembled to worship God in this place. Generation after generation have gone to their rest, but the Church which was their mother remains: under the shadow of her walls they repose while the world lasts, —that is, while existing forms of human society continue. This is the visible Church of England, in which most of us have grown up: the historical Church containing so many memories of the past, the greater memories of events which have affected the nation; the lesser memories of family life, of kings and queens who are interred within these walls; of the 'dear child' taken to her rest two hundred years ago, and whose name alone is preserved in the cloisters: the Church which, whether established or disestablished, seems destined to survive any other English institution and to remain in any vision of the future to which the eye of man can reach. The fact and the idea of such an institution has worked powerfully on the minds of the English people for good, and in some respects for evil. For in thinking of our own Church we are apt to forget that those who are without it are equally with ourselves the sons of

God and the followers of Christ; and in contemplating the beauty of the outward fabric and the splendour of its ceremonial we may lose sight of that other temple, the house not made with hands. 'Solomon built Him an house; howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands: as saith the prophet, "Heaven is My throne, and earth is My footstool."' And in this church it is not the grace and dignity of the architecture, however attractive and impressive they may be to us, which God looks upon, but the lowly spirit of some one, perhaps a poor person, who has learned to receive the kingdom of God in lowliness and simplicity.

Yet higher and more ideal than any outward and visible Church is the invisible, of which our conception is greater and vaster, and also more vacant and shadowy and mysterious. It is described in the words of the Bidding Prayer as 'the congregation of faithful ones throughout the world.' But who they are no eye of man can discern; for the wheat grows together with the tares in this world, and many are called but few are chosen, and many are hearers not doers of the word, and the first shall be last and the last first; and there are other sheep that are not of this fold; and there are those who have not seen and yet have believed; and the hour cometh when neither in Jerusalem nor yet on Mount Gerizim shall men worship the Father. And, as there are in any Christian Church or country a certain number of true Christians,

so, on the other hand, in distant lands there are those to whom Christ in His individual Person has never been revealed, who yet have had the temper of Christ, and in a way of their own have followed Him. And in this invisible Church we include all those who in former ages, as well as in other countries, have lived for others and not for themselves. This great fellowship, this communion of souls and of good men everywhere, who, if they could have known, would have recognized one another as the great family of the sons of God, is called the invisible Church. It binds together the present with the past, it is the true though hidden source of progress, it links us with the world to come. We rejoice in the thought of it, and are comforted and strengthened by the reflection that in this congregation, and to the furthest limits of the world, in the old times as well as in our own, there are those who stand in the same attitude towards God as we would fain hope that we ourselves do, seeking to make His will our will, and working together with Him for the good of the human race in a common hope and faith.

And sometimes men have sought to clothe the visible Church with the attributes of the invisible. They have confounded the Church of history with the Church of prophecy; as the ancient philosophers also sometimes confused the actual with the ideal state, the constitution regulated by law and custom with the more perfect conception which exists only in the

thoughts of men. The external or visible Church has been lighted up with false or imperfect lights, which fall very far short of the clearness of the sun in heaven. And there are times when the outward walls seem to fall down, and we stand under the blue sky. The confusion of what exists, and what men hope for, is not peculiar to Christianity: it is natural to the human mind. So Plato, after having constructed a perfect state in the Republic, seems at last to lose faith in his own creation, and finally admits that such a state cannot be realized among men, but only in heaven and in the human soul. Hear his words: '"Then if that be his motive, he will not be a politician." "By the dog of Egypt he will, in the city which is his own, though in the land of his birth perhaps not, unless by some providential accident." "I understand; you mean in that city of which we are the founders, and which exists in idea only, for I do not believe that there is such an one anywhere on earth." "In heaven, I replied, there is laid up a pattern of it, methinks, which he who desires may behold, and beholding may set his own house in order. But whether such an one exists or ever will exist in fact is no matter, for he will live after the manner of that city, having nothing to do with any other."' [*Republic*, end of B. ix.]

So the invisible Church has ever blended in men's thoughts with the visible, and sometimes they have transferred to the outward institutions the glories of

the heavenly, which the prophets saw in a vision only. For example, the words: 'Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers,' have been quoted as a proof that the Church was to be set in authority over the State, and that the noblest function of princes was to minister to its earthly greatness. They have converted the cross of Christ into the symbol of a great ecclesiastical dominion. The poverty which had not where to lay its head, has become the inmate of a glorious palace; and true light reflected from the characters of great men has also shone upon it. On the other hand there have been times in the history of the world when men have sought to confine the Church to the true believers only: they have framed strict rules of discipline by which they have sought to get rid of heretics and unbelievers; but they have ended, not in purifying the Church, but in dividing it. For ever and anon, within the narrowed circle, human nature has begun to reappear—the same sins, the same errors and a still greater hostility to the world. 'See how these Christians love one another,' has been turned into 'See how these Christians hate one another. Such a principle has been the source of great wars like those which were caused by the schism of Donatus in the fourth century; or, like the rigid Calvinism of the Covenanters and Cameronians, has set a false stamp and impress on Christian life. And often the powers of this world have had to preserve

the peace between contending parties in the Church, and with stern hand to repress the violence and extravagances of Christians towards one another.

I propose to speak to you in this sermon of the Church of Christ; having especial reference to the Church of England, which is established in this country: under three forms—the Church of the past, the Church of the present, and the Church of the future.

If we look back over eighteen centuries to the Church which we believe to have been founded by Christ and His Apostles, we are apt to think that it had one faith and one Lord, that it was governed by a regular order of ministers, that the individual disciples were subject to a godly and primitive discipline, that it was almost free from the taint of earthly imperfection, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. The recollection of Christ in the minds of the Apostles, the sight of St. Paul, might be supposed to have produced an everlasting impression on the hearts of believers; and we say to ourselves, had we seen the Lord or heard the burning words of St. Paul, how easy to have believed. But if we scan closely the most authentic records of the Apostolic Church—that is to say, the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians—a very different picture is presented to us. There is the same, or even greater laxity of morals; the same or even greater dissensions of opinion; an irregularity of practice, greater far; and no trace of a regularly ordained ministry.

In the Corinthian Church there was one who had committed fornication not even heard of among the Gentiles; there were some who said that the resurrection had passed already; at the Communion of the Lord's Supper one was hungry and another was drunken: of what existing Christian Church would this be a true representation? Yet it is the picture given us in the New Testament of the primitive Church. Nor can we wonder that, in the confluence of east and west, of Judaism and heathenism, when every strange opinion was combined with a strange asceticism or self-indulgence, great virtues and great vices should have started into life together; and that this compound of good and evil should have been tolerated, or not at once excommunicated, by the Christian Church. Gradually Christians acquired a stricter rule of morality and a regular form of government. Even in the third and fourth centuries the language in which Tertullian and Augustine speak of the corruption, not of the world, but of the Church, could not without great exaggeration be applied to our own times. We sometimes argue that the world has grown better and happier in the course of centuries; but few would be inclined, on first thoughts, to admit the same of the Church. The temper of mankind tends rather in religion to regard what is old as the better; and this is probably true of the lives of some men to which we can show nothing comparable: but, it is not equally true of bodies of men. No modern

Synod—neither the Council of Trent, nor the more recent Vatican Council—exhibited such a fanatical hatred and indecorous tumult as the Councils of Nicaea or of Ephesus. And the Church of England, whatever may be her faults during the last century, will indeed bear a favourable comparison with the Papacy in the century before the Reformation, or the Church of Constantinople in the age of Justician.

The truth is that men are apt to look (1) in edifices of wood and stone, (2) in great and ancient institutions, for that perfection which, if it can be found at all on earth, is to be sought in the lives of individuals. The true temple of God is the heart of man, and there the image of Christ may be renewed again and again, and effaced again and again. Neither is there any limit to the perfection which is attainable by any one of us, for Christ says: 'Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' But there is a limit to the perfection of outward institutions. These seem to be at their best when the goodness or genius of some one or two men has inspired them: the monastic orders, when reformed by such a man as St. Bernard; the mediaeval Church, when governed by such great prelates as Anselm or Grosteste. All institutions flourish when they are ordered by men who have great aims, who understand their true character; and know how to derive a strength from them, and to impart a strength of their own to them. They are not mere abstractions, but com-

munities of living beings; and a common spirit or soul animates them. And sometimes they fall into corruption and decay; their schools and churches are unroofed, their very stones are carted away, and there is nothing to indicate the place where they once stood. And sometimes they remain vacant, tenantless, to another generation; unmeaning, but waiting for some one to take possession of them. The building which once resounded with the voice of the choir may be turned to some other, secular, use, as has often been the case on the continent of Europe; or, as in our own country, a new and reformed Christianity may take up its abode in them, while we regret that so many of them have been destroyed by the zeal or by the neglect of our fathers.

And if we proceed to cast our eye on the great religious movements of the world, we shall see that they are the work, not of institutions, but of individuals. The individuals have come first, the institutions have followed. In the former has been found the element of movement, in the latter of rest and repose. Not great ecclesiastics, but rather those outside Churches, or on what may be termed the borderland of Churches—such as Wycliffe, and Savonarola, and Colet, and Erasmus; or who have broken away from churches—like Luther and Calvin, were the Fathers of the Reformation. But when they are gathered to their rest, the Church of which they were the founders or reformers still remains; the spirit in

which they lived cannot be wholly maintained by their followers; it may perhaps become corrupted. The advantage that it gains is a second and longer life; and the institution to which it gives birth is a sort of house in which another generation grows up, and is educated either to think like their fathers before them or to strike out a new path for themselves.

Time would fail me if I were to attempt to extend the lessons of ecclesiastical history: I would rather ask you to study the Church of the past for yourselves, from the remains of it which are preserved in this country, the very stones of this and of other churches; the names of places so full of significance to the historical student, and often the only memorial of a world which has disappeared; the records of parishes in this city; and all that the ecclesiastical historian teaches us about great institutions like the monasteries which have passed away; about burning and raging controversies which have long ceased to have any meaning; about critical periods at which strange and almost incredible changes of opinion spread over the whole nation at once. And let us remember of ecclesiastical, and of all history, that the actors on the scene were men like ourselves, and much more like ourselves in the inner nature and character than in their outward circumstances.

But I must not linger any longer about the Church of the past. The Church of the present is nearer home, and is far more closely intertwined with our

lives; and by the Church of the present I mean chiefly the Church of England. We know that we are not to expect perfection in outward institutions, though sometimes, like the memory of the dead, they may be idealized in after ages. The value of institutions (supposing that they are not positively hurtful) is rather to be judged by their permanence than by their usefulness at any particular time. What Church or constitution has lasted longest, is a very fair test of political or ecclesiastical greatness.

In this age all such institutions are destined to be criticized. There was a time when it would have seemed irreverent to pass a judgment on the Church, which is our mother, any more than upon the character of a parent; no praises or laudation would have seemed excessive, even of abuses. But human institutions are made of human beings, and human beings need to be reminded of their defects in their corporate as well as in their individual capacity. Those who have sometimes been considered the greatest enemies of the Church, such as Voltaire or Diderot, may from another point of view be regarded rather as her benefactors. For, to Churches as well as to individuals, it would have been the greatest of misfortunes that they should never have been rebuked for their crimes, that they should be wholly above public opinion, that they should never have heard the voice of common sense and of the world recalling them from their extravagances, or denouncing their

cruelties. It is an observation frequently made that a knowledge of the weaknesses of others does not interfere with a genuine admiration and affection for them. And so it may be with Churches. A keen perception of their defects is by no means irreconcileable with a deep gratitude for the blessings which they have conferred upon us.

And first let me speak of the external aspect of the Church of England in town and country.

Shall we imagine ourselves ascending in thought to the top of some hills: the hills near London, the Surrey or Berkshire hills, or any other pleasant eminence with which we are familiar, and survey the wide prospect which lies beneath? On every side, at two or three miles' distance from one another, we see churches standing out in the plain or peeping through the trees; some newly built of white stone, others weather-beaten by the storms of ages; some of which—perhaps the greater number—may date back to the twelfth century or even earlier, others in the latest style of revived Gothic architecture. Around them the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,' their names almost lost in the grass of the churchyard, and preserved for about a century, rarely for more. Near to the church is the house of the clergyman, generally small and unpretending, yet bearing even in its outward aspect the stamp of some refinement and education. If we enter the church we find in most parts of the country that it has been

newly restored; it looks like a building which some persons loved, and in which they took a pride. The excrescences which have been added during the last three centuries are removed; the stained windows are beginning to reappear; the invidious distinctions of pews no longer mar the symmetry of the building, or interfere with the amity of the congregation. When we have looked around us, and have seen the inside as well as the outside of some of the churches which lie in the surrounding country, let us remember that there is nothing like this to be seen except in a Christian land, and nothing in every respect comparable except in England.

Or let us go into the monotonous and dingy streets of one of our great manufacturing towns, in which the rows of factory buildings and their chimneys tower above the lowly dwellings of the working-man. In those hives of industry there is not much upon which the eye can rest with pleasure. They cannot be described as 'fair places which are the joy of the whole earth'; they are full of noise and smoke and steam. Yet in the midst of them the old abbey, or the parish church, or the newly-built spire still preserves the recollection of a higher interest. They are probably the objects to which the stranger most naturally turns for relief. They seem to say that in the world of money-making there are some persons whose relation to their fellow-men is not of a purely commercial or material kind; who endure a comparatively hard

lot in life for the good of others; who are educated themselves, and devote their lives to the education of the poor and their children; who are their best friends in sorrow and suffering, and who do not forsake them in death.

The churches which we see in town or country are the symbols of that great organization which is spread throughout the country for the promotion of morality and religion. We must not expect that all its ministers will be wise, or learned, or holy: they are men like ourselves, raised somewhat above the standard of their fellows by their clerical profession. The clergyman's life is the standard and example of good manners, as well as morals, to the inhabitants of the district. More or less, as a fact, he does care for the welfare of his neighbours: the oppressed can go to him with their tale; the friendless can claim his aid, and often be set in the way of making a honest livelihood. In the country he is the poor squire or gentleman, who shows how a house may be refined without luxury; how on slender means a family may be educated and brought up (not without effort) in their own condition of life. In the town he is busily occupied fighting a battle against vice and immorality, building schools, forming societies, striving to improve the dwellings of the poor, or to erect the additional church which is so much needed; speaking to men week by week about temperance, honesty, and judgment to come.

So I have endeavoured to set before you without exaggeration the Church of England as it is. It may be said that the clergy are prejudiced; and so they are—and so are all men who are bound together by any corporate or party tie: as I said before, we must not expect to find in large bodies of men the standard of freedom or of intelligence which is attainable by a few individuals. Then again their sermons are criticized; they often seem to be too far removed from ordinary life, and to make little or no impression on the hearer. But the fault is partly in ourselves for listening to them with rebellious ears, and for expecting in the many the rare gifts which are found only in the few. Do we consider what would be the effect of having no word of moral and religious teaching over the whole country from one year to the other—especially among the poor, who are so dependent on the half-understood words of their clergyman for any spiritual or intellectual life? Again, it will be said that many clergymen are slothful and ignorant, and seekers after preferment—so are individuals in all classes. And yet admitting these and many other defects to be truly charged against the clergy of the Church of England—that is, against ourselves: without boasting and self-glorification we may be thankful to God who has preserved us this ancient house of our fathers, with all its faults the best and most tolerant of the Churches of Christendom, and the least opposed to the spirit of the age.

And now I have to speak to you of the Church of the future; not that Church which is spoken of in the Book of Revelation, coming down from heaven like a bride adorned for her husband, but a Church composed of men like ourselves, yet in some respects different from that in which we live. The ideal which I shall suppose is not an impossibility. As there is progress in political institutions, so also there may be progress in ecclesiastical institutions. People often speak in a mysterious manner of the great changes which they expect to pass over the religious world. Is it wrong that we should seek to anticipate these in some measure from tendencies which already exist? For example, there is greater toleration than formerly towards persons outside the Church; both towards our nonconformist brethren and towards men of science. Is it impossible that toleration may extend yet further, and embrace those who are without in the arms of Christian love? The same family may live in two mansions, but the walls which separate them may be no bar to their affections; for we are not straitened by external accidents, but we are straitened in ourselves. So again, we may observe that the critical questions about the date and origin of the books of Scripture, and the truth of facts related in them, are now regarded in a very different manner from formerly. No sensible person would think nowadays of resting the evidence of Christianity on the basis of miracles; and may not this

stumbling-block, which has so long almost necessarily divided the Christian from the scientific world, in the course of another generation altogether disappear? Such a change would certainly not be greater than many other changes of opinion, which some here present have witnessed in their own lifetime. The change will not be effected by argument, but there will be a growing sense among men that neither belief in this nor unbelief availeth anything, but only a life like that of Christ. There will be an increasing conviction that nothing in the past can ever be of equal importance with the present; that no opinion about religion is to be weighed in the balance with practice; and more and more we may expect to find that religion will be indissolubly bound up with morality, and that the idea of the nature of God will become ennobled, enlarged, idealized. No doctrine which is at war with men's highest notions of justice and truth; no pagan fancies of a wild and disproportioned retribution; no imagination that God can see men other than they really are, or punish them for what they never did, will bewilder the minds of Christians. There are many great controversies, like that of predestination, which once reddened the heavens and deluged the earth with blood; but they are only extinct volcanoes. There are spectres of superstition, like the belief in witchcraft, which once universally prevailed among Christians; and within the last century or two they have flitted away to an

underground world. The daylight of the nineteenth century may so shine on the religion of Christ that every unreal word, every untrue fact, every uncharitable and immoral doctrine shall be dissociated from the words of Christ. The seeming assent to some hundred disputed propositions may no longer be required of the ministers of religion. And as men are now drawn together by a common belief in the essentials of religion, in the religion of almost all good men, in the religion of almost all men when they are approaching death—so there may also be a somewhat greater variety in outward things, suitable to different countries or classes of men, or to differences of individual character. The changes of which I have spoken may very possibly come to pass during the lifetime of some here present. The Church of England may be disencumbered of some old traditions which weigh upon her; may become wider, larger, freer, more charitable, more tolerant, more in accord with the spirit of the age: and yet the result may be altogether disappointing to those who have sought to effect it. Just as there are individuals who think fairly and truly on most subjects, who are not fanatical partisans, and have a correct insight into the world, and conduct themselves with civility and moderation, and are therefore thought to do little harm; but they do as little good, because they have no fire or energy in them, they never go out of their way to remove the misery or vice which is at their doorsteps: so it

may be with Churches. A Church which is liberal may be also indifferent; and having attained the form of truth, may have lost the power of it: and when all that I have described is accomplished, the Church which has accommodated the character of its belief to the wants of another age may still be sapless, lifeless, spiritless. It may be sunk in rationalism and indifferentism, and never lift a hand for the improvement of mankind. It will be free from many drawbacks; will it continue to have any mission or vocation? Will there be a religious revival, a greater sense of justice and truth, a greater care of the poor, a greater desire to elevate the masses corresponding to the progress of enlightenment? We can only conjecture: there seem to be signs that men are feeling more strongly than formerly the common needs of humanity, that they are more deeply sensible of their duty to one another; and from time to time they hear strange half-articulate voices speaking within them, and calling them out of the slums of vice and ignorance to acknowledge their Father and our Father, and their God and our God. The mind of the philosopher often seems to yearn for something more than he knows, and would fain receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child. Whenever there is zeal or energy for the improvement of mankind, there is an element of Christian life. Slowly these elements may again unite on the basis of a Christianity truer and deeper than that which has satisfied former ages. The

Church of the future will be what we make it: we must not theorize, we must live. In the present day we may easily desert the form of belief in which we have been brought up, but shall we have risen to anything higher? Will our characters become stronger and more harmonious? Will our lives be purer, holier, better? Shall we be more ready to bear the cross of Christ? Will the Church, to which we belong, be made by our efforts a more loving and faithful communion, more truly instinct with the spirit of Christ, more devoted to the good of men? That is a responsibility which presses on the coming generation, especially on those of us who feel that old things are passing away, and that we must help ourselves and other men to a new life.

And in seeking to build up the Church of Christ, in this as in any other age, we should remember that there are two aspects or parts of the work to which our attention should be directed: the outward and visible means, the inward and invisible spirit. On the one hand we have to organize the Church and society, in such a manner that we may be less divided and more united among ourselves; that we may minister more abundantly to the wants of our fellow-men; that the missing links between classes may be supplied, and the poorest and meanest brought into relation with the whole body, and elements of order be introduced into the chaos of our vast multitude. No rule can be laid down, as to the manner in which

any parish or district should be organized: the work which we have to do is relative to circumstances, and the mode of performing it must be gathered from experience. But we may be sure of this, that without organization, without system, without a local habitation, any Christian effort, however disinterested or noble, will soon pass away and leave no trace.

And on the other hand mere organization, the outward and visible Church or other institution, continues indeed, but has only a mechanical and unmeaning existence. It is vain to expect that men can be made better, unless we can speak to them heart to heart; giving to them higher conceptions of God and of the truth, and a deeper sense of their duties to one another. It is vain to suppose that they will listen to a religion of which any part is at variance with their own conscience, or with common sense, or with the morality of the age in which they live. They need something higher, holier, better: and this better thing for which they ask is the revelation of a divine perfection in which all the elements of earthly goodness are realized and fulfilled.

IV. WAR[1].

WHAT KING, GOING TO MAKE WAR AGAINST ANOTHER KING, SITTETH NOT DOWN FIRST, AND CONSULTETH WHETHER HE BE ABLE WITH TEN THOUSAND TO MEET HIM THAT COMETH AGAINST HIM WITH TWENTY THOUSAND? OR ELSE, WHILE THE OTHER IS YET A GREAT WAY OFF, HE SENDETH AN AMBASSAGE, AND DESIRETH CONDITIONS OF PEACE.

LUKE xiv. 31, 32.

NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

ISAIAH ii. 4.

IT has been argued by a recent writer on theology[2] that Christianity is not opposed to war, for it has sanctioned the existence of nations; and nations must fight for their rights, because there is no authority higher than their own to which their differences can be submitted. Thus war is supposed to be justified by necessity: it is a rude 'court of justice' in which the disputes of all the world are finally determined. The religion of Christ looks upon the combatants with pity and sadness, but it stands aside and does not interfere with them; for

[1] Preached at St. Lawrence, Jewry, March, 1885.

[2] See Prof. Mozley's *University Sermons*, Sermon V, on War.

Christ has said, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' Wars may arise from good or from bad motives, from a love of liberty, or from a spirit of aggression and conquest; and it should be remembered that the more unjustifiable the motives are on the one side, the more justifiable they are on the other. The two Christian nations who are using the utmost ingenuity to destroy one another are both within the pale of the Christian Church. There is not the slightest breach in the spiritual communion and fellowship whilst they are engaged in the work of mutual slaughter. When the battle is over the religion of Christ resumes its active power: for a time it has been in abeyance; but the day after the battle, when the wounded are dying on the field, when the fever breaks out in the hospital, then it shines forth with a fresh beauty and power, and men and women exert their best energies not to kill but to save. The more we think of this contrast, the stranger it will appear.

I have endeavoured to summarize the argument of the late Professor Mozley on the relations of Christianity to war. His conclusions have not met with general acceptance; they are stated in language rather too plain for the ordinary hearer (though that seems paradoxical), but they help to make us think. They are not merely the speculations of an individual; the spirit of which they are the expression has been widely diffused both in the Catholic and

Protestant world. For in all ages there seem to have been two schools of Christian teachers: the one opposing to the utmost the Church and the world; the other (like the disciples of Loyola, and the English clergy of the last century), seeking in different ways to bring them back to one another, not altogether from indifference to sin and evil, but lest in their extreme separation the very connexion between them might be lost, and the thought of religion itself banished from the hearts of all but a very few. Those who regard the relation of the world to the Church in this manner would say that, if we want to make men the disciples of Christ, we must take them as they are, and not preach an ideal which may be realized in another world, but never in this: we must not confound earth and heaven. But we, on the other hand—I mean those of us who take a simpler and plainer view of the religion of Christ—are afraid that in this, as in other matters, our principles may be brought down to our practice, instead of our practice being raised to our principles.

We admit that many evils may arise out of premature attempts to live the life of angels, forgetting that we are but men: but the ideal would be useless if it exercised no influence on our lives and actions, if it brought the world no nearer to Christ. At some time, we know not when; at some place, we know not where; in our hearts, if not in the history of nations, we believe that truth and peace will prevail.

The ultimate end is the love of God and man diffused throughout the world and in every age; and we may make some progress towards the realization of this great hope. But the end on which we fix our eyes is a long way off, and we cannot anticipate the silent influence of opinion. If a man, when a country was on the eve of a great war, attempted to prove to his fellow-citizens out of Scripture that all war was contrary to the will of God; if in a battle he rushed between the combatants with a Bible in his hands, telling them that the service of their country was a sin against God, he would be rightly deemed a traitor or a madman. As a matter of fact, there is as much of a martial as of a peaceful spirit breathed in the pages of Scripture. According to a well-known story, Ulfilas, the Apostle of the Goths, when he translated the Bible into the old German language, omitted those portions of the book which contained the wars of the Jews against the Canaanites, in the belief that they would do no good to his half-Christianized barbarians. Neither can it be denied that the Christian religion has been the cause of more wars than it has prevented; and that these wars have been of a more cruel and exterminating sort than any which are recorded in Greek or Roman history. For the corruption of the best is often the worst, and there is a compound of good and evil which is more deadly, because more lasting, than evil itself.

Still, however natural war may be to the state of man, and however little Christianity, falsely so called, may have done to mitigate or prevent it, we cannot allow that the religion of Christ or the better mind of the world are really insensible or indifferent to the guilt and misery which flow from it; but they seem powerless to arrest the evil which they condemn. The still small voice, 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' cannot be heard between the ranks of contending armies, or amid the roar of the cannon. Not then would be the time for such a word. And this war-like spirit or tendency is not to be attributed wholly to the wickedness of human nature, but also in a great measure to the force of circumstances. When Christ says to the individual, 'Peace I leave with you,' or when St. Paul says, 'Love and hate not,' there is nothing to hinder us from giving ear to their words, except what the Scripture calls the 'hardness of men's hearts.' But the collective action of mankind is not equally free. When we say to two nations, 'Lay aside antipathies of race, forget the old feud, cast out the mind diseased,' we are asking them in a moment of time to make a change which can only be accomplished, if at all, by centuries of education. The precept, 'When a man smites thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also,' is out of place in such circumstances. Other words of Scripture are more to the purpose: 'Agree with thine adversary quickly'; or the scorn which is poured upon the children of

Ephraim, 'who being harnessed and carrying bows turned themselves back in the day of battle'; or the tale of David's heroism, who, when he was athirst, poured out unto the Lord the water from the brook which his valiant followers had brought him at the risk of their lives; or the words of the text, 'What king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?' Here are lessons of valour and prudence, mottoes for diplomatists and generals, and also for nations, when, as is often the case, in ignorance of their own resources, or spurred on by a false notion of honour, they are hurried into an unequal conflict. 'For,' as the great historian tells us, 'men are persuaded to go to war in one temper of mind, and act when the time comes in another: and their resolution changes with the course of events.' And, again, 'If you begin the war in haste you will end it at your leisure, because you took up arms without sufficient preparation.' This is the voice of ancient wisdom which reaches from a thousand years to the nations of modern Europe. Even the text, which is sometimes quoted in derision, 'If thine enemy smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also,' may admit of two applications in the political world of the present. If you are in the wrong, and even if you are in the right, do not shrink from some humiliation, some sacrifice of prestige, if

a great object is to be obtained. Our first thoughts about war are generally wrong; our thoughts five years afterwards are likely to be right, because they are the result of reflection and experience. Therefore about this, as of many other political measures, let us inquire of ourselves: What shall we think a few years hence? What will be our reflections on the past, when the consequences, which are now veiled from us, have become palpable and obvious? Or, once more, 'Men fight first and negotiate afterwards.' They should negotiate first and then fight.

The question has sometimes been asked, 'Whether wars will ever cease in the world?' After a long peace men have been inclined to believe that wars would never reoccur, and that a new reign was about to be inaugurated on earth. Such I remember to have been a prevailing feeling thirty or forty years ago. Not a cloud was to be seen on the horizon; and in a few hours (as we may say in a figure) the heaven was rent with storms. Perhaps the long peace has of itself a tendency to come to an end, when men have forgotten the horrors of war, and are too apt to welcome its excitements. The hope was at that time, at any rate, premature, when there were so many evils in the world which needed to be reformed, and could only be put to rights by force; so many limbs which required resetting, such disproportion and dislocation of kingdoms. Looking at the question more generally we may note that, upon the whole,

notwithstanding some appearances to the contrary, the course of the world is towards peace rather than war. Wars of conquest, wars arising out of the ambition of princes, wars of religion, have almost or altogether disappeared. And commerce has been a great peacemaker, working through men's interests, which are apt to be more profound than their principles: for the whole commercial world is in a league against war, though the passions of men also not infrequently on a sudden impulse get the better of their interests. Neither could it be at all true to say that moral considerations are wholly left out of sight in the politics of Europe. It is an old vaunt that no one 'can preach immorality without being pelted'; and in a similar vein of reflection it may be observed that a nation cannot publicly defy justice in its dealings with another nation, but sooner or later there will be a retribution, and the world will rise up against it. On the other hand, the antipathies of nations, if they are not growing stronger, do not become manifestly weaker; and the facilities of locomotion, the ease with which men pass from one part of the world to another in our own day—from Russia to the frontiers of India, from France to Burmah or China—render the occasions of war more frequent, and the points of contact more numerous than in former ages. Nor can any one who casts his eye over the nations of Europe, who marks the jealousies and rivalries which spring up among them from day to

day, like winds blowing from all quarters of the heavens; who sees the greatest military power in the world on either side flanked by her natural antagonists; who observes the helpless condition of the smaller states of Europe lying at the mercy of their mighty neighbours; who extends his view to the places at which the east and west seem to touch: no one, who considers all these things, will feel very confident that, in spite of all the efforts of statesmen, a great European conflict will be avoided even in our own day.

Recently we have been engaged in what may be termed one of 'a great nation's little wars': and our soldiers, under another sun, shut up in a fortress, or marching through an endless desert, some of them wounded and weary, have undergone many hardships. It seems natural that we, who live in ease at home, should sometimes affectionately think of them: it does us good, while pursuing our business or amusements, in the eagerness of commerce, in the height of the season, to remember that other men are suffering for us. It softens our hearts to picture to ourselves the manner of life of our countrymen, divided from us by two thousand miles. There are few persons here present who have not some connexion, near or distant, with the expedition to the Soudan; who have not had some friend, or relation, or acquaintance, who are numbered among those noble soldiers: there are well-known faces whom we shall never see again.

And we are led by other reasons to think of war at the present moment, for, until within the last few days (if indeed the danger is now past), we seemed to be approaching nearer and nearer to a conflict greater far, of which no man could foresee either the extent or the end; and which, as some would tell us, is deferred only for a time.

Therefore, I think it may not be unsuitable for us to consider once more a question which has often been discussed: the relation of Christianity to war. What is the justification of war, and under what circumstances is it our duty to repel or even attack an enemy? Is the life of a soldier to be regarded as immoral? Have not some of the greatest of mankind been soldiers, and are theirs not virtues—virtues of the camp, which hardly find an opportunity to grow elsewhere? There is something noble, above ordinary virtue, in a man laying down his life for his country or his friends. The earthly warfare, which under some aspects is so repugnant to the teaching and spirit of Christ, yet has qualities which partake of the nature of that higher warfare which the Christian soldier carries on against the world and against himself, against the spirit of injustice and the spirit of untruth, the two great powers or kingdoms of evil by which human nature is enslaved.

We all of us deplore the horrors of war: hardly anything which can be said of them is exaggerated; we do not mean to extenuate them. The hour or two after

the battle, when the sound of the cannon is hushed, and the shades of evening descend, and the field is strewn in the stillness of the night with the dead or dying; the hospital, to which bearers are carrying those who have just escaped with life; the weeping and lamentation of the bereaved home—Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not: these are the outward signs of the misery of war. In time of peace, as was said of old, children bury their fathers, but in war fathers bury their children. The state of war has been sometimes said to be natural to man, and certainly ancient nations seem to have been more often at war than at peace. The Greeks, the Romans, the Jews, lived in an almost uninterrupted state of warfare; and probably every former condition of mankind, even the Thirty Years' War of the seventeenth century, the first fifteen years of this (not to speak of civil strife), would in this respect appear intolerable to us. In all ages and countries, almost up to our own day, such has been the history of mankind.

Upon what grounds then can war, which seems to be the greatest enemy of the human race, be defended or vindicated?

War is a terrible evil, and it is right that a sense of the miseries which it brings upon the earth should be fully acknowledged, and be constantly present to our minds. But there may be evils—such as slavery and oppression—which are greater still. Never to

resist or punish a great public wrong would reduce the world to anarchy. In this country any man of courage and spirit would rather die than submit to the yoke of the foreigner. The sword was not allowed to drop from the hands of our fathers, while all that they held most dear seemed to be at the mercy of the great conqueror who over-ran Europe; and we, who are their descendants, would no more think of admitting the invader to our shores, than of allowing the burglar or murderer to force a way into our houses. The justification is in both cases the same —the duty and necessity of self-defence.

So far the question which has been raised seems to answer itself; for no reasonable person doubts that on some occasions nations, like individuals, must defend themselves against assaults or attack. May we go a step further, and extend the term self-defence so as to include not only present but future dangers? May we go out to meet our enemy who is still far off, or must we wait until he is knocking at our gates? We must admit, I think, that distance makes no difference, and that a war in India or China may be as justifiable as the war nearer home. If we are to keep the citadel we cannot give up the outworks; if we are to defend our shores we must also secure the sea to our ships; and the greater the preparation for war, the greater also will be our chance of escaping from it. We must not make the love of peace an excuse for indolence or vacillation

of purpose, or impatience of the burden which we have to bear in order to assure to ourselves the blessings of freedom.

Let me put another class of cases. May we ever go beyond the rights or interests of our own country? May we ever be allowed to assist the weak and oppressed by going to war with the oppressors? For example, should we have been right in taking up arms to restore the fallen nationality of Italy, to enfranchise the enslaved subjects of Turkey? Or when some signal crime or wickedness is disgracing the civilized world—such as the slave trade was in the days of our forefathers—are we not justified, even at the risk of war with other nations, in interfering to prevent it? Can it be maintained that vast tracts of country are to be left to the occupation of barbarous hordes, or that the fairest regions of earth are for ever to be desolated by tyranny and oppression? Many and great are the miseries of the world; and we cannot by turning aside from them get rid of our obligations respecting them. We cannot escape war merely by abstaining from it; we cannot get rid of responsibility by doing nothing. The nations of the world are connected by many ties, and touch one another at many points: no one of them can be a hermit and dwell apart from the rest. The attempt to do so is like the attempt of an individual to retire into some desert place: still he finds the world returning upon him when he least expects it; and

in the hour of need he has no friends; having never assisted others, he cannot expect to receive assistance from them.

As there are duties which individuals of the same nation owe one another, so there are duties of a somewhat different kind which nations are called upon to fulfil towards other nations from time to time. When we can promote freedom or good government in another country, when we can prevent aggression, when we can stop by our good offices an impending struggle, then to stand aloof in a selfish regard to our own interests is neither wise nor right. We know that to confer benefits on others may sometimes involve a loss or risk to ourselves; but for nations, as for individuals, generosity is the best policy.

The greatest of all risks is for a single nation to be isolated when all the jealousies of the world are arrayed against her. And yet we must acknowledge in a parenthesis that all these fair reasons may often be made to cover the spirit of conquest and aggression.

So we seem to come to the conclusion that a war undertaken in self-defence is natural and right; and that under the rights of self-defence may be included the protection of our citizens in distant lands, and of our interests in the future as well as the present. It must be carried on with a serious mind, with a consistent purpose, and not without the hope of benefiting other nations as well as ourselves. It can only be

justified when it leaves the world better off than it found it. For many evils it provides the only remedy, and we cannot say that centuries of oppression are better than the struggle for independence. Whether, upon the whole, it may not have tended to the progress of mankind admits of an argument. A strange writer says that if a genius gave the world the choice of two hundred years of profound peace or two hundred years of constant war the world would do well to accept the latter. But such paradoxes, strong as poison and original as sin, which are striking to us in youth only, may be put out of our minds. The religion of Christ gives no sanction or encouragement to war, and the conscience of mankind acknowledges that while wars continue there is a something not altogether right in the constitution of the world. Yet under given circumstances it may be the duty of a nation to strike the blow, and the greatest safety may be in the willingness to meet the greatest danger.

Yet there are other aspects under which the relation of Christianity to war admits of being considered. The difference in the manner of conducting war now and in former times, even in the last century, is as great truly as the difference between the lives and actions of civilized men and of savages. In ancient times it was thought that, while the event was uncertain, discipline and order must be observed; but when the victory was won then all the lusts and passions of

men might be allowed to break forth, and human nature was to compensate itself for the restraints which had been imposed upon it. But in the last great struggle of two neighbouring nations the more repulsive features of war seem almost to have disappeared; while the physical horrors were as great as ever, the moral evils appear to have been minimized. And we shall not be fanciful in attributing this happy change to the greater influence of Christianity, to the spread of education, to the higher standard of opinion which prevails in the world.

Let me put the matter in another way. A great nation is not necessarily demoralized by war, nor are our sailors and soldiers at all worse than other men. We delight to hear from their own lips the story of their brave deeds; we often seek them out that we may place them, when their time of active service is over, in positions of trust and responsibility. There is one quality in them which raises them above all other classes of their countrymen—they have overcome the fear of death. There is a nobility and freedom of character in a man who is willing to part with his life, which atones for many lesser failings. And often the bravest is also the gentlest: he cannot weep for his dying or fallen friend, he must steel himself against such weaknesses. In the moment of victory the news may be brought to him that the brother in arms who is dearest to him has met a

soldier's death. In the solitude of the night his thoughts will sometimes turn to the home in which his wife sits waiting for his return, in which his young children are asleep or at play. He cannot but 'know that these things are, and are most precious to him'; he has no fear for himself, but he must feel for them. So we may picture to ourselves the thoughts and lives of our soldiers, who in a more special manner than is possible for us are devoting themselves to the service of their country. The sacrifices which we are called upon to make are slight indeed in comparison with theirs. We welcome them home; and we pray that the work in which they have been engaged may not end in a mere idle waste of human life, but in some permanent benefit, in the extirpation of slavery, in the restoration of peace and order, in the extension of commerce and civilization to the most degraded races of earth. And so that ancient and famous country whose history has so deep an interest, whose people have been trodden under foot for so many centuries, may renew her life, and—if we may hope so much—may receive at our hands the gift of good government; and the poor of the land, no longer harassed by exactions, may at last find rest, and obtain the just reward of their labours.

Let me add another aspect of the question. War is full of splendid actions, and some of the noblest and greatest examples on which the eye of a nation can be fixed are to be found among sailors and soldiers.

So our fathers loved the great sailor, who 'expected every man to do his duty,' almost like a friend or a brother. He had his failings, not to be defended; but in the case of great public men I incline to think it is a sound instinct which forbids us to pry too closely into their private frailties. The greatest soldier, too, whom some of us here present may have seen in the days of our youth—has not his character been a treasure to the army and to the nation? He was the simplest and most truthful of men, in whom common sense was a kind of genius or inspiration: the most obvious words flowing from his lips were felt to have more weight than the most eloquent orations. For he meant what he said, and he knew what he meant; his methods of action were direct and straightforward—he had never anything to excuse or to be ashamed of. He had that in his bearing which gave men confidence—authority. No one doubted his patriotism or disinterestedness. During the long war he had to contend with enemies at home as well as abroad; and afterwards, as some will remember, he was equally ready to serve Her Majesty in office or out of office; and in the midst of a great party conflict he was strong only in the conviction that 'the Queen's government must be carried on.' His modesty seemed rather to wonder at his own exploits. 'I cannot think how I wrote those dispatches,' was a saying of his. He seemed rather to decline than affect popularity; he was

certainly unmoved by it. I have endeavoured to recall a few traits of the great captain as he was present to 'the minds of his countrymen' thirty years ago; let him not be forgotten merely because 'the old order changeth, yielding place to new.' And quite recently there was one of whom all here are still thinking, the hero[1] whose death has pierced the heart of a nation as if he had been personally known to every one of us. His character was of another sort, and his life was attuned to another and yet higher strain. The term 'good sense' could not with propriety be applied to him; rather he was like a prophet, newly inspired to give deliverance to the slave and the captive, and to reform the oppressions upon the earth. No one in our own day has ever set such an example of devotion to duty, to his country and to God. He being dead yet speaks to us; his life has been a help to many; and it may be that the remembrance of his name will restore peace and happiness to an oppressed country. The world thought him mad because he was not of the world. Men of his class, like the prophets and saints of old, are considered extravagant, partly because they take no thought for the morrow, what they shall eat or what they shall drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed: living in the presence of the Eternal, they are really different from other men, and have their own ways of speaking and of acting; partly because there is some weakness

[1] General Gordon.

in human nature which at these heights seems incapable of sustaining itself, and mingles the fancies of the hour with everlasting truths.

Lastly, my brethren, the soldier's life is the figure under which St. Paul represents that other warfare which the servant of Christ is ever carrying on against himself and against the world. 'Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.' We speak of the Church militant here on earth against various forms of evil; there is a battle going on between the spirit and the flesh, between knowledge and ignorance, between the higher and the lower principles of human nature, and we imagine to ourselves allies fighting on either side, and that in this battle God and the angels are spectators. And we sometimes contrast the disorder of this world with the peace and order of another. 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Yet we know also how greatly all Churches have fallen short of their mission; how they have often made a compromise with the world, instead of resisting its evils; and how in our own lives there is comparatively little of struggle and effort, but a falling in with the world, and acquiescence in the customs and opinions of men. A life such as that which I have just been describing awakens us to a sense of the unreality of our own lives. For no man can be at peace with himself who has not also been at war with himself

at some time or other; and there is a victory which a man wins over himself when he has subjugated his passions to the purposes of God in the government of the world, when he has fought against the sins and prejudices which so easily beset us, when he has learnt to live not to himself but to God—this is what the Scripture calls the good soldier of Jesus Christ. The best and highest things in this world seem to flow out of the lives of a few men who have devoted themselves to the service of their fellow-men. They have fought against the evils of the world; they have sought to raise the sense of truth and the standard of public opinion, which are ever tending to decline among us. And the best times in our own lives, from which all the good in them seems to be derived, have been the moments when we have been awakened out of sleep, when we have resolved, when we have acted, when we are no longer pleasers of men, when we become conscious that we are in the presence of God, and see things as they truly are.

V. COURAGE[1].

BE OF GOOD COURAGE, AND THE LORD SHALL STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.

PSALM xxxi. 24.

IN a treatise on Moral Philosophy, which is very familiar to most of us in this place, and has perhaps exerted a greater influence on the mind of Oxford than any other book—the *Ethics* of Aristotle, we are taught to look forward to a supreme end in which all our ideas of goodness and truth finally meet. It is also called happiness, well-being, the perfect life, the self-sufficing energy which is the highest motive both of individuals and states. The chief element of this perfect life is virtue, which is slowly built up out of good actions inward and outward—these are to be performed for their own sake, the motive or inward act being that which gives them their true character: good actions are said to be in a mean, and to avoid excess and defect. Virtue, again, is divided into particular virtues, such as the four cardinal ones—courage, temperance, justice, wisdom—which are originally found in Plato, and may be even older; and several lesser

[1] Preached in Balliol College Chapel, Jan. 20, 1884.

habits or states of mind—some of them termed by us moral, such as liberality, modesty, and the like: others which we call intellectual—some of these are prudence, opinion, judgment, contemplation. And the whole relation of the moral to the intellectual nature of man is for the first time analyzed and explained. Nor is it forgotten that there are imperfect stages of virtue and vice: all of us, or almost all of us, are at some intermediate point between the extremes of good and evil. Behind this intermediate world in which we live and move and act, yet also entering into it, appears the question of the human will (then first beginning to perplex mankind a little, hereafter to become a great power, affecting not only the schools of philosophers, but nations and armies), and before us at a distance—dimly seen and rather present than future, but scarcely seeming to touch our daily life—some vision of a higher truth and divine knowledge, called also Being, or Essence, or God, the most real of all things, yet perceived also in the most uncertain and precarious manner—a great light or law in which the world is enveloped; visible through a mist only, and giving neither light nor warmth to those who with the utmost straining of the intellectual eye seek to attain it. Yet before this vision can be in any degree realized, the house must be set in order; the noise of passion must be hushed; the mind must be purged from the distractions of sense. Then in some far-off heaven of abstraction we may hope to con-

template the final truth, of which philosophy speaks to us in figure only.

The scheme of morality which is presented to us in the New Testament differs from that of Aristotle both in form and substance: it is indeed so different that some persons will doubt whether we are right in comparing them at all. It is concrete, not abstract; a picture of society, a few fragments of biography, rather than a system of Ethics: the precepts which it contains are chiefly the natural manifestations of a divine life; they arise out of ordinary circumstances, and some of them are relative to particular stages of society, and can only be applied to other stages of society with a difference. The Gospel says nothing of energies and faculties, or of good actions producing good habits; it does not inquire into the relation of the moral to the intellectual virtues; the words habit or virtue are scarcely to be found in its pages. It makes use of mixed modes of thought: spirit or soul, rather than mind; faith and belief, not science and opinion; of the heart rather than of the will; not of the contemplation of true being, but of the life of Christ in the soul. The revelation of the Son of God is the form of all goodness: 'Believe and ye shall be saved' is the word in which truth is summed up. 'Believe in Me, not as one among My prophets, but believe in the righteousness, and holiness, and truth which I am' in which God is revealed to you; and, in proportion to the depth and intensity of your belief

shall be your deliverance from sin and evil, and the renewal in you of all powers. The law and the prophets (may we not say all religion and all morals?) are contained in two commandments: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself': and the spirit which enables us to fulfil these two commandments is the spirit of Christ Himself, who also loved us and gave Himself for us.

So we might go on contrasting the teaching of Aristotle and Christ—the one the more moral, the other more spiritual; the one the more abstract, the other the more concrete and occasional; one a system, the other a life; the one resting in the ordinary maxims of men or rising a little above them, the other seeking to transform and mould anew the whole of human nature. Yet, though so different, they have deeply mingled in the education of the world; so that at the present day we seem hardly able to determine how much of our rule of life has been derived from one source, how much from the other. There have been many schoolmasters to bring men to Christ, Jewish, Greek, Roman, Oriental: and since the Gospel was first preached there have been many schoolmasters completing and adapting the sublime truth which we have received; the doctrine of good actions producing good habits is recognized by Christian teachers not to be necessarily inconsistent with the word of the Gospel: 'Believe and ye shall be saved.' The Ethics and Logic of Aristotle have found their way into the

New Testament, or rather shall we say, the New Testament has taken them up into itself. That which was originally the reverse of a system, has become a great system drawing after it the consequences for good or evil which naturally follow. For the effect of system is to give a support to the mind, but also to limit it and in a manner confine it: the house is also the prison. In books of theology, the forms of argument, the precision in the use of language, the method of thought, remind us of Aristotle rather than of the New Testament. There are principles, too, which are needed in practical life and in politics—such as patriotism or the love of freedom, or the duty of toleration—which cannot be directly gathered from Scripture; some of them seem to be relics of Greek and Roman virtues, others to have grown up with our modern civilization. Ancient philosophy, the history of religion, the ever widening knowledge of nature, the record of the earth and of the human race:—these have become a part of our age and of our minds; we cannot go back from them, or put them aside from us in our religious life. It would be the most fatal blow to the teaching of Christ and his Apostles, which limited the truth to their words only; or rather which refused to acknowledge that all truth everywhere, however parted by words and modes of thought, however seemingly opposed and antagonistic, was an integral part of that truth which Christ came into the world to reveal.

I propose in this sermon, and perhaps in successive sermons[1], to consider one or more of the Aristotelian virtues, in reference to our own conduct and the state of society in which we are living. No doubt they are rudimentary and imperfect; the religion of Christ throws a new light upon several of them; they are thought to be trite and commonplace, and the reflections which can be made about them to partake of the nature of truisms. But these truisms were once the most interesting truths in the world; they are still the most important, and, if we could only think about them, might be found to be not without interest. The ancient philosopher went about asking 'What is temperance?' 'What is courage?' 'What is justice?' Are we sure that we have attained such clear ideas about these old Gentile virtues that we can afford altogether to neglect the consideration of them? It has been sometimes thought that morality was discovered once for all, and that our knowledge of it is incapable of receiving any material addition. It would be more true to say that morality had from the beginning a hidden life, which was developed and is always developing in the course of ages (like the seed or germ to the flower or tree), varying in different stages of the world's history, and ever receiving new lights and applications, yet one and continuous from the time when man first received the gift of speech and began to reason about the just and the good.

[1] This expectation was not fulfilled.

The first place among the Aristotelian virtues is assigned to courage, not because it is the safeguard of all the rest, but rather because in the beginnings of society it is the first which takes any distinct form. According to Aristotle there are five imperfect or spurious kinds of courage, which are classified under five heads. There is the courage which is maintained by the fear of public opinion or of punishment, or is inspired by the sense of honour; there is the courage which is given by experience, when the practised veteran has learned to distinguish the real from the unreal danger; there is a third kind of courage which arises from inconsiderate anger; a fourth which is given by self-confidence; a fifth which is to be attributed only to ignorance. Neither shall we be disposed altogether to despise the inferior sorts of courage when we consider how large a proportion even of the better actions of men spring from similar motives. But the true courage is of a higher nature far; when a man is fully conscious of all the perils which surround him, and has no hope beyond the grave, yet at the call of duty is willing to renounce the greatest of earthly goods or enjoyments. It cannot be said that the virtue of such a man is attended with pleasure; the pleasure of posthumous fame is not to be placed on the scale against the loss of life or limb. But he is satisfied, for he has attained his end; he may be unnoticed among the slain, but he is to be deemed happy—he is in possession

of a blessedness greater than can be given by any external goods, not according to the measure of fair houses or rich banquets, or any of the rewards or honours in which men most delight. In the service of his country it is better for him to die than live. This is not an exaggerated picture of Aristotle's courage, which, like all his other virtues in their truest form, is pursued for its own sake, and not for honour or advantage. And in this principle of disinterestedness all the higher forms of religion and morality seem to agree. 'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' and 'whosoever will lose his life shall save it.'

And now, leaving any further consideration of the Aristotelian virtues, I propose to consider in the remainder of this sermon what is the nature and origin of courage, what in modern and civilized ages and countries is its use and value, and on what occasions it is our duty to show it. It seems naturally to arise out of the necessities of self-defence: in primitive times men have to protect themselves and their families against robbery and violence, and so they are compelled to unite and stand by one another. He who is found wanting to his comrades and friends in the hour of danger is stigmatized as a coward. The fierce instinct of the savage is strengthened by pride of race, and by the public opinion of his fellows. When bodies of men are trained to act together in complex movements, this instinct of the savage,

regulated by discipline, inherited through many generations, becomes the courage of the soldier, who gradually learns to distinguish between the practice of civilized and uncivilized warfare. The cry of wild revenge is no more heard, but gives way to the sense of honour and to a regular code of rules and usages, in which the idea of personal enmity is extinguished or suppressed. Here are seeds of character and conduct which have sunk very deep into the heart of the human race; and there is something probably in every one of us which is derived from those former states of society. Through long centuries the ideas of the soldier—sometimes mingling with Christianity, as in the age of chivalry or of the Crusades; sometimes bitterly hostile to it, as in the French Revolution—have held sway over the mind of Europe. The military ideal has fascinated the world, not altogether for good, but not wholly for evil. We often wish that wars might cease upon the earth, though at the present time the prospect of such a millennium seems to be distant. But are we quite certain—if a military age were succeeded by an industrial one, if the weapons of war were converted into machines for the creation of wealth, and we might assume no other change to take place in the habits and lives of men—that the character of nations or of individuals would be greatly elevated or improved?

Without the least desire to defend or encourage war, we may recognize that in the life of the soldier

there are many noble elements. The mere fact that in a luxurious age, when any one in the middle or upper classes must go out of his way to find hardships, he alone does not turn away from wounds and death, places him on an eminence above his fellow-men—he alone is a martyr in the nineteenth century. He may have the spurious form of courage which delights in war as an art or a profession; which loves the idleness or excitement of a military life; which seeks reputation only at the cannon's mouth: but he may also have thoughts higher far. For he may be thinking, not how to destroy, but how to save; he may be eager to fight, but even more eager to make peace; while moving or directing great bodies, he may feel that every individual among them has a home and a country and parents and children, which, like himself, they hope to revisit; and that with God there is no distinction of nations, but all are equally precious in His sight. He may unite the resolve of the warrior with the tenderness of a child; where the danger is thickest his mind will be clearest; when he has most to care for in life, he will be most ready to resign all for his country's sake. Or, as he is described in the noble lines of a great English poet:

> 'If he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues good or bad for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover; and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;

> And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
> In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;'

And once more, who is only

> 'More brave for this, that he hath much to lose.'

These thoughts may seem to be a long way off from us, and to have no immediate application to our lives: and this is true in one sense, but not in another. We are not likely to be generals of armies, nor do most of us aspire to any form of greatness; yet the characters of great men may exercise a sensible influence on our lives. No one can read the letters and dispatches of our great English commander, in their unadorned simplicity and good sense and precision of statement, without feeling that they contain a lesson which he may apply to himself. He will learn from them that facts are more important than words; that directness and plain speaking are better than indirectness; that the greatest honours and the most glorious military successes do not necessarily fire a man's ambition or impair his sense of justice, or in any degree affect his character.

But though we may learn much from the character of such a man, it is not the courage of the soldier which we require most in ordinary life, but moral courage—the courage which fights not against weapons or engines of war, but against the opinions, and prejudices, and meannesses of mankind. It is a courage of which Aristotle had no distinct conception; nor can we define its exact limits. It might also be

described as high spirit or force of character; it is likewise akin to the love of truth. The person who is gifted with it is himself under all circumstances; he is perhaps rather too much given to fighting the hypocrisies and unrealities of the world, yet a few examples may bring his character out in a clearer light. At a school or college he will not simply fall into the ways of others, talk as they talk, do as they do, amuse himself after their manner; he will not allow low language to be used, or low principles to be maintained in his presence; neither will he suffer a friend to be traduced or ridiculed without standing up for him. He will have no false shame about himself and his circumstances, knowing that simplicity and truth are always better than pretence or concealment. If he has opinions he is willing to assert them. When a decision is required of him he does not stand lingering on the bank, but makes up his mind upon the best information which he can obtain. The breath of opposition does not flutter him, nor the loud voice terrify him; he is not dependent on accidents of time and place; he is no regarder of persons, neither will he be much affected by compliments and flattery; on all occasions, whenever we meet him, in business or society, he shows himself to be a man.

This is another kind of hero whom I have briefly sketched: shall I call him the hero of ordinary life? And such characters are rarer perhaps than formerly, yet the need of them is greater than ever: for the

world as it grows wiser seems also to grow weaker; both in peoples and in individuals

> 'the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.'

There are no hardships nowadays, such as our ancestors endured; the lot of the poorest is probably somewhat alleviated. In literature and science we open up regions which to our fathers were unknown; yet the great geniuses of the last fifty years seem one by one to be departing from us, and no one to replace them. There are so many opinions among us, but so little strength or power in them to form character. Is it not our duty to give ourselves that discipline and training which the circumstances of this age seem to deny us? Because life is made so easy to all of us, we must not therefore take it easily, or lose ourselves in self-indulgence, in sentimentalism, or the feeble criticism of all things. Is it impossible that the latter half of the nineteenth century may bring back some of the virtues of the eighteenth; that the old-fashioned hospitality and courtesy, and loyalty to friends and comrades, and willingness to make sacrifices for the public good, may continue to flourish among us; that the courage and endurance which our ancestors showed in war may yet appear in other fields—in the struggle with disease and death, in the cause of truth, or of public improvement, in the attempt to remove the evils which in an old country constantly beset an increasing population, or the errors

which in the course of ages gather around all forms of religion?

And let us not suppose that this higher courage can be attained by a passing wish or resolution. It is the outcome of a noble life, not a mode of spirit or action to be assumed upon occasion. We must have the sense of truth and right before we can stand forth to maintain them; we must be truly loyal and sincere before we can convey the impression of loyalty and sincerity to others; we must see ourselves as others see us—as God sees us. It requires no small courage to foil our internal enemies: there is a troop of weaknesses and meannesses in our souls; harpy vices, which are scared away and return again; the pang of envy which prevented us from rejoicing in a rival's success; the half untruth which we told when there was no danger of being discovered. And there were things graver far. We should hardly like to speak to another if we certainly knew of him what some of us know of ourselves: yet, as I was saying, we must look these things in the face before we can expect to have any solid growth or improvement of character.

There is a sort of modesty in the courage of the soldier, as well as in this other courage of which I have been speaking. It is not self-confident, but diffident; it prepares itself for the battle, not by empty resolutions, but by taking advantage of circumstances; it says, 'I will try, I will do my best.' Even so he who would fight the good fight is distrustful of himself:

he does not say, 'I will do this or that,' but, 'May strength be given me; may God help me!' And he will not depend upon good resolutions only, which are imaginations, but he will take means towards ends; he will think of the places or persons or occasions which have led him into evil; he will foresee what may happen before the day, before the week closes; he will avail himself of circumstances, and sometimes feel support in the presence or conversation of a friend.

Yet once more let me apply the idea of courage to the least things of life, and the things which we all know by experience. Some persons are subject to depression of mind; they would probably be ashamed to acknowledge the causes which affect them. Some fancy that they are not properly considered: some imaginary coldness on the part of a friend, some jest in which their name has been freely used; or perhaps some external cause, such as a change of the weather, the discomfort of a journey—there is nothing so trifling which may not affect weak minds. These and similar causes overshadow and darken for a time the horizon of many a one. When we are in such moods of mind, then is the time for courage: we may determine to continue our employment; we may say to ourselves, 'Let us be up and doing'; we may resolve to go out and change the air both literally and figuratively; we may strive to keep the mind above the body; we may remember that in the darkest days the sun sometimes

reappears suddenly, and that behind the clouds (if we could lift them up or rise above them) he would be seen shining still, as on the brightest day of summer.

Again, let us take the case of illness more or less serious. Some persons pass their lives in a state of prolonged suffering; and then we certainly need faith and courage and hope never failing, and all those sources of consolation 'which deeper are than sorrow's deepest.' Most of us have had experience of sickness, of painful days, of restless nights; and the attitude of mind in which we receive them not only greatly affects our chance of recovery, but also our own characters. The physician may do a great deal for us, nature more; but there is much also in which the patient must minister to himself. First, we should strive to live, for the love of life is natural, and there are few of us who can say that they have done all they ought or wish to do in this world. Secondly, we should be resigned to the will of God: have we not received good at His hand; shall we not bear in patience the sorrow and pain, which in the order of nature He has allowed to be inflicted upon us? Thirdly, we should submit to the rules of life laid down for us; we must implicitly trust others when we are unable to help ourselves. At such a time we may cast all our care upon God, for He careth for us; and we may take thought in the intervals of our pain to say a kind word or to do a kind thing for some one else, that they may be comforted,

and our souls refreshed by their cheerfulness. Sickness as well as health may be a blessing; it may wean us from the world, it may prepare us for death.

Lastly, my brethren, there is one occasion which we have all to meet; one enemy whom we have to face; one event which is appointed alike to all. To that event we hardly ever refer in conversation, and in youth it is so far off that it rarely enters into our thoughts: but as years advance it is within a measurable distance; we view it again and again; our life and actions are rounded off and limited by it. All our days we should be gathering up strength against that hour; we may not turn aside from it, or put it out of our minds. True courage requires of us that we should see it as it is—an inevitable fact, not terrible but natural, and to each of us individually the most important of all facts. We should like (if it be the will of God) to die in the full possession of our faculties, to render up our spirit unclouded to its Maker; and we should desire above all things to have completed the work which He gave us to do; to have made the most of the talents which He entrusted to us; to have lived innocently, or, at any rate, not to have left the sins, whether of youth or later years, uncorrected and unrepented of. Strange thoughts doubtless arise in the minds of men when they are about to depart; they remember as in a dream the days of their childhood and youth, and the faces of those lost ones who have gone before; and some of the feelings and interests of

earth linger with them still. But there is one voice speaking within them, which is stronger and louder than all the rest: 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!'

And even if we are beset by fears and our minds clouded with doubt, His strength in whom we trust may be sufficient for us. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me.' And when our strength fails, and the world begins to withdraw from our light—'Be of good courage, and the Lord shall strengthen your heart.'

VI. ECCE, QUAM BONUM![1]

BEHOLD, HOW GOOD AND JOYFUL A THING IT IS, BRETHREN, TO DWELL TOGETHER IN UNITY!

PSALM cxxxiii. 1.

THERE are innumerable ways in which we are bound together in life. There are ties of relationship or of friendship, nearer or more distant, of class and occupation, of common tastes, of personal likings, of religious feeling, of natural affection. There is that higher tie by which men are united in the endeavour to become better, and to live above the world. There is a still higher union which, in our imperfect state, may be thought visionary or impossible, when the wills of men meet in God, and they know no other law or rule of life but His will. Yet there have been those in whom such a unity of the human and divine has really existed—it might exist in any of us. All these unities have in them elements of diversity arising out of circumstance or character or education. And to preserve the 'one in many' (as the ancient philosopher would have said) is the first duty of any

[1] Preached in Balliol College Chapel, April 28, 1892.

society, of mankind, of a family, a school, a college, a church, a nation.

Out of these various relations or aspects of human life I propose to select one for consideration in this sermon: it is one of which we almost all of us have experience—the life of the family. At the same time we may bear in our minds, when we consider it, that no kind of human nature is separable from any other part, and that the family is but a section and also an aspect of a larger whole—that is to say, of society and of the state—and is indivisible from the greater family of heaven and earth.

Most of us have come from our homes within the last day or two, and some of us may be already thinking of the day when we shall return to them. To most persons home is the dearest and happiest place which they know: the merest trifles which relate to it when we are absent are full of interest to us: there are treasures of affection inexhaustible, and familiar sights and scenes which have become endeared to us by time. We do not speak much of our homes at school or college; they are sacred places into which we do not wish the stranger always to intrude. They have a peculiar charm for us because we have grown up in them. No other home can ever be like our own. There has been the centre of our early life, which has left an everlasting impression in our minds; no one can forget the years when reason first awoke in him—all before was vacancy

and silence. And soon there was a certain unity impressed upon the family: each one began to live for himself and for others, and to grow strong; and yet there was also a circle of ideas and habits in which, unconsciously to themselves, they were enclosed. We may fancifully compare a family to a fortress or castle which is able to defend itself against attacks from without, because the members of it are true to one another. It may be figured also as a temple which is consecrated by love and affection, a holy place in which the God of love takes up His abode. Of all things in this world, it is most like the kingdom of heaven. There are heavenly virtues such as disinterestedness, which finds it often more blessed to give than to receive, and which is as much delighted to hear of some good happening to another as to him or herself. There is to be seen that fatherly goodness which God Himself shows towards the unthankful and the evil. Even in growing children there is implanted the germ of divine truths, and there arises in them a sort of mimic practice of Christian virtues when they learn to love one another, to live for one another; when they begin to have the sense of truth and honour, and have the fear of God before their eyes, and know that to quarrel is displeasing to Him. All of which and much more is meant by Christ when He says 'of such is the kingdom of heaven'; and looking back on those early days, in after years when the world has got too much the better of us, we are

apt to think 'how near God was to us then, how far removed from us now.'

The family is often regarded as an ordinance of nature; let us also think of it as created by ourselves. We are supposed to have inherited from our parents, or remoter ancestors, a certain bodily constitution, and to start in the race of life under conditions and circumstances which have arisen antecedently to our birth; nor can we deny that there is a certain degree of truth in this picture of the family, which has been secretly wrought in the generations which have preceded it. But let us also remember that this influence of circumstances can be greatly modified by our own effort; not indeed without limit, but to such an extent as to make the difference between right and wrong, between good and evil. We are the creation of the past; but we make a new beginning in the present, if I may so express it. We are effects, but we are also causes, or rather by being effects we become causes. Therefore we refuse to listen to those who suggest that not we, but our ancestors, are responsible for our misbehaviour, or who seek by metaphysical theories to get rid of the reproofs of conscience. To apply what has been said to family life: children are not born into the world having a fixed type of character, but the larger part of their nature is malleable and mobile, and may be moulded and fashioned by education. And it is right that we should study the original bent of disposition in each one, that we

may either encourage it or fight against it. We may reasonably hope that in the course of life the original element of good that is in men will find expression, and the traces of evil be stamped out and effaced. This seems to be the true doctrine of heredity, that we should learn by careful observation the physical temptations which beset us and those who are connected with us, and by being aware of them be better able to resist them. In families we see that there is much which appears to us unaccountable, but that there is a great deal more which is due to training and education. In ourselves there is something unaccountable, some physical element which is too strong for us at times; but upon the whole we can so order our lives as to control our desires and affections, and bring them into harmony with the will of God.

Not to discuss further this preliminary question—so interesting in speculation, so important in practice—which seems rather to haunt some minds in the present day; let us think of the family as we know it, and as it comes within the range of our experience. All the members of a family, when they begin to grow up, contribute to its happiness by affection, by unselfishness, by example, by variety of dispositions; they supply, some one element some another, to the common stock. Among them there is often an individual who is superior to all the rest, who thinks for all and has a care of all—'the angel of the house' from whom the good which is in it seems to be

derived. So it is in the world, so it is in the family: those who originate any sort of good in the world are a comparatively small number of persons, but of inestimable value. There is a word not often used but very expressive, by which such persons have been described: 'self-less.' They are like Christ in this world; they live for others and not for themselves; they think for all and have a care of all. Such men may be found among saints and religious teachers; they also exist unknown in families, where one person is the guide and manager of all, and yet (like Christ) also the servant of all; counting their dearest wish fulfilled if they may devote their gifts and means to supply the wants of their relatives, and never weary of the burden which has fallen on them. In the family, more than in any other sphere of life, 'Bear ye one another's burdens' is the fulfilment of the law of Christ; and the spring of all is affection, by which alone we can draw out of the family the benefits which are contained in it. No motive comes so sweetly from nature as this; the thought of one whom our action will greatly please or pain is the strongest incentive to the performance of a duty, the strongest deterrent from evil. The love of our own family, like the love of God Himself, can never be in excess: it is pious and holy, and peaceable and reasonable; it takes us out of ourselves and raises us above ourselves; it is the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

And now let us come down from the extraordinary

to the common—from singular examples of virtue and goodness to the experiences of daily life. The family, like the home in which they live, needs to be kept in repair, lest some little rift in the walls should appear and let in the wind and rain. The happiness of a family depends very much on attention to little things. Order, comfort, regularity, cheerfulness, good taste, pleasant conversation—these are the ornaments of daily life, deprived of which it degenerates into a wearisome routine. There must be light in the dwelling and brightness, and pure spirits and cheerful smiles. Home is not usually the place of toil, but the place to which we return and rest from our labours; in which parents and children meet together and pass a joyful and careless hour. To have nothing to say to others at such times, in any rank of life, is a very unfortunate temper of mind, and may perhaps be regarded as a serious fault; at any rate, it makes a house vacant and joyless, and persons who are afflicted by this distemper should remember seriously that if it is not cured in time it will pursue them through life. It is one of the lesser troubles of the family: and there is yet another trouble—members of a family often misunderstand one another's characters. They are sensitive or shy, or retired; or they have some fanciful sorrow which they cannot communicate to others; or something which was said to them has produced too deep an impression on their minds. In their own family they are like strangers; the inex-

perience of youth exaggerates this trial, and they have no one to whom they can turn for advice or help. This is the time for sympathy—the sympathy of a brother or sister, or father or mother—which unlocks the hidden sorrow, and purges away the perilous stuff which was depressing the mind and injuring the character. Sympathy, too, is the noblest exercise; of it is the Spirit of God working together with our spirit; it is warmth as well as light, putting into us a new heart, and taking away the stony heart which is dead to its natural surroundings.

The best things in life seem to fall short of what we hope or wish. I would not say that wherever good is, evil will be standing near: it would be true to say that in every good there is some degree of evil, and in every evil there is some degree of good; but there is some kind of good which is apt to fade away like a flower, and never continue in one stay. So there is something in the charm and beauty of family life which we feel to be precarious: it is always changing and passing away. The young are ever growing to middle age in it, and the middle-aged old, and the old are declining and disappearing. Death comes and takes first one and then another—the fair young child who has been the darling of the family, the brother who has been the support of it, the father and mother who have been the centres of it, the sister who has been the minister of all. There have been long and fatal illnesses too, which have called out rare virtues

both in the sufferers and in those who tended them. There have been weddings and funerals, great joys as well as great sorrows, in which the members of the family have taken part. In the next generation the very home in which they lived has become the abode of strangers, who know nothing of its former inhabitants. We cannot reconstruct the past, it is only a memory to us.

So we are driven back from the consolations of earth to the consolation which is to be found only in the Author and Father of all things. We walk about the house, but they are no longer within; we cannot throw our arms about them while we are in the body, or fancy that we are reunited to them in any way, or they to us. We know that we could not have had them living always, nor ourselves; yet every one of the members of our families whom God has taken from us is present to us and to Him; and seems, as it were, to have become a part of us, and we are assured that they exist as truly as we ourselves do. We do not wish to indulge in fancies or to adapt our beliefs to our wishes. We cannot attach much importance to tales about appearances of the departed either at the time of death or afterwards. Many a one has anxiously asked the question: 'Whether we shall see and know our friends in heaven?' and many books have been written to prove that we shall. But we must not sorrow, as those without hope, if we hear only such words as these: 'The souls of the righteous

are in the hands of God, and there shall no evil touch them'; and 'In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven'; or 'God is not the God of the dead but the God of the living, for all live unto Him'; or 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours'; or 'We are spilled on the earth like waters, yet hath God provided a way that His banished ones be not expelled from Him.' 'For all live unto Him.'

VII. SERVANTS[1].

SERVANTS, OBEY YOUR MASTERS ACCORDING TO THE FLESH, WITH FEAR AND TREMBLING, IN SINGLENESS OF YOUR HEART, AS UNTO THE LORD: NOT WITH EYE-SERVICE, AS MEN-PLEASERS; BUT AS SERVANTS OF CHRIST, DOING THE WILL OF GOD FROM THE HEART; WITH GOOD WILL DOING SERVICE, AS UNTO THE LORD, AND NOT TO MEN: KNOWING THAT WHATSOEVER GOOD EACH MAN DOETH, THE SAME SHALL HE RECEIVE FROM THE LORD, WHETHER HE BE A SERVANT OR FREE. AND, YE MASTERS, DO THE SAME THINGS TO THEM, FORBEARING THREATENING: KNOWING THAT YOUR MASTER IS IN HEAVEN, AND THERE IS NO RESPECT OF PERSONS WITH HIM.

EPHESIANS vi. 5-9.

THE words of the text refer to a state of society which in civilized countries has passed away. In the age of St. Paul the world was not divided into masters and servants, but into masters and slaves. There were slaves of many kinds: slaves working in the fields, slaves living in the house, artisans and craftsmen and clerks, tutors and nurses who had the care of children; slaves of all sorts, who ministered to the wants of their owners, or who were let out for

[1] Preached in Balliol College Chapel. No date. See Preface.

hire. This was a state of society very different from ours, and not to be judged of by our standard. It was not intolerable, for the slave was bound to the master by ties of affection and of habit; yet it had many evils. The slave and his master were not equal in the eye of the law, as the poor and the rich are among ourselves; and they had not the light of liberty, which is the greatest of God's blessings to man. But his condition did not become worse in the course of ages; it gradually improved, and (partly through the influence of the Christian Church, and also from other causes) underwent a great change many centuries ago; and it is a very interesting chapter in human history which tells how mankind passed from slavery to freedom, from being things to becoming persons, from being in the power of others to ordering their own life for themselves.

It is not, however, with the past, but with the present, that we are chiefly concerned—not with what was going on eighteen centuries ago, but with what is happening among ourselves. And the civilized world is full now, not of masters and slaves, but of masters and servants: some carrying on the daily life of the family; others co-operating in trade, wholesale and retail, by the exchange of capital and labour; others collected in great factories by hundreds and thousands, using the aid of machinery; others scattered over the fields, among whom also the power of machinery is beginning to make itself felt; and there

are many other classes who stand in some relation of superiority and subordination to one another. And both the two classes have some sort of rights, and owe some sort of duty towards one another. This is the subject of which I propose to speak briefly, which I shall divide into two parts in this sermon: the duties of masters towards servants; the duties of servants towards their masters.

The first duty of the master is to preserve order and regularity in his own household: a home is not a home when times and seasons are not observed in it; or in which there are enmities or differences among the dwellers in it; or when silent grudges or jealousies are allowed to spring up, either among the members of the family or among the servants. There is no happiness or quiet or comfort in such a home. The master of the house should be the friend, as well as the master, of all—of his servants, as of his children—and he should seek to bind his children and his servants together by ties of affection. The child should not be trained to observe the difference of rank; but he should rather be taught that there are no such differences in the sight of God, and that they are all one in Christ Jesus. It is a great blessing to have had good and faithful servants who have refused to leave their masters when they were in trouble, who have watched over their sick children, who have shared their afflictions—no one can be too grateful to them. The master who can attach servants

by his kindness always has the best servants, who are drawn to him by a natural feeling that in his employment they will be happier than in that of another, and so he will be the gainer in the way of service only. The wisest rulers of mankind, whether in a state or in a family, are those who know how to rule best by gentleness, by kindness, by example, by self-control, not by harshness or force of character. And though in a great concern it is impossible for the master to be acquainted intimately with all his servants, yet he may show that he cares for them, and that he regards their interest as well as his own; he may be scrupulously equitable and just towards them; he may have a cheerful word for some of them when he meets them; or he may regard them, in a wider sense, as friends and brethren still.

Again, the servant has his rights as well as his duties: his employment should be clearly defined; his liberty should not be infringed upon more than is necessary; his hours of work should not be excessive, nor his times of leisure broken in upon. He has a right to be spoken to by his master with civility, with courtesy, with consideration, as one gentleman speaks to another. A request is better than a command —more agreeable both to him who gives, and to him who receives it. And it is well that some few words of conversation should pass daily between the master and his servants about the weather, or the crops, or the theatre, or about politics or some local topic—

perhaps either might learn a good deal from the other; especially they might be better informed how different classes think and feel about one another, which is the beginning of political wisdom.

There are other ways in which the master of a household, or the manager of a business, may do a great deal for those in his employment. He may, by his greater knowledge of the world, be able to protect them against the frauds and deceptions of quacks and swindlers; he may maintain their cause when they are wronged; he may prevent them from wasting their money in foolish speculations; he may preach to them on the homely text 'that they should not have all their eggs in the same basket,' or repeat to them the saying that 'high interest is another name for bad security.'

And there are ways still more important in which he may help them: he may teach them the nature of true religion, that it is simple, humble, gentle—that it is shown in the Christian life, not in noisy and enthusiastic professions. He may help them too in the education of their children, a matter about which many of them know least and most require help. Lastly, he may help them to help themselves; he may apply his knowledge of common things to their use, and in every way try to raise the spirit of their lives above their outward condition.

The duty of servants towards their masters is to be loyal to them, and zealous in their service.

The duties of servants are for the most part a daily routine of little things, but these little things make up life, and they are ennobled by the manner in which they are performed, as 'unto the Lord and not unto man'—'as unto the Lord, but also unto men'; for it is natural that they should become attached to their masters and mistresses; that they should be glad to see him, and he to see them, when he returns after an absence; that the house should seem pleasanter, brighter, warmer, while he is with them.

The servants, too, must help their masters in maintaining order and regularity in the household. They must seek to keep up its character for hospitality. They are part of the family and also, if they deserve to be so, in a measure the friends of his friends. They are not serving for him: but for the sense of duty, for the love of God. There is one thing which it may seem almost vulgar to mention: it is cleanliness. Cleanliness, it has been said, is next to godliness; and it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of it, to health, to good looks, to the fairness and growth of everybody and everything. All persons should be alike scrupulous about it; for it has an effect upon the mind, and is itself the mark of a superior mind. Let it be admitted also that it causes a great deal of trouble, and that there are many excuses for neglecting it. Let me take one point in which the good and faithful servant is especially discerned: dislike of waste. This is shown

chiefly in little things, and requires thought and attention. The master should be liberal to his servants, and they should be careful of his interests, and thrifty in his behalf. They are not like rival traders who are trying in every way to outwit each other, but brothers and friends. Yet one more duty of servants I will speak of, perhaps the most important of all. The children of the household are their peculiar trust—they have, almost as much as their parents, the formation of their character in infancy and early youth; and they are responsible for the bad temper, the evil practice, false word, mean thought, which so easily insinuates itself, and is so readily caught from others in the first years. And it is one of the first duties of servants, as it is also one of their highest motives, to become an example to children, that they retain their respect in after life.

And now, my brethren, let me sum up all that I have to say to you on this subject in two passages of Scripture.

One from the Old Testament:—'Behold, how good and how joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity!

'It is like the dew of Hermon which fell upon the mountains of Zion.'

And, once more repeating the words of St. Paul:—

'Servants, obey your masters according to the flesh with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto the Lord.

'Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart;

'With good will doing service, as unto the Lord, and not to men:

'Knowing that whatsoever good each man doeth, the same shall he receive from the Lord, whether he be a servant or free.

'And, ye masters, do the same things to them, forbearing threatening: knowing that your Master is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with Him.'

VIII. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR AT ALDERLEY[1].

OLD THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY; AND, BEHOLD, ALL THINGS ARE BECOME NEW.

2 CORINTHIANS v. 17.

THE approach of Christmas and of the New Year is always a time of rejoicing and festivity, in which family ties are renewed and old friends meet again, and the absent are remembered, and the world is holiday-making for a few days. And although in this country the time of festival falls in the middle of winter, and the winds are generally cold and piercing, and the snow is often lying on the ground, yet there is a blazing fire within the house and a warm welcome too. It seems to be very fair that those who work hard, should have some little abatement of their toil. And the Scripture nowhere bids us to be of a sad countenance, especially in a season of joy.

But every man, in the silence of his heart, has reflections which creep over him at this time of the year,

[1] Preached at Alderley Church, Christmas, 1867.

which he probably never mentions to others. There are serious thoughts which accompany the joyful ones, which he is apt to keep to himself because they are serious. Not that they are skeletons hidden in the closet or sitting veiled at the feast, but joy and seriousness are in this world closely intertwined, and every joy should have a groundwork of seriousness, and be based on the realities of life. The years as they pass mark the time of day with him: the morning, the noon, the afternoon, the evening of life, as he is transferred slowly from one to the other, or is on the debateable space between them. Without sadness and without fear a good man cannot help sometimes asking himself the questions:—'Shall I be alive this time next year?' (and that is most probable); 'Will all those who are near and dear to me be alive next year?' (that is not so probable). These are some of the conditions of life which he has to consider. And again, without wishing to weaken and perplex his mind by too strict an examination of self, he cannot help asking himself in a rough but distinct manner: 'Where am I?' 'Have I made any progress during the past year in my profession, in my life, in myself, and in the knowledge of myself? Have I overcome that defect which, as I am told by others, will ruin all my good qualities—that vice which is the curse of me? Have I any ideal which I set before me? Any perfection to which I aspire? Or am I content with the common life of all men, doing as they do, thinking

as they think, conforming in every respect to their ways and customs?' For this seems to be the great difference between one man and another—whether he is living to the world, or not living to the world, rising or sinking, growing or not growing; whether he is narrowing as he advances in years in his affections, opinions, wishes, or whether he becomes wider and seems to expand and have a greater interest in others, when his personal interests are beginning to pass away. And this is the sort of feeling which presses upon a good man—not only at the end of the old year and the beginning of the new, but at all times when he sees how quickly the hour flies: he would like to get something done if he only could, he would like to have his thoughts and feelings widened a little 'with the process of the suns.' And many who hardly know the meaning of this, may still ask with a trembling anxiety 'How can I become better?'—that simple question which has so many forms and which is the best answered, at least to most of us, in the words of Scripture. Try and be like the Lord Jesus Christ as far as the difference in your state and circumstances allows, but at any rate, seek to be like Him in His resignation to the will of God, in His love to man, in His charity to all men, in His sense that God was His Father and their Father, and that He could not be separated either from Him or them. For those are qualities of which no man can ever have enough, and of which the world can never have enough.

But leaving these more general religious considerations, let us return again to the time of the year. There seem to be reflections which naturally arise in our mind at any marked period of time. There can be no more proper occasions on which to recall the past, or to look forward as far as we can into the future. Recollections and hopes encircle life: in youth, we are made up of hopes and desires and fears, and there is comparatively little of recollection. But in middle and later life, there is a great charm in recollection also, a strange feeling of the past as a sort of ancient home, which sometimes appears to us as more peaceful, more lovely, more endearing, than the present scene in which we live. I propose to consider life under these two aspects, trying to make the past a point of departure or beginning of the future.

There are many persons here present who remember the world a generation or a generation and a half ago, whose memory reaches to forty, fifty, or perhaps even sixty years since. What changes they have witnessed in the world, if they have attended at all to the course of events! The early years of a few of these were contemporary with the great war, in which so many heroic actions were done, and every post might be said to bring the news of some thrilling event: the issues of which have so greatly affected the history of Europe during our own time, and yet, like most other wars, has been disappointing to the conquerors

in the advantages to be gained from it. Then came a time of peace, which hardly brought the blessings of peace, but was a time of restlessness and discontent, ending at last in the great political change of thirty-five years ago, which is within the memory of many of us. That was a great battle, into which the men of that generation, on both sides, threw their whole souls, and about which the older persons who are still living have much to tell. Political subjects are out of place in the pulpit, and it is not in that sense that I speak of them. For we do not come to church as members of this or that religious or political party, but as Christians who feel that they are in the presence of their common Lord. Still we recognize with thankfulness, that upon the whole a great change for the better has taken place during the last forty years, whoever may have been the authors of it, and to whatever political party the improvement may be attributed. Is there not more regard for the poor than formerly, and more desire to give them education and to raise their condition? Is there not a more humane feeling towards the prisoner and criminal than formerly? Men are beginning to learn that they have more power of altering the state of life which promotes crime, than they have of deterring from crime by penalties if they allow that state of life to exist. Have we not got rid of the great national evil of slavery, for which another nation has had to pay so awful a penalty? Is there not more order and also more freedom among

us? Is there not greater attention to sanitary improvement (that was a word hardly known thirty years ago) —I mean to the provision of good water, good air, good dwellings of the poorer sort, which some persons may think not to be a religious duty at all, but which is really one of the first of them, if, as appears to be the case, the health of children and the temporal well-being of life depend upon this almost more than upon anything. These seem to be very real improvements which we have ourselves witnessed. And they show that the world is not always getting worse and worse, but is upon the whole in some degree better than formerly, whatever we may be as individuals. There may be some temporary distress during the present year, but upon the whole we are all better off, both in material and moral well-being. I know that I might have drawn the opposite picture, if I had tried to show you, not what had been done, but what remains to be done, in the accomplishment of which some of us here present may hope to be fellow-workers. Leaving this, I think that we can hardly deny—no impartial person will deny—that things are better with us than they formerly were. And although we are far from perfect, and the worst thing that we can do is to be praising ourselves, still there seems to be in the history of the past thirty years great hope for the future.

And not only a nation but a parish has also a history. This parish has changed less than many

others; and still retains the pleasant look of its fields and its woods. But it has not, of course, escaped the effect of the great change introduced by railways, which like the other great change of the introduction of steam in manufactures about half a century earlier, has so altered the face of the country and the manners and ways of life of men. And some of you, no doubt, can tell your descendants, sitting by the fireside of an evening, about the dangers of long journeys and the difficulties of moving about in the old times, of old fashions and customs of dress or of behaviour, which have passed away or died out; perhaps of persons who have made their fortunes in distant places and risen upon the tide of wealth. But there are far more interesting things than this in the history of a parish! I am sure that there are persons here present, who could tell me of sterling examples of piety and goodness which there have been in this parish, of sufferers who have endured long illnesses with heavenly patience and resignation; of simple women who have brought up orphans by the labour of their own hands; of many others who had in them some superiority of mind or manners or feeling.

And I can tell you of one whom I knew[1], who was a former rector of this parish thirty years ago and more, and who certainly cared for you all, if ever a parish clergyman cared about his flock. (I have heard him express his great affection for this parish of

[1] Bishop Stanley of Norwich, father of Dean Stanley.

Alderley.) I think his voice and figure and manner must still live in the memory of some of you: he was full of life and energy and character, and he was afraid of no man. It is a great event in a parish when a school is first opened; and I believe that he was the founder of the school in this parish. For in those days, I mean fifty years ago, schools were not so common as they are now; neither the clergy nor the parents of the poor were at all alive to the great duty of educating the poor and the great sin of neglecting it. And this parish was probably one of the first in England in which a good school was established, and there is no greater blessing than this.

Yet once more, not only has a nation or a parish a history; there is something which comes nearer home to us than this. For every family has a history. Every family, whether in a higher or lower rank, has a tale of love and death; sorrows and joys, flowers and thorns, have been scattered along the pathway of every one. They are with the past and the recollection of them is pleasant to us, and full of interest and instruction. There are our father and mother who are now taken from us, and to whom our heart always seems to turn in the greater trials of life. Perhaps there may have been some things in their conduct to us, and many things in our conduct to them, which were not quite wise or right or considerate. But now that they are gone we can only think of them with reverence and love, and grieve at the recollection that

we ever spoke a word or gave a look which caused them sorrow. Then again, among our own contemporaries, there are many who have been cut off in childhood, in youth, in early manhood, who might have been standing by our side now, but for the fatal stroke of accident or disease. They appear to us in the mind's eye as we last saw them, although we may be old and grey-headed men. And some among them may have been remarkable for goodness and sense, for noble and simple characters, for strong affection, for special attachment to some one of us, which makes their memory very dear to us. And there is one person who can never forget her children, who will always, amid all the changes of life, retain in her mind and in her heart a corner for them—the mother who has been bereaved of them.

So many elements of sadness there are in human life, and yet death is not always the worst of them. For there are often nameless sorrows, blighted affections, wasted and withered lives, which have no proper end or meaning; or, perhaps, disgraces or unexpected reverses of fortune, which affect the history of families even more than death. These are the sort of evils which imagination does so much to heighten, and which prudence and decision and firmness might do so much, if not to avert, at least to meet, but which are hardly ever recognized until too late. Great as the evils may have been, we can often see that the greater and only irremediable evil is the effect on our

own minds. Then again, in almost every family there are differences of character, leading in some cases to alienation and dislike. For a family is like a state, and is sometimes divided into factions, and he who would govern them must have a piece of a king or queen in him. But what I was going chiefly to say is this, that such differences are not so much wrong (although they are to a certain extent wrong) because they are involuntary, but they are very sad and unmeaning. And often in after years, when distance has enabled us to see things as they truly are, when death has taken away one of the parties to the dispute, a sharp thrill of pain will come across our minds at the recollection that one whom we did really love the best or almost the best of any one in this world, has been through some misunderstanding alienated or estranged from us. For quarrels and differences, and jealousies, and perhaps every sort of passion, are very absorbing at the time, but always appear, when we look back upon them, to have been a mistake and a weakness, and are a sort of drain upon our lives.

Still there is another history of which there might be much to say—the history of the individual soul:—its mixed good and evil, its aspirations and sorrows, its light and darkness, its changing thoughts and feelings, its seekings after the invisible. If there are some of us whose days have been bound each to each by natural piety, there are others of us who have experienced great changes and abrupt

transitions in the history of our mind. Owing to the changes of opinion going on around us, or the influence of persons or tendencies within and without us seeming to meet in us, we have been like persons seeking for a home, and it has been long before we have reached the desired resting-place. And yet we have not altogether lost faith and hope: we may observe also, that it was better to have changed than to stand still, if the change of opinion brought with it a real and deep desire to live, not according to the opinions of men, but according to the truth, and to be in deed what we would be called in name. Sometimes the reflection will occur to us: Why did we spend such a long time in going up and down hill, in following this movement or that, when we might have found a nearer way? What profit was there in disputing about the person of Christ, or the inspiration of Scripture, or the manner of Christ's presence in the Sacraments, when the sum of all is that we should be like Christ? For I think we can hardly imagine anything more absurd than Christ coming again on earth and saying, not 'I was hungry and ye gave Me no meat, I was thirsty and ye gave Me no drink,' and 'forasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me,' but 'You do not interpret this text in the right way; you do not believe the evidence of this fact to be sufficient; you do not hold the true theory of My nature and person.' If, I say, we could have seen from the first, that the religion of Christ meant

something altogether different from this, we might have found a shorter way and sooner have attained to peace, and led a simpler and more Christian life. And when people who are terrified at the advance of new opinions, ask us in a sort of despair 'What am I to teach my children now?' may we not answer 'Something better and deeper and truer than satisfied the last century, or any century of the Christian Church'?

And now I have to ask the question which I have partly endeavoured to answer by anticipation. What does the past teach of the future? What is that lesson which we gather from our own individual experience, which may be taken home with us and applied to our own lives?

I will not attempt to picture the political life of the future ten or twenty or thirty years. No one can imagine that. But I think that we certainly gather from the past, the lesson of confidence and hope of good upon the whole increased, and evils likely to be diminished, because they begin to be more realized. And although there are some dark spots on the horizon at present, yet there is no reason to think that any dangers are coming upon us which may not be averted by firmness and prudence; especially if we do not allow ourselves to be diverted from plain duties by panic fears and unreasoning prejudices.

And so again in the Church, there may be a good deal of excitement (which is perhaps, also a sign of

life) about opinions and practices which were unheard of in the times of our fathers, and are very strange to us, yet are often accompanied with much goodness and self-devotion. And sensible people can separate the good from the evil of them, and will not allow themselves to be excited or disturbed about them. For they know that these are external things, and that God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. When these sort of disputes are going on in the Church, I think that we can imagine our Saviour taking a little child and setting him in the midst of the disputants, and saying to them 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' That would probably have been His answer to them. I will not inquire what form the Christ of the future may take, or in what way the Christian religion may become adapted to the altered circumstances of knowledge and human life. But one thing seems to be clear, that it must be more of a spirit and less of a letter, more of a life and less of a party, more of an union with goodness and truth everywhere, and less of that temper which says 'We forbid him because he followeth not us.'

Lastly, let me apply the lesson of the past to ourselves. Experience is the great teacher which shows us the faults and errors of our own lives. He that hath eyes to see, let him see. But often persons have no eyes, and the history of their own lives and of the lives of others passes unheeded by them as a series of external events which convey no meaning to them.

And when they come to have children of their own, they have no recollection of their own childhood, and they are unable to enter into their ways or to perceive their danger, or sometimes, even to make allowances for them. Oh, let us be young sometimes for the sake of the young, and try to remember how we felt at their age, and what evils befell us from sentiment or passion, or from evil companionship, or from being misunderstood, or not sympathized with, or any other similar cause, and link our lives with theirs. They are beginning to look out upon life, just as we were a few years back. Let us save them, as far as we can, from the errors and mistakes into which we fell ourselves.

And not only for them but for ourselves, we cannot give up the hope that life may be happier, simpler, better, as years advance upon us, and that the last years of life may be more useful than the first. And this is to be attained chiefly by knowing ourselves better, and by knowing the world better. The long experience of years should have given us a firm hold of life: we have fewer illusions, and we know better what life has to offer and where the true hope must at last rest. It is true that the faculties in some degree change as we get older, yet in this too there are compensations. For if the memory is weaker, the judgment is stronger; if the energy and fire of youth are wanting, the authority and self-control, and even the intellectual interests, are far greater. And some-

times, when human feelings are beginning to deaden within us, and we are getting weary and isolated, the Divine love may seem to encircle us and breathe into us. For ever in this life, it is true, as the Apostle says, that as our outward man decays, the inward man is renewed day by day. So God has ordered the stages of human life, that they should succeed one another gradually, and that one should be the preparation for another, and that all of them should be happy enough, and that there should be a hope beyond. For the evening of life does not set in clouds, but has the promise of another day.

And if a person says 'Yes, but I know too little of that, and I have doubts and fears as to whether the soul when parted from the body, may not as the philosopher suggests, "vanish into air and be no more".' I would address him in the language of one who, perhaps, had similar thoughts passing through his own mind:

'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place from generation to generation.

'Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the world or the earth were formed, from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.'

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